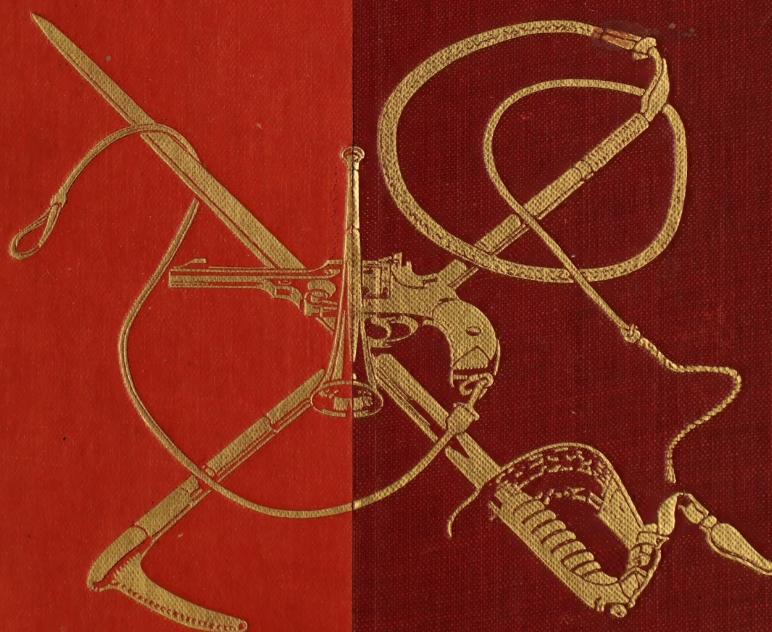
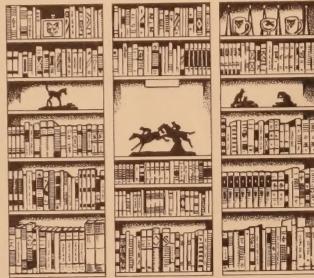


PINK & SCARLET
OR HUNTING AS A SCHOOL
FOR SOLDIERING · BY MAJOR
GENERAL E·A·H· ALDERSON
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN
COLOUR BY LIONEL EDWARDS





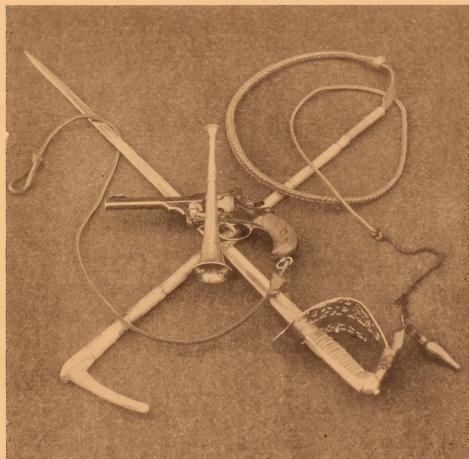
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JOHN AND MARTHA DANIELS

PINK AND SCARLET
OR
HUNTING AS A SCHOOL FOR SOLDIERING

PINK & SCARLET

OR HUNTING AS A SCHOOL
FOR SOLDIERING . . . BY
MAJOR-GENERAL
E·A·H·ALDERSON

C.B., *p.s.c.* Author of "With the Mounted Infantry and the Mashonaland Field Force, 1896," and of "Lessons from One Hundred Notes made in Peace and War"



"THE REPRESENTATIVE TOOLS"

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS IN COLOUR
BY LIONEL EDWARDS
AND WITH PHOTOGRAPHS
HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

Printed in 1913

To Your Memory

WHO—BY TEACHING ME SO EARLY TO RIDE
AND FOLLOW YOU IN THE HUNTING FIELD
—TAUGHT ME THAT WHICH HAS BEEN OF
MORE VALUE TO ME THROUGH MY THIRTY-
FIVE YEARS' SOLDIERING THAN ALL ELSE,

My Dear Father

I DEDICATE THIS BOOK

INTRODUCTION

BY

THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF MINTO
K.G., P.C., G.C.S.I., G.C.I.E., G.C.M.G.

FROM its opening pages to "Winifred's" delightful poem at the close of the book, *Pink and Scarlet* is full of incident, of suggestion, and useful detail, rendered all the more attractive by spirited illustrations from the brush of an accomplished artist.

The immortal Mr. Jorrocks was not far wrong—"Unting is the sport of kings, the h'image of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger!" And to the lessons of the hunting-field how many of our best soldiers are deeply indebted? I am not thinking of the man who lives for hunting only, but of the young officer who in the leisure hours of a profession, which from day to day requires more technical knowledge, can find time to ride to hounds, and who in doing so recognizes the many hints invaluable to his future career to be gathered from the manliest of sports. As he gallops his hack to covert over the rolling uplands—if he has the true instinct of a soldier—he cannot but mutter to himself:

INTRODUCTION

“What splendid positions for troops!” “By Jove, how I should like to hold that farm with its green glacis sloping gently to the brook!” And then as the magnificent vale opens out before him he tries to grasp its character and the general lie of the land. The silver streak of the canal in the distant bottom glittering in the sunshine, catches his eye, and he can just detect the parapet of the bridge so fortunately leading over it. He notices the strongly fenced grazing pastures beyond it, and the outline of the great woodlands looming on the sky-line, notes the wind, the temperature, the dewdrops on the blackthorn hedges, and wonders if there will be a scent. When, late in the afternoon, after a rattling forty minutes, he turns his horse’s head for home in the thickening gloaming, looks back on the day that is passed and thinks how like it all has been to scenes in distant lands ; memories come back to him of stormy days on the prairie, of thick bush and a hidden enemy, of sweltering days on the desert, and how gallantly the Indian pony or the little Arab horse carried him, and how well his men followed him ; and he questions himself as to how he has borne himself in the brilliant gallop of the afternoon. Did he always keep his head ? Was he flurried when that hard-riding farmer crossed him at the rail ? Did he realize soon enough how the good young horse under him was beginning to fail, and wanted nursing ? Can he tell what other men were doing to the right

INTRODUCTION

or left of him? Could he mark the spot on the map where hounds first hesitated, or where they finally rolled over their fox? Could he write a good report of it all for his commanding officer? Perhaps not—but at any rate the day's work has not been thrown away. He has already seen not a little service in the field, and has hunted all his life, and yet he feels that there is still something to be learned from a day with hounds. He has always placed courage above all things in the hunting-field as well as the battle-field, but again he has realized, as he has often done before, that courage alone will not guarantee him a place in the first flight with hounds, or in the first rank of distinguished soldiers. The hunting-field has taught him the value of a cool head, quick perception of surrounding conditions, and power of instant decision; lessons which he hopes and believes will stand him in good stead in many a tight place in the future.

I congratulate Major-General Alderson on the completeness of a work, in which his great experience in active service and in the world of sport has enabled him so ably to combine the teachings of both. I trust that in its pages many a young officer will find not only much to delight him, but much to ponder over.

The following lines appear to me eloquently to illustrate the spirit and intentions of the author. I am afraid I have often quoted them before, but they will bear repetition to those who grasp their meaning.

PREFACE

confirmed by incidents in the war of the three following years ; and thirdly, because I have been so continually asked to re-write them, that I have now endeavoured to reproduce these thoughts in complete book form, supplementing them with pictures which illustrate my theme, "Hunting as a school for soldiering."

In doing this my object is merely to assist the young soldier as regards his hunting, and to show him how he can make it the very best of instructors in his profession. I therefore utterly disclaim any intentions whatever of laying down the law on either subject.

On page 2 I allude to the fact that the Duke of Wellington had a pack of hounds out in the Peninsula. History repeated itself in 1901 in South Africa (as all History, and especially perhaps Military History, always seems to do), when Lord Kitchener not only allowed, but also encouraged, the presence of Hounds in Pretoria !

It came about somewhat as follows. When, with the occupation of Pretoria, and the breaking up of the Boer forces into small commandos ; the war, as a war proper, ended, and Lord Roberts and other generals returned to England, I was appointed Inspector-General of Mounted Infantry in South Africa. This entailed

PREFACE

an office in Pretoria, and much work therein, for myself and my staff. Exercise became a necessity, and it occurred to me that the best way to get it was by means of a "Bobbery" pack of hounds.

I approached Lord Kitchener on the subject, saying that much office work, without exercise, meant liver, that liver meant bad temper, and that bad temper meant bad work! Therefore, would he mind my starting a "Bobbery" pack? I added that we should meet at daybreak and so be back in our offices at the usual time. Lord Kitchener most kindly said he had no objection.

We very soon got together ten couple of "hounds"! There were pointers, retrievers, poodles, terriers, Kaffir dogs, and mongrels of all sorts! But they all had hound names, were "drawn" to feed and exercised like hounds, and they hunted!

Later on, when His Majesty's Buckhounds were discontinued, King Edward VII. sent twelve couple of them out to South Africa. They were stranded at Pietermaritzberg, and I, having already built kennels for the Bobbery pack, asked Lord Kitchener if I might have them up in Pretoria. He kindly consented, on the condition that their transit up

PREFACE

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PREFACE

country was not carried out at the expense of any Military requirements.

In due course the opportunity came, and the hounds safely arrived. Fancy the remains of the historic pack, which hunted the country round Windsor, Ascot, Slough, Maidenhead, Wokingham, etc., etc., ending their days hunting the country round Pretoria !

Poor old hounds! they were too old and heavy to survive long in the latter country, and I soon had to replace them by fifteen couple of small fox-hounds, which I had sent out from England. These did much better, and I believe their descendants are hunting in South Africa to-day !

I feel that “Pink and Scarlet” could not have a better advocate than the fact that history, made by the Duke of Wellington in the early years of the nineteenth century, was repeated by Lord Kitchener in 1901?

As regards the “Representative Tools” (*vide* the title page), I may say that the sword was left in store in Cape Town, the revolver was relegated to a waggon (and one day the Boers got it) !; but the hunting crop never left my hand, and the

PREFACE

horn was carried at my saddle bow all through the war. I used it in working my Mounted Infantry Brigade, instead of the regulation whistle which every officer carried.

In conclusion, I have to thank Mr. Lionel Edwards for having so cleverly and so artistically carried out my ideas for the twelve coloured pictures. I have also to thank Colonel Hobday for his picture, Mr. W. V. Longe for his sketches of wheat, seeds, etc. ; and Messrs. W. Vick and Charles Knight for the trouble they took with the photographs.

E. A. H. A.

1913.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
CHAPTER I	
THE CASUS BELLI	I
CHAPTER II	
CLOTHING	16
CHAPTER III	
EQUIPMENT AND NECESSARIES	31
CHAPTER IV	
INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY	38
CHAPTER V	
TRANSPORT	56
CHAPTER VI	
FIELD TRAINING	68
CHAPTER VII	
INTELLIGENCE	99
CHAPTER VIII	
THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS	109

CONTENTS

	CHAPTER	PAGE
THE MARCH CONTINUED	CHAPTER IX	130
THE RENDEZVOUS	CHAPTER X	140
GETTING INTO POSITION FOR THE ATTACK	CHAPTER XI	152
THE BATTLE	CHAPTER XII	161
A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED.	CHAPTER XIII	171
AFTER THE BATTLE	CHAPTER XIV	187
CARE OF THE WOUNDED	CHAPTER XV	199
MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS, THE OUTCOME OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE CAMPAIGN	CHAPTER XVI	210
GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN	CHAPTER XVII	230
APPENDIX I.—THE SPIRIT OF SPORT		253
APPENDIX II.—NOTES FOR GALLOPERS		260

ILLUSTRATIONS

"THE REPRESENTATIVE TOOLS"

Title page

DOUBLE-COLOURED

(Which show the hunting point on one side and the corresponding soldiering lesson on the other.)

		<i>BETWEEN PAGES</i>
(HUNTING)	"BE WITH THEM I <i>WILL</i> "	2 AND 3
(SOLDIERING)	"NEVER MIND FORMING, COME ON, MEN!" . .	
(HUNTING)	"YEU TRY IN THAR"	158 AND 159
(SOLDIERING)	"SCOUTS OF THE 20TH PUNJABIS LOOKING FOR THE ENEMY"	
(HUNTING)	"GONE AWAW—OY!"	162 AND 163
(SOLDIERING)	"THE PICQUETS ARE IN!"	
(HUNTING)	"ACROSS THAT BOTTOM OR ROUND THE HEAD OF IT?"	164 AND 165
(SOLDIERING)	"GET INTO THAT VALLEY, FOLLOW IT ALONG TO THE FARM," ETC.	
(HUNTING)	"SHAN'T FIND HERE?"	166 AND 167
(SOLDIERING)	"I SAY, OLD CHAP, HADN'T WE BETTER HAVE A SENTRY OR TWO OUT?" ETC.	
(HUNTING)	"WELL, JIM, HAS HE FED ALL RIGHT?"	198 AND 199
(SOLDIERING)	"DINNERS ALL RIGHT, MEN?"	

BLACK AND WHITE

		<i>FACING PAGE</i>
"POP OVER THE RAILS BEYOND"		11
CRACKING A HUNTING CROP, TWO POSITIONS		86
FLICKING A HUNTING CROP, ONE POSITION		
"A LITTLE BIT OF STRING"		
EXCELLENT ADVICE		
THE "DIAMOND HITCH"		224

PLATE		
I. FIG. 1. BAD "RATCATCHER," BAD SEAT		18
" FIG. 2. GOOD "RATCATCHER," GOOD SEAT		
II. THE "UNIFORM"		

ILLUSTRATIONS

PLATE	FACING	PAGE
III. FIG. 1. A BAD-FITTING SADDLE	•	34
„ FIG. 2. A GOOD AND WELL-FITTING SADDLE	•	}
IV. FIG. 1. A BAD BRIDLE, BADLY PUT ON	•	35
„ FIG. 2. A GOOD BRIDLE, WELL PUT ON	•	}
V. THE <i>TOUT ENSEMBLE</i> IS BUSINESS-LIKE, COMFORTABLE, AND BECOMING	•	36
VI. FIG. 1. CURB-CHAIN HOOKED ON THE RIGHT WAY	•	37
„ FIG. 2. CURB-CHAIN HOOKED ON THE WRONG WAY	•	}
VII. FIG. 1. THE "IDEAL"	•	63
„ FIG. 2. THE USEFUL "REAL"	•	}
VIII. FIG. 1. A MEDIUM-WEIGHT HORSE	•	64
„ FIG. 2. A LIGHT-WEIGHT HORSE	•	}
IX. FIG. 1. A CAVALRY TROOP HORSE	•	65
„ FIG. 2. A MOUNTED INFANTRY COB	•	}
X. FIG. 1. A ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY LEAD HORSE	•	66
„ FIG. 2. AN ARMY SERVICE CORPS HORSE	•	}
XI. FIG. 1. SPRING OF THE BAR DOWN	•	71
„ FIG. 2. TESTING THE LENGTH OF A LEATHER	•	}
XII. FIG. 1. TO STOP, OR TURN, A HORSE TRYING TO RUN AWAY	•	79
„ FIG. 2. GETTING ON TO A HORSE THAT WILL NOT STAND STILL	•	}
XIII. FIG. 1. A RIGHT-HANDED GATE, FIRST POSITION	•	81
„ FIG. 2. A RIGHT-HANDED GATE, SECOND POSITION	•	}
XIV. FIG. 1. A LEFT-HANDED GATE, FIRST POSITION	•	82
„ FIG. 2. A LEFT-HANDED GATE, SECOND POSITION	•	}
XV. FIG. 1. A HEAVY LEFT-HANDED GATE, FIRST POSITION	•	83
„ FIG. 2. A HEAVY LEFT-HANDED GATE, SECOND POSITION	•	}
XVI. THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS OF ATTACHING A THONG TO A CROP AND THE RIGHT WAY OF ATTACHING A LASH TO A THONG	•	88
XVII. FIG. 1. WHEAT	•	117
„ FIG. 2. SEEDS	•	}
„ FIG. 3. BEANS	•	}
XVIII. FIG. 1. PUTTING ON A BRIDLE	•	212
„ FIG. 2. TAKING THE BRIDON REIN OVER	•	}
XIX. THE KNEE-HALTER	•	222

CHAPTER I

THE CASUS BELLI

“WE have one incalculable advantage which no other nation possesses, in that our officers are able to hunt, and than which, combined with study, there is, during peace, no better practice for acquiring the gift which Kellermann naturally possessed” (Sir Evelyn Wood, *The Achievements of Cavalry*, p. 39).

“’Unting, my beloved ’earers, is the sport of kings, the himage of war without its guilt, and only five-and-twenty per cent. of its danger”¹ (from Mr. Jorrocks’ “Lecture on Hunting,” p. 127, *Handley Cross*).

In the first of these quotations there seems to be more than sufficient justification for the title of these pages. As to the second—well, of all the many true sayings of that most enthusiastic old sportsman, Mr. Jorrocks, none are truer or more to the point than this.

“The image of war”—Mr. Jorrocks, speaking some

¹ Mr. Jorrocks probably got this from the poet Somerville, who wrote, in his “The Chace,” in 1735 :

“My hoarse sounding horn invites thee to the chace, the sport of Kings ;
Image of war without its guilt.”

Surely Somerville meant to write of the horn “mellow sounding,” not “hoarse”?

PINK AND SCARLET

forty-nine years ago, is borne out to-day by one of the keenest soldier-sportsmen of our age.

In using the words quoted in the first sentence of this book, Sir Evelyn Wood was, as the name Keller-mann naturally suggests, referring to cavalry officers. There is no doubt, however, that he considers hunting is equally good for officers of all branches of the service.

Should the sceptical wish to go further back for an opinion on this point, let them consider why the Duke of Wellington had a pack of hounds out in the Peninsula. Those must indeed have been grand days to soldier in, to hunt one day and fight the next! What could a soldier possibly want more?

How was it that the Duke used to get his information during the campaign but by using well-mounted Staff officers, which General Marbot tells us, with regret, the French cavalry were unable to catch? and where was it but in the hunting-field that these same officers acquired that eye for country, and that quickness in getting across it, which so effectually baffled the French horsemen?

Did not the hero of Waterloo say of that king of sportsmen, Asheton Smith, "he would have made one of the best cavalry officers in Europe"?

To come to our own times, what does Kinglake say about the use of "hunting education" to Colonel Lacy Yea, when it came to a question of "how to get on" at the battle of the Alma?

“The will of a horse



“Be with them I will!”

to move forward."



"Never mind forming! Come on, men!

Come on anyhow!"

Colonel Lacy Yeat leads the 7th Fusiliers out of the Alma River



THE CASUS BELLI

“The 7th Fusiliers being on the extreme right of Codrington’s Brigade was beyond the reach of his personal guidance; but Lacy Yea, who commanded the regiment, was a man of onward, fiery, violent nature, not likely to suffer his cherished regiment to stand helpless under the muzzles pointed down on him and his people by the skirmishers close overhead.

“The *will of a horseman to move forward*, no less than his power to elude or overcome all obstacles, is singularly strengthened by the *education of the hunting-field*, and Lacy Yea had been used in early days to ride to hounds in one of the stiffest of all hunting countries. To him this left bank of the Alma, crowned with Russian troops, was very like the wayside acclivity which often enough in his boyhood had threatened to wall back and keep him down in the depths of a Somersetshire lane whilst the hounds were running high up in the field some ten or fifteen feet above. His practised eye soon showed him a fit ‘shord’ or break in the scarped face of the bank, and then shouting out to his people, ‘Never mind forming! Come on, men! Come on anyhow,’ he put his cob to the task and quickly gained the top. On either side of him men of his regiment quickly climbed up, and in such numbers that the Russian skirmishers who had been lining it fell back upon their battalions.”¹

¹ Kinglake, *The Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. ii. p. 322. The italics have been added.

PINK AND SCARLET

Does not the double picture, which Mr. Lionel Edwards has so cleverly drawn, show how hunting taught the soldier better than any words could possibly describe?¹

Why did General Sir E. B. Hamley, when commandant of the Staff College, encourage hunting so much, and hold that to be a bad rider was a bar to active Staff employment? Again, why did a late Commandant (General Sir H. J. T. Hildyard) say that he looked upon the drag-hounds as one of the most important institutions of the college?

What says *Lectures on Staff Duties*,² when alluding to a reconnaissance in force with a view to gaining intelligence of the enemy's positions?

“Whilst the fight is proceeding, well-mounted Staff officers should endeavour, by making a detour round the flanks, to penetrate the enemy's veils and observe something of his position.”³

This is Wellington's method of gaining information, again recommended. “Well-mounted”—yes, but besides that the officers must ride well, have an eye for country, and a good bump of locality. All this hunting can teach and give them.

Again, how much of the character for dash, deter-

¹ It might be said here that the very best of ways to teach the rank and file of our soldiers is on the “A for apple” principle, i.e. through their eyes.

² *Lectures on Staff Duties*, p. 34.

³ I do not think that aeroplanes will do away with the necessity for reconnaissance by mounted officers.

THE CASUS BELLI

mination, and go-straight-to-the-pointness that we Britons have among other nations, do we owe to the fact that so many of us are horsemen? An instance will explain what is meant.

An officer in an English militia regiment (who is now dead) managed, by hook or by crook, to get attached to the Staff of the French General Bourbaki, and was present with that officer during most of the engagements round Belfort in the early part of 1871. During one of these engagements the General and his Staff were with a portion of the troops who were engaged on one side of the valley, while the rest of the troops were on the other side. He wished the latter to advance, and sent an aide-de-camp with the order.

The valley was intersected with fences, and cut in two by a considerable brook; and the aide-de-camp, no doubt influenced by these, rather than by the German shells which were falling into the valley pretty freely, turned and galloped down the road apparently with the object of following it round the head of the valley. Five minutes passed, and ten minutes passed, without any move on the part of the troops across the valley. Then the General sent another aide-de-camp, who went off the same way. A quarter of an hour passed and still no move.

The rest of the story is better told by the principal actor in his own words (as near as I can remember them).

PINK AND SCARLET

“It was most important for these troops to move, and at last I could stand it no longer, so I rode up alongside of him, saluted, and said—

“Will you allow me to go with that order, sir ?”

“Yes, certainly,” he replied.

“I was riding one of two Irish hunters I had managed to take out, and as soon as I was clear of the staff, I popped him over the bank out of the road we were in, and went off at a gallop straight down the hill. From our point of view the fences were not formidable ones, but they were blocked with partially-thawed snow and looked awkward, and the take-off was bad. I, however, took the old horse by the head, and rammed him at them, and he never hesitated. We got over the brook with a scramble, rose the opposite hill, and delivered the order before either of the other messengers hove in sight. I then turned about and went back the same way.

“When I rode up to the General to report the order delivered he seemed very pleased, and, among other things, said—

“Do English officers always take orders in that way ?”

“I could not help replying—‘Yes, sir, they always go the nearest way with them.’”

It was nothing but the “education of the hunting-field” that enabled our countryman to score thus, and there is no need to comment further on the incident,

THE CASUS BELLI

unless it be to say that “the nearest way” means, of course, the nearest *possible* way. It would not be the nearest way to try and go straight, and then get pounded half-way (or fall and let your horse go), at an impossible fence. But there is no need to say this to a hunting man.

To continue, how much of our influence over natives do we owe to this same fact, that so many of us are so at home on a horse? Again an instance, which memory recalls, gives an illustration.

Time—the summer of 1885, just after the failure of the Gordon relief expedition; scene—the camp, near Tani on the Nile, of a party of friendly natives, got together by two British officers for the purpose of scouting and obtaining information. Enter a party of officers who have ridden over from the neighbouring British summer camp. To entertain them the natives start a game of jerreed-throwing. This consists in two parties of mounted men forming up about one hundred and fifty yards apart, each with two or three palm-leaf stalks, to represent spears, in their hands; one man from each side rides out, and after some manœuvring, they throw their sham spears at each other. The supposed victor is at once dashed at by two or three of the other side, and so on. The British officers are invited to take part, and some of them do so. During the progress of the game one of them, instead of waiting for the onlookers to hand him fresh “spears,”

PINK AND SCARLET

leans down from his pony, and, without dismounting, picks up from the ground those which have already been used. Not a difficult feat from a small pony. The effect, however, is great; the natives point at, and talk about him eagerly, and when the game stops their principal Sheiks go to the officer who is in charge of them, and request that they may be introduced to, and allowed to shake hands with the man whom they consider has shown himself to be so much at home on a horse. They would do anything for such a man, and would follow him anywhere.

At the very moment of writing,¹ the leading service paper and the leading service magazine are both giving evidence of the value of hunting to the soldier, and, through him, to the country in general. The *Broad Arrow* of December 31, 1898, in a leading article on Mounted Infantry, has the following:—

“This brings us to the crux of the whole thing—the officer. It is he and *his*, not *their*, training that will make Mounted Infantry useful or not, like hawks or like barn-door fowls. It is he who in the stable must be the guide, from the handling of a brush to the fit of a saddle; who in the field must get them along, keep them together, and tell them when to swoop. It is he who has made them earn a reputation in the past, and who alone can make them keep it in the future. In fact, without him they are like an engine without steam.

¹ I.e. in 1898.

THE CASUS BELLI

“And of what sort must the officers be to do all this? The answer is— good soldiers, good horsemen, good horse-masters, and as the present commander of the Mounted Infantry at Aldershot says in his book on the suppression of the Mashona rising in 1896, ‘sportsmen and good men to hounds, such as we try to get into the Mounted Infantry.’ Lucky indeed is Great Britain, who alone of all nations can ‘home grow’ such ‘plants.’”¹

The *Broad Arrow* does not tell us why no other nation can grow the plants, because it is obvious, and the reason is so simple. No other nation has the soil—*i.e.* the hunting-field—in which they grow.

The *United Service Magazine* for December 1898 has an article by “Reiver” designated “Thoughts on Cavalry.”² In it he says—“A new ‘notion’—to wit, the ‘éclaireur’—has lately been started in the Russian cavalry. Men in the ranks are chosen for their horsemanship, keen sight, power to overcome difficulties, and dash. Then they are trained as scouts by a specially selected officer, who must himself be a *hunting man*; they are given a badge and increased pay, and are generally made much of.”

“Specially selected,” because a “*hunting man!*” If

¹ The supply of these “plants” quite ran out during the South African war 1899-1902, and it will do so more than ever in the future unless they are encouraged to flourish in the army.

² Since this was written “Reiver” has distinguished himself in the South African war, and he now (1913) holds a high cavalry appointment in India.

PINK AND SCARLET

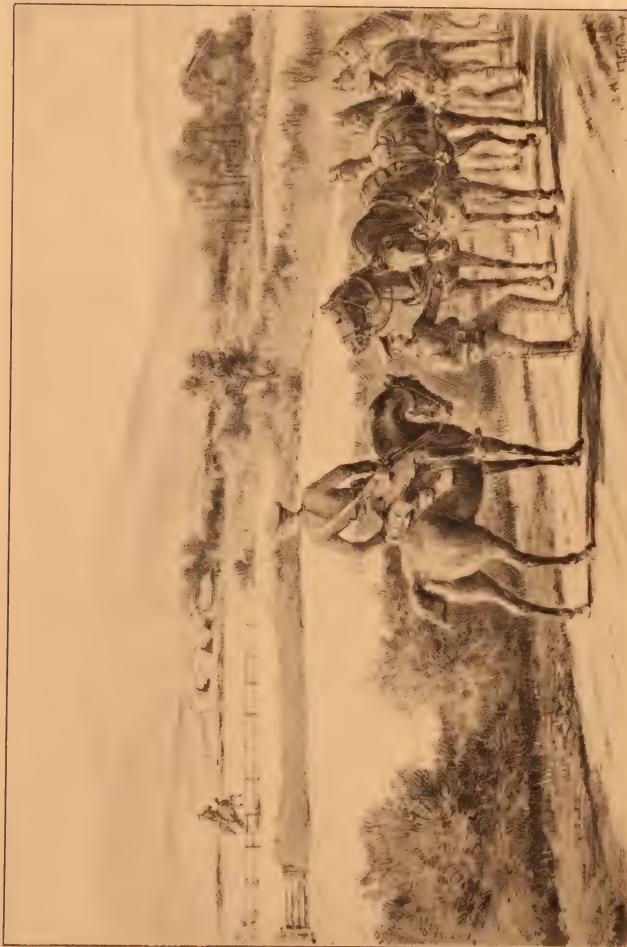
the Russians consider it a qualification with such hunting as they have, how much more must we do so whose officers can have the “image of war” *par excellence*?

Instances of the use of horsemanship and of “hunting education” to the soldier might be multiplied *ad nauseam*; perhaps, however, it would be more convincing to the disbelievers if they would ask the soldiers of the present day a few questions. Let them ask the young cavalry officer what gave him that eye for country which enables him to say to himself confidently—“Ah! that’s Middle wood;” or “By Jove! I must take the squadron to the right, those willows mean water;” or “We must take a pull in this heavy ground or the horses will be blown;” or “The trophorses will just be able to get safely over this fence.” Or ask him, how does he manage to keep his head and see which is the best way to go with such a rush of men and horses behind him? Again, how did he learn to tell when his horses are fit and when they are not, when they are tired and when they are fresh?

Say to him, O sceptical one—“What taught you all this sort of thing, young Sabretache?—was it the riding school, or was it the Cavalry Drill Book?”

Having done with the cavalry, pass to the young gunner and talk to him much in the same way. Inquire how he learnt to tell at a glance that yonder hill should be a good position for his guns, and that there is most likely a cart track to it by those stacks. Having





"POP OVER THE RAILS BEYOND, IN ORDER TO GO AND SEE QUICKLY."

THE CASUS BELLI

decided this, what taught him to take his horse by the head and turn him out of the road over the bank, to open the next gate with a swing, and pop over the rails beyond in order to go and see *quickly* if the position was as good as he thought? Say to him, "Well, did the 'shop' or Shoeburyness teach you this?"¹

Ask the young infantry officer what enabled him to tell his corporal that his patrol must "Go through the rides in the wood"; or "There is a stream where the willows are, so you must follow the cart track to the bridge;" or "You are quite safe from the cavalry as long as you keep that straggling boundary fence between them and you." Again, how did he learn to take in the lie of the country at a glance, and thus be able to say, "Your detached post will be near that mill"? Ask him, "Did they teach you this at Sandhurst, or was it on the barrack square that you picked it up?"

Will it convince you, O disbeliever, if, in nine cases out of ten, in which the young soldier you are questioning possesses the knowledge and the qualities indicated above, the answer is, "It comes naturally enough after having hunted a bit"?

Mark this! paterfamilias, nervous mother, and estimable guardians, whose boys are, or would be, soldiers, and commanding officers, whose subalterns would hunt.

¹ How well Colonel Hobday's (late Royal Artillery) picture depicts what is described here!

PINK AND SCARLET

For this knowledge and these qualities are soldierly knowledge and qualities, and are, moreover, only a very few examples of what qualities and knowledge hunting can impart to your youngster, things, in fact, without which no man's soldiering education is complete.

We have Sir Evelyn Wood's authority for it that hunting can teach, and if you wish the apple of your eye to be a soldier, that is *really* a soldier, and to have every advantage to make him so, then let him learn.

Father, do not say, "I never had a horse in my time, and I don't see what he wants with it!"

Nervous mother, do not say, "But it is so dangerous!" If hunting is the most dangerous thing your soldier will ever do, he will never really be a soldier, he will only play at it. Remember that hunting will give him the requisite nerve and decision to extricate himself from a very much tighter fix than a roll with a horse. Besides, remember also Lindsay Gordon's lines—

"There ne'er was a game that was worth a rap
For a rational man to play,
Into which no danger, no mishap,
Could possibly find its way."

Estimable guardians, do not say, "It will lead to habits of extravagance, racing, betting, etc." You may take it for granted that there are many more youths who frequent race-courses and bet, who can no more ride than a sack of peas, than there are who ride and keep

THE CASUS BELLI

horses themselves. The latter, if keen and the right sort, eschew these things for fear of losing money, and so being unable to keep their horses. Some such idea must have been in Charles Kingsley's mind when he wrote :

“I am bringing up my boy as both naturalist and sportsman—and then, whether he goes into the army or emigrates, he will have a pursuit to keep him from cards, brandy pawnee, horse-racing, and the pool of hell !”

Commanding officers, do not refuse leave, or make trouble about soldier grooms, and you will be repaid a hundred-fold in many ways.

To look at the reverse of the medal, think all of you—fathers, mothers, guardians, and commanding officers—what a pitiable and helpless object a man is who cannot ride when he becomes a mounted officer, as he must do if he remains long enough in the army. It will be worse should such a one become a staff officer, and, moreover, as such he will, except on an office stool, be practically useless; more than this even, for his consequent slowness and indirectness of movement when sent with an order may be actually harmful.

Again, think how ridiculous a man placed in either of the above-named positions will appear to many of those to whom he has to give orders, and in how many ways his want of knowledge will be apparent.

Fact always provides better illustrations than fiction,

PINK AND SCARLET

and in this case it provides an example of an officer, who had just passed into the Staff College, when going some distance to look at a horse with a view to purchase, taking his own saddle with him, and when the owner suggested that the horse had better be ridden in the saddle that was known to fit him well, saying: "Mine is all right, I had it on another horse last week"!

The man had brains, for he had passed into the college a long way first, but that he was sadly deficient in the most elementary knowledge regarding a staff officer's proper conveyance is obvious.

History relates that there was, once upon a time, a general commanding a Brigade at one of our military stations, who was so little at home on a horse, that he used to go to Field days in a hansom cab; and he was frequently seen standing on the summit of some prominent feature, with this vehicle down below. He did not stay more than one drill season at the station!

Now, hunting will at any rate prevent a man appearing in any of the above-mentioned ridiculous lights. You will admit this much, disbeliever? Very well, we will start with that and take the rest piecemeal, and try and show, chapter by chapter, the various other things that hunting cannot *help* teaching, and the many, many things it may be *made* to teach if taken in the right way.

As, however, it is hoped that these pages may also

THE CASUS BELLI

help the young and inexperienced soldier in buying and looking after his horse and his kit, it will be wise to bear in mind the words of "Infantry Training," used with regard to the method of instruction in field training—"The instruction will be continued progressively."

This will no doubt bore the boy who cannot remember the first time he rode, and scarcely the first time he hunted, and who has had a father, a brother, or an older friend to instruct him in the details and etiquette of the chase. Yet, even such a one may find a few things which he had not thought of before; moreover, if he is bored, he can skip all the details, and look only for what his hunting can teach him as regards soldiering.

CHAPTER II

CLOTHING

THE first thing a man does on receiving orders to proceed on active service is to buy a kit suitable to the country in which he is going to serve, or to overhaul and renovate his existing active service kit, remembering that all should be practically as good as new, for he never knows what work the things may have to stand, or when he can replace them.

We are about to embark for a campaign with the “image of war,” and we must have a kit. The questions are, therefore, how much kit? what kit?

On active service how much kit depends on the weight allowed, and the weight of kit an officer is entitled to have carried for him is set forth from time to time in the Regulations. In the “image of war” campaign, how much kit depends on the length of the purse. What kit depends on many things: is it for stag-hounds, fox-hounds, or harriers? Is the mount to be a young green horse, a seasoned hunter, or a pony? Is the wearer a good, bad, or indifferent rider?

CLOTHING

One certain thing is that, whatever the kit, it should be the best of its kind.

I have been taken to task by more than one master of hounds for this assertion. One even went so far as to say :—"I don't care if they come out in pyjamas, so long as they subscribe well to the hounds"! Certainly, they *must* subscribe to the hounds, and if they only hunted, and did not also belong to the most glorious of professions, the dress would not matter so much. But this master missed *the* point for the officer, and that is that a slovenly dressed officer means slovenly dressed men, and slovenly dressed men mean want of discipline! Discipline is that which distinguishes soldiers from a mob. It is also that which raises men above themselves and makes them afraid to run away!

A well-known and most charming sporting writer, who has now, alas! joined the majority,¹ wrote somewhat as follows:—"It is a duty every one who hunts owes to himself to be dressed as comfortably and safely as possible, and it is a duty he owes to the world in general to look as well as possible."

To this I would add: "It is a duty he owes to the hunt he goes out with to be dressed *properly*."

Properly may be taken to mean the recognized kit for the different sorts of hunting.

We will now take these three duties, show how they dovetail one into the other, and consider what is the

¹ The late Major G. J. Whyte-Melville.

PINK AND SCARLET

sort and the smallest amount of kit required to fulfil them when hunting with each kind of hounds. The words "smallest amount" are used advisedly, because the young soldier is not usually over-burdened with the "sinews of war." Those who have well-filled treasury chests can buy as much kit as they like.

It would be best, perhaps, to take harriers first, because the kit suitable for wear with them nearly approaches to hacking costume. It is commonly known as "rat-catcher" kit, *i.e.* the mufti of hunting. Even "rat-catcher," however, has its etiquette—its right and its wrong.

An ounce of illustration is worth a pound of argument, and the best way to explain the right and the wrong of "rat-catcher" kit is to say—

Look on Plate No. I., Figures 1 and 2.

Looking at these two pictures the captious critic says—"What *is* the first gentleman going to do?

"Does he mean to commit suicide by knocking his head against a bough as he jumps a fence, or by falling on his head on a hard piece of ground? If so, his soft cloth cap will certainly further his wishes. Perhaps he means to hang himself, by means of his sailor-knot tie, in the first fence he comes to? Why does he stick his thongless crop up in the air like that? Is he going to brush a walnut-tree, or to throw a fly? And what will he do without a thong if asked to stop or turn a



FIG. 1.—BAD "RATCATCHER," BAD SEAT.



FIG. 2.—GOOD "RATCATCHER," GOOD SEAT.

CLOTHING

hound? Is he going to write down an account of the run, and the number of the fences that he jumps, on his protruding white shirt cuffs, or is he giving the shirt its last tour of duty before it goes to the wash?

“By his short round coat we conclude that the gentleman means to let the public see how closely he sticks to his saddle, while the broadside position of his breeches buttons shows that he is no anatomist, and the tightness of the breeches in the thigh seems to indicate that they were made for a ballet-dancer.

“No doubt his spurs contain some patent clinometer to measure the slopes of the banks he jumps, for they are already set at an angle of forty-five degrees with the ground.”

The captious critic sums up by asking three questions—

- (1) Is this gentleman comfortably and safely dressed?
- (2) Does he look well?
- (3) Is he a credit to any hunt he may go out with?

About the second picture the critic says—

“The gentleman has a good hard felt hat to protect his head, and it is secured by a double guard. His neat stock will not catch in the fences. He shows no white cuffs, but wears a flannel shirt. The long and forward cut coat sits neatly over his thighs and his horse’s back, and not in his saddle, and while its tails

PINK AND SCARLET

will hide the least-honoured part of his person, they will also prevent his followers seeing daylight between him and the saddle at a chance ‘peck,’ etc.

“ His strong useful crop, *with* a thong and a scarlet lash, is held near the upper end, and the hand holding it rests in an easy and business-like attitude on his thigh. His breeches are loose in the thigh, so as to give the necessary freedom there, while the buttons rest in the bed made for them by nature in the front of his knee. His spurs rest comfortably above the swell of his heel, and lie horizontally ; they can thus reach the right place, *i.e.* a hand’s-breadth behind the girths, when necessary.”

The critic sums up by saying—

“ This gentleman is safely and comfortably dressed ; he looks well, and he is properly turned out for hunting with harriers, with a drag, or for hunting with fox- or stag-hounds, in mufti or ‘rat catcher’ kit.”

Figure 2 shows us the appearance, and the mode of wearing this kit ; the material and colour of it are more or less a matter of taste. Go to a good firm, and they will tell you what is fitting. It may, however, be remarked that the coat should not be too thin or too light in colour, and that a grey Chipping-Norton mixture is very hard to beat for the breeches. Tan colour also looks well. The butcher-boots may be either patent or blacking leather, according to taste and pocket. The latter are, perhaps, the most workmanlike.

CLOTHING

A long sac riding coat may be worn instead of the morning coat, if desired.

“Rat-catcher” kit will, of course, do for hacking, but it is perhaps better form, looks more knowing, and certainly is better economy to wear rather a different one. A long round coat may be substituted for the tail one, a pair of gaiters and laced boots for the butcher-boots, and a well-made cloth cap for the hard felt hat, though it is safer to wear the latter if any “schooling” is to be done.

Though the tail-coat may be worn with the gaiters, it does not look well to wear the short coat with the butcher-boots. Why this is, is difficult to say, but there seems to be a sort of unwritten law of etiquette which has educated the eye in this respect. The long sac coat is frequently worn with both boots and gaiters.

It is wise to wear “rat-catcher” kit with any hounds when riding a young green horse, a totally strange horse, or if you are at all doubtful of your own powers of “remaining” over a fence.

From harriers we will pass to stag-hounds. Here it is not so easy to advise, and there seems no unwritten law on the subject. When hunting the wild stag mufti is at present correct. With the carted deer opinion seems to differ; some wear the pink and black, some the rat-catcher, some adopt a sort of cross between the two, and wear rat-catcher plus a tall hat, a covert or frock coat, and perhaps white

PINK AND SCARLET

breeches. Some of these mongrel kits, notably the “Hames of Leicester” one,¹ look neat and workman-like. Perhaps the best thing to do is to try to find out if the master or influential members of the hunt have any feelings on the matter, then comply with these. If they have no wishes wear rat-catcher, keeping the pink for the Image proper, to which we will now pass.

It is fitting that the colour to be worn for the campaign with the “himage of war” (Mr. Jorrocks meant *fox*-hunting when he used these words) should be practically the same as that worn by the bulk of Britain’s army. For is not the colour of the pink coat of the chase very nearly allied to that of the scarlet one of war?

It might perhaps be said, and with some reason too, that khaki is nowadays the colour worn by our army, and hence that the title of this book should be “Pink and Khaki”? But, up to the present day, scarlet is still the colour worn by the bulk of our army when in full dress. Scarlet is also the colour which must be worn by all officers; belong they to whatsoever branch of the service; when they have completed their regimental service and come to serve on the Staff, and when they become generals.

It is argued by some, that it is absurd for a man with one horse to put himself into pink, but this will

¹ So named because it is that adopted by Mr. Hames, the Leicester horse-dealer.

CLOTHING

not hold water ; if the horse is good, the man good, and he subscribes to the hounds, why should he not ? Moreover, it is only paying due respect to the pack with which he hunts.

The extra cost ? Well, it is more than doubtful if, after the first outlay, there is any ; pink coats *properly looked after* last as long as any others. Cut ? Either a morning coat with tails cut forward, or a huntsman's frock, the former being the most worn (the swallow-tail is seen periodically and it suits the right sort of man and horse). Go to a good firm and leave the details to them, but do not have a too thin material. Short inner sleeves of flannel, with an elastic band at the wrist, add greatly to comfort on a cold windy day.

Many men wear dark grey or black, full-skirted coats, with white breeches and top boots, instead of the orthodox pink.

Breeches ? Leathers are going out of fashion, and washing materials are taking their place ; this is certainly a blessing for the man who has not a good valet. It may be said, however, that many of the smartest men still wear leathers.

Boots ? Tops, flesh or natural colour ; bottoms, blacking leather ; eschew patent leather and varnish.

Spurs ? Straight and long, with the rowels blunted, or, unless you are quite sure that you only use them when you want to, taken right out.

Crop ? Plain, strong and serviceable, with a good

PINK AND SCARLET

crook for pulling open, or catching and stopping a gate, and a stout thong, not too long, with a scarlet lash.

Stock and waistcoat? Matter of taste, but former certainly plain white without any coloured spots. Avoid flash pins.

To show the *tout-ensemble* we must again resort to illustration. Plate II. shows what may be taken as a fair hunting get-up.

For cub-hunting the kit is of course rat-catcher, and on the hot mornings of the early part of the season, straw hats, light coats, polo breeches, and brown boots may be worn if desired.

“Now,” as Mr. Mantalini¹ would say, “What is the demned total of all this?”

It might be put down roughly at £40 to £50, made up somewhat as follows:—

MUFTI OR “ RAT-CATCHER.”

	£	s.	d.
“ Billy Coke ” ² hat ; specially hard, with padded lining, ring, and black hat-guard, say	0	15	0
Coat, morning, with tails cut forward, say	5	0	0
Waistcoat, say	1	10	0
Breeches, say	4	0	0
Butcher-boots and garters, say	5	5	0
Spurs, say	1	0	0
Stocks (buy one of good pattern and get your sisters to make as many more as you want), say	1	10	0
	<hr/>		
	£19	0	0

¹ Vide *Nicholas Nickleby*.

² “Billy-cock” is a corruption of “Billy Coke”—Mr. William Coke (afterwards Earl of Leicester) originated, or at least adopted, the hat so named.

PLATE II.



THE "UNIFORM."

CLOTHING

“THE UNIFORM.”

		<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Tall hat, specially hard, with padded lining, braided guard, and ring, say	.	1	7	6
Pink coat (black rather less), say	.	8	8	0
Waistcoat, yellow flannel, say	.	2	10	0
Two pairs white washing breeches, say	.	6	0	0
Top boots, say	.	5	0	0
Garters, white, two pairs, say	.	0	10	0
(Etceteras, see above)				
		<u><i>£23 15 6</i></u>		

For training or driving to the meet a suitable great-coat (a box-cloth one, costing about £10, is nicest and will last a life-time) and two white cotton aprons (to keep the breeches clean) must be added to the above.

The next thing is, where to get it all? The answer is at any good and well-known *sporting* tailor's and boot-maker's. Mark the word “*sporting*,” for it is no use asking an ordinary tailor, not even the very best, to make hunting clothes. He will make you a perfectly fitting walking coat, but directly you get on a horse it will seem to be thrown all out of gear, will have no “*spring*,” in fact, while his breeches will be worse. It is the same with boots, and they will be difficult to put on, to get off, and uncomfortable to wear, besides they will not be *made right*.

“Why, dash it all, the idiot who writes all this must be a universal outfitter himself!”—the reader has probably said long before this. No, he is not that, but is only jotting down what experience has shown

PINK AND SCARLET

him may be useful to the young soldier about to become a votary and a pupil of Diana.

Just two more remarks, and we have done with dress. It will add greatly, not only to comfort, but also to the ease with which the reins can on occasions be held, if a pair of thick, large worsted gloves are carried under the saddle-flaps when hunting. Placed there they are kept dry and warm, and can easily be got at should rain come on. Wet dogskin or buckskin gloves are very uncomfortable, and what is worse the reins slip through them. The same applies, though in a less degree, to bare hands.

Poor "Roddy" Owen might always be observed, when riding a race on a wet day, wearing woollen gloves; and on one very wet day at Aldershot, it was generally said that he won through being able to comfortably hold his reins with them, while the other riders' reins kept slipping through their bare cold hands.

A flask carried in a pocket is dangerous, for a fall on it may mean a bad contusion or a broken rib; therefore have it in a case attached to the saddle. A plain horn-shaped one looks best.

The sceptical individual is probably beginning to grin with triumph about this time, and say to himself, "Except for a few solitary points mentioned, where do the lessons for soldiering come in in this chapter? Do we want our soldiers to be dandies?"

The answer is to join conclusions with him at once

CLOTHING

and say, "Yes, certainly, so long as it does not make them effeminate fops."

What did the Iron Duke say about dandies as soldiers?

What about the story of the Guardsman in the Crimea, who stood with his back to a heavy fire, daintily drawing on his white kid gloves, and saying to his somewhat shaken company, "What's the matter, men, what's the matter?" and they pulled themselves together. To go to ancient history, what about the Spartans in the pass of Thermopylæ?

Where would "pride and pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" be without dandyism?

How would our volunteer army be recruited unless the dress attracted—*i.e.* unless there was an innate love of smartness in men? And how much does this feeling of smartness contribute to give them that alertness of carriage and movement so different from the majority of civilians? Why do we pay so much attention to keeping our men clean and smart, to the set of a tunic, to the shine of a button? Why?—because cleanliness and smartness—dandyism, in fact—mean self-respect, without which no man is worth a rap as a soldier.

Who is to set the example in this, as in all things, from the fit of a belt to the charging of a breach, but the Officer?

Let us look at the other side of the question for

PINK AND SCARLET

a minute or two. Men with ragged, dirty, and unsoldierlike clothes, improvised head-dresses, and unshaven chins, cannot help looking at each other and thinking, "I am just as bad as that chap; what a blackguard I must look!" Thus they go about *feeling* blackguards, and this very soon ends in their behaving as blackguards.

On active service I have seen this process actually take place in one body of men, through want of regard for appearances on the part of the officers; and prevented in another body, serving in the same place and under the same conditions, by due regard for them. In the first case, razors were thrown away on board ship; thus the men landed on the scene of action feeling and looking dirty. Then they were allowed to lose (or rather throw away) their helmets, which had to be replaced by "swashbuckler" hats (*i.e.* the sort of soft wide-awake hat universally worn by civilians in Africa). Excellent hats these are in their way, but they were not *uniform*, and uniform means discipline.

The rest soon followed—dirt, standing anyhow in the ranks, etc. It is easy to go downhill! Drinking became common; the men got out of hand and did many things that gave their regiment a very bad name, and ultimately lost their colonel his command!

It all came from the throwing away of the razors and the *allowed* losing of the helmets!

In the other case razors were taken, and the men

CLOTHING

made to shave whenever possible, and they were not allowed to lose their helmets. In a word, appearances were kept up as far as circumstances permitted, and keeping up appearances means with the soldier keeping up discipline.

Is not this why the Iron Duke liked his officers to be dandies? Is it not also a reason why hunting; which teaches a man to dress himself beautifully in pink and white to gallop through mud, and perhaps to go head over heels into a boggy ditch before he has been out an hour; should be the best of schools to teach him to set an example to his men, and also to see that they themselves turn out as well as possible under all circumstances?

A dear old commanding officer of mine, the late Colonel C. H. Browne, C.B., known in the service generally as "Charlie Browne," used to say to us subalterns—"If you fellows hunt and race I will have you properly dressed. Think of my feelings if it comes to a coroner's inquest, and you are laid out dressed like tinkers!"

Bear this in mind, young soldier sportsman, and remember also that we as officers have a position to keep up, both in and out of uniform.

Nothing that has been said is meant to infer that because a man has a bad kit he must be a bad horseman, or an indifferent sportsman. There are good horses in all shapes, and good sportsmen and horse-

PINK AND SCARLET

men are as often as not found beneath the worst of hats and clothed in the most unfashionable of coats.

I am perhaps beginning to "dwell" on the line and must "get for'ard"; for though the tailor, combined with the barrack-square drill, can make up the body of the officer; he cannot make his *fighting intelligence*, and it is my wish to show how hunting can go a long way towards doing so.

Before leaving the subject I would, however, remind my reader that it is not dress alone; but the way in which it is worn, the seat, the position of the hands and elbows, the *je ne sais quoi*, the *tout-ensemble* in fact, which produces the *hall mark* of the "right sort" in the Hunting Field. Finally I would say :

" Yet a word in thy ear—'tis an adage oft told—
All glittering most bravely e'en here is not gold.
And if by naught else save the glitter you're caught,
You may scorn in its strongholds the *Spirit of Sport*.
For it lies not in Hammond alone, nor in Kidd ;
Oh ! ill with 'wai's image 'twould fare if it did.
It holds not sweet converse with swagger or brag,
Nor the set of a coat, nor the shape of a nag :
It lurks not, I'll swear, in one feeling of pride,
And glance supercilious on friend at your side,
Though the man at your flank not a grace may adorn,
Though his mount barely thrive on his hardly earned corn
Though poorly conditioned and rough be that steed,
Ill-fitted his tackle, inferior his breed.
' You may laugh till I win ; you may scorn me, in short,
Here I'll take a leg up,' cries the *Spirit of Sport*."¹

¹ Extract from some verses on "The Spirit of Sport" by "Winifred," *vide* Appendix I.

CHAPTER III

EQUIPMENT AND NECESSARIES

WHAT the marching order equipment is to the soldier, so are the saddle, the bridle, etc., to the horse; and the efficiency and comfort, let alone the appearance, of the latter, like that of the former, depends a great deal on whether his equipment is suitable, comfortable, and fits him well, or the reverse.

There is an old saying, something about not “spoiling the ship for a ha’porth of tar.” This applies to us just now very much indeed. We have bought our own kit; now comes the equipment for the horse—the saddle, the bridle, and many other necessaries.

The first thing to do is, as with the horse (Chapter V.), ask advice from those who know; the next is, as with our own kit, go to good firms; and the first, second, and third are, do not stint the “tar.”

A good saddle costs but little more than a bad one, it lasts twice as long, it always pleases the eye; and, most important of all, it is far more likely to fit, and be comfortable to the horse; therefore, have a good one. The same applies to the bridle, and everything else connected with the horse and the stable.

PINK AND SCARLET

It has been said that the poor young Prince Imperial, who was so unfortunately killed during the Zulu war of 1879, might have escaped but for the breaking of a strap on his saddle. He caught hold of it in his efforts to get on to his moving horse, it was "shoddy," and broke in his hand! The rest is only too well known.¹ We hope that our young soldier may never be placed in the same dreadful predicament; let him, however, beware. Moreover, the hunting-field will find out the "shoddy" as does active service, and he will look very foolish if, after duly holding on to his reins through the catherine-wheel-like turns which end in a "buster," he loses his horse through the breaking of leather or buckle.

To begin with the saddle; it should be plain flapped, and of a fair size. It is a great mistake to use a small saddle for hunting just because it is light, it does not distribute the weight so well as a bigger one and is, owing to its light tree, more liable to spread; therefore it is far more likely to give a sore back than a fair-sized saddle. Further, the small saddle is much more tiring both to man and horse. For hacking the foregoing does not apply so much, because the weight is not, as a rule, on the horse for so long at a time. The

¹ Mr. R. Flemming, of Messrs. Whippy, Steggall & Co., saddlers of North Audley Street, W., told me the following regarding this most unfortunate incident:—"The strap which failed the Prince Imperial at the critical moment was the piece of leather connecting the wallets. I have seen the originals. He evidently caught hold of the top of the wallets and the connecting piece tore right away."

EQUIPMENT AND NECESSARIES

saddle should be leather lined, or be used with a leather numnah cut to fit it exactly. Personally, I do not think any other form of numnah is so good.

The bridle—must suit the horse, therefore the exact sort cannot be named; but, as most horses go in the conventional double bridle, we will take that as an example. It must be made of good leather. This means going to a good firm and giving a fair price. It must be sewn on to the bits; nothing looks worse than buckles.

The breastplate.—This, in most countries and with a well-shaped horse, is of little practical use, but it is periodically fashionable, and it sets off the forehand of a horse.

Having got these three articles, the next thing is—“How to put them on?”

No doubt every man who rides, and certainly every groom, thinks he knows all about it; but it is surprising how very many of both do not know, and how many more of the former do not *see* when the horse is brought out with both saddle and bridle badly fitted and badly put on.

Plates III. and IV. show the same mare with a bad saddle and bridle badly put on, and a good saddle and a bridle properly put on and fitted. To the uninitiated there may not appear much difference in these pictures, so we had better go through the various points.

PINK AND SCARLET

In Plate III., Figure 1, the saddle is an old and badly shaped one ; it has ugly knee rolls, which will prevent the rider easily getting his leg back into its place after a “peck,” or forward when he wants to avoid a tree in a fence. It is too short in the flaps, hence these will be likely to catch against the tops of the rider’s boots. Also the flaps have too much stuffing in them. It is insufficiently stuffed both under the pommel and the cantle, and therefore down on the mare’s withers and backbone : this is bound to give a sore back in two places. The breastplate is so tight that it must cause a gall. The stirrup-leathers, by the way the irons hang, have evidently not been put on to their usual sides, and a rider who lost an iron would not be able to recover it easily.

In Plate III., Figure 2, the saddle is a good and well-shaped one ; it fits the mare, and is well off her withers and her backbone ; its flaps are long and will not catch the tops of the rider’s boots, while the absence of stuffing makes them sit close to the mare’s sides. The stirrup-leathers have been put on their usual sides, and therefore the irons hang at right angles to the mare, and would be easily found by the rider’s foot, when he throws his right leg over in getting on, or should he accidentally lose an iron at any time.

I have used the word “usual” in referring to the stirrup-leathers, but they should purposely be changed

PLATE III.



FIG. 1.—A BAD AND BADLY FITTING SADDLE, WITH THE STIRRUP IRONS HANGING WRONG.



FIG. 2.—A GOOD AND WELL-FITTING SADDLE, WITH THE STIRRUP IRONS HANGING RIGHT.

PLATE IV.

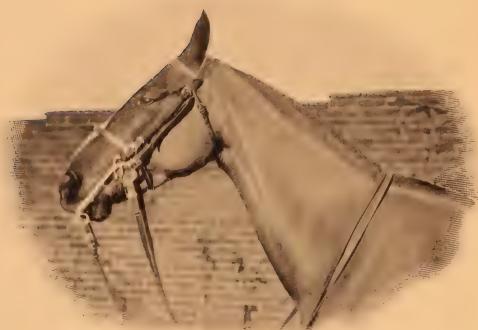


FIG. 1.—A BAD BRIDLE, BADLY PUT ON.



FIG. 2.—A GOOD BRIDLE, WELL PUT ON.

EQUIPMENT AND NECESSARIES

occasionally, as that on the near side is liable to stretch more than the other. Leathers can always be made to hang the right way by giving them several twists towards the horse's tail, and then a strong pull downwards.

Before leaving the saddle it would be well to say a word about the girths. They should certainly be of the best; and they should never be used when badly worn. Both leather and hide girths, if properly looked after and kept soft, are good. The latter keep in better condition if hung up in the stable, instead of in the harness-room.

The old postboys, who were as a rule a knowledgeable lot, always used leather girths. I believe also that they used plain flap saddles long before they came into use in the hunting field.

Figure 1, Plate IV., shows a bad bridle badly put on. It has horrible buckles, which join it to the bits, and the mare can no more look well in it than a lady can in a vulgar bonnet. The bridoon is so thin as to be almost like a piece of string, while it is so high in the mare's mouth that it wrinkles up the corners. The bit is jammed close up to the bridoon, with the result that the desperately tight and twisted curb-chain, which is *inside* the bridoon, is far above the chin-groove. Neither curb, bit, nor bridoon can act properly as they are placed; moreover, they are uncomfortable, and will assuredly irritate all light-mouthed and most high-couraged animals.

PINK AND SCARLET

In Figure 2, of the same plate, the bridle is sewn on to the bit, and it thus looks neat and workmanlike. The thick bridoon lies easily in the mare's mouth and does not wrinkle the corners. The bit is in its right place, *i.e.* two inches above the corner tooth (one inch above the tusk of the horse). The result is that the curb-chain, evenly laid, correctly *hooked on*, and not too tight, lies in the place which seems to have been made for it by nature, the chin-groove. The throat-lash is just sufficiently tight to play its part, *i.e.* to keep on the bridle. The wide cavesson nose-band rests in the right place, about three fingers below the cheek bone. It may be said that it is a good plan to have both reins with buckles at the hand end. Then a martingale can be used on either bit or bridoon.

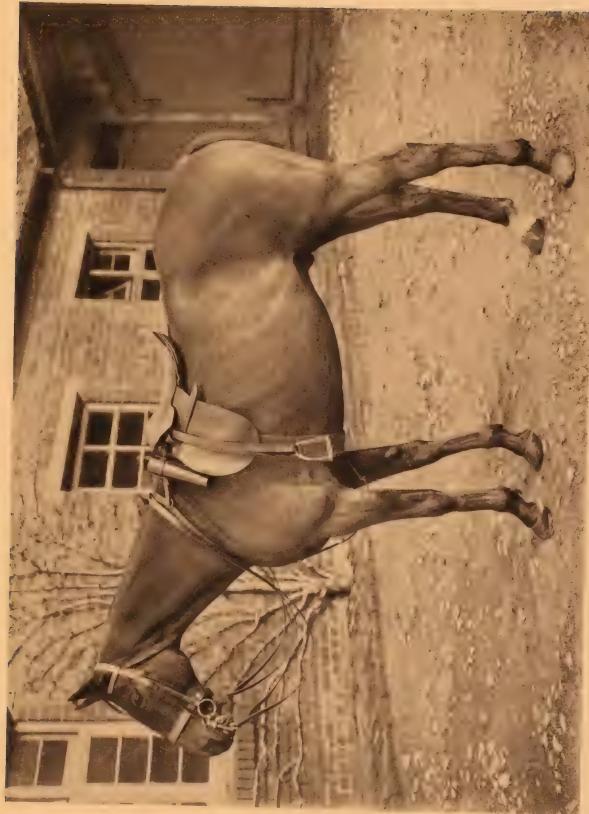
When both saddle and bridle are good, and properly put on, the *tout-ensemble* is business-like, comfortable, and becoming ; *vide* Plate V.

A word about the curb-chain. The majority of grooms know that it should be evenly laid, but very many do not know how to *book it on* correctly ; they do not think, and it is very difficult to make them understand, even when they are told, that to set the *flat*, and not the *edge*, against the horse's chin they must hook it *apparently backwards*.

The photographs in Plate VI. will explain better than any words what is meant.

With some slight modifications, necessitated by

PLATE V.



THE *TOUT ENSEMBLE* IS BUSINESS-LIKE, COMFORTABLE, AND BECOMING.

PLATE VI.



FIG. 1.—CURB-CHAIN HOOKED ON THE WRONG WAY.



FIG. 2.—CURB-CHAIN HOOKED ON THE WRONG WAY.

EQUIPMENT AND NECESSARIES

difference of make and shape, the foregoing remarks apply to the military saddle and bridle. Moreover, will not the eye, to which it has become second nature to see at a glance, as the horse is brought out of the stable accoutred for the chase, that saddle, bridle, etc., are properly put on, take readily to the inspection of men and horses on the parade ground? Therefore the lessons of this chapter for the soldier are obvious.

CHAPTER IV

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

Good interior economy makes a comfortable, happy, and contented regiment or battalion, and so lays the foundation of a good one.

On the contrary, no good result can be expected where there is a want of system, of interest, and of supervision on the part of those in command ; while discontent is the deadliest of enemies of efficiency.

It is the same with the stable.

We now know when our horse is saddled and bridled properly ; we must also know when he is properly fed, groomed, and generally looked after.

This volume would outgrow all proportions were every detail regarding these, and other things connected with the horse, gone into,—besides, one of its principles is *not to repeat* what has already been said over and over again in many much better productions.

Sir Frederick Fitzwygram deals fully,¹ and at the same time concisely, with feeding, with the how, the why, and the wherefore of grooming, and also with exercise ; while Major M. F. Rimington's little book on

¹ In *Horses and Stables*.

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

stable management puts the whole thing in a nutshell, and is one that all young soldiers fond of horses should possess.¹

There are, however, just a few points which these books do not look at in the light that this volume is trying to do; that is, from the point of view of a complete novice. One of these points is, "I have a groom of whom I mean to be master—can I tell him exactly what I expect him to do daily?" Many horse-owners, after a little reflection, will answer, "Of course I know, but I can't run through it in detail." Well, Mr. Owner, you ought to be able to do so, for how can you expect a man to do his work properly, if his master does not know what he ought to do, and therefore cannot be appreciative when he does it well?

Much more does this apply to the young officer who has no stud or experienced groom, but merely a more or less inexperienced "Thomas Atkins" to look after his stable.

The routine laid down below will at any rate give him something to go upon, and enable him to tell his man what he expects done.

STABLE ROUTINE.

6 to 6.30 a.m.—Water, feed, pick out and wash *inside* of horse's feet. Clear litter out of stall and sweep

¹ *Stable Management*, by Major M. F. Rimington, Inniskilling Dragoons. Gale & Poldon : price 6d.

PINK AND SCARLET

floor clean, putting litter in spare stall, or outside, to dry. When the horse has finished his feed, turn him round in stall and fold his clothing back on his hind-quarters; clean one side of his head, neck, shoulders, and legs, then the other side. After this, turn him round again, sweep his clothing right off and clean his hind-quarters. Sponge eyes, nostrils, and under dock. When grooming is finished put on the *day* clothing and give some hay.

8 to 8.30.—Go to breakfast.

9 to 9.30.—Put on exercising saddle and bridle and *knee-caps* and go to exercise.¹

11 to 11.30.—Water and feed.

12.30 p.m.—Put litter neatly back in stall and give horse some hay.

12.45.—Go to dinner.

3 to 3.30.—Water and feed.

6.30 to 7.—Put on night clothing, water, feed, and bed down. Before leaving the stable for the night give the balance of hay allowed.

The groom should also be told to *note well the following* :—

1. Horses must always be watered *before* being fed and *never* directly afterwards.

2. Nothing will prevent a horse looking well so surely as want of water, and it should always be left in his stall.

¹ Walking exercise is referred to here. The straps of knee-caps are apt to mark a horse trotted much with them on.

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

3. Even if a horse is only getting two "feeds" a day he must be fed four times, half a "feed" being given at each of the times named above.

4. If horses are going out, their watering and feeding must be put back, or forward, to suit the time they will be wanted. They must not be fed within an hour of ordinary work, or within two hours of fast work.

5. Always see that the manger is clean before giving a horse his feed, and look well for stones, etc., in the oats.

6. Remember that it is most important that a horse should be watered and fed regularly, and, above all, as early as possible in the morning.

7. Few things are worse for a horse than a hot and close stable, and nothing makes him so likely to catch cold.

8. On no account is litter to be left piled up under the manger.

9. When a horse comes in from work he should, as a general rule, be allowed to drink directly his bridle is taken off. The girths should be slackened, the saddle raised off his back, and put back again, and a rug thrown over his loins while he is being dressed. His feet should be washed out *inside*, and stones, etc., carefully looked for. When the saddle is removed the horse's back should be thoroughly dried. If it is near feeding time he should be fed after being clothed up.

PINK AND SCARLET

10. The dangerous time to give a horse water of ordinary temperature is not when he is *hot*, but when he is getting *cold*, is much exhausted, or has just been *fed*.

11. *Remember always that a horse is entirely at your mercy, and cannot ask for his water and food or complain if he is badly treated.*

No groom, however good, will be the worse for having all the above impressed on him by his master ; and with many, very many, it is absolutely necessary to do so if you want your horses to be fit, and free from colic, inflammation of the intestines, etc., etc.

The ignorance of so-called grooms is astounding, and the old-fashioned ideas of "I will give him some water when he is cool," or "when he has eaten his feed," still prevail.

Why they did not, and do not, kill more horses than they did and do, can only be regarded as one more example of how well outraged nature adapts herself to circumstances.

It is, therefore, not only necessary for the young, and indeed every horse-owner, to be able to lay down the law ; but he must also be able to explain why he does so, or what he says will be put down as "My bloke's fads," and ignored in consequence.

So the owner should be able to say, "You must feed early, because a horse's stomach is empty long before morning."

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

“ You must feed at least four times a day, because a horse’s stomach is very small.”

“ You must not give water directly after food, because it may wash undigested food into the wrong place and give the horse what you would call ‘ gripes’ (*i.e.* colic).”

“ You must water and feed regularly, because if you do not a horse expects and pines for his food, and so loses condition.”

“ You must look for stones, etc., in his oats, because if he grinds one with his teeth it may put him off his feed.”

“ You must not take his saddle right off when he is hot, because this may raise blisters, or cause a chill, and so give him a sore back.”

“ You must not bring him out for me to ride directly after his feed, because it may give him a stitch in his side (*i.e.* colic), like it does you if you run after dinner.”

“ You must not pile the litter under his manger, because it smells, and the smell goes up into his food. How would you like a lot of dirty clothes piled up under your breakfast table ? ”

“ You must not merely add water to the pail which the horse has in his stable, but you must throw away any water left, and change or clean the pail before filling it again.”

Finally, perhaps, it may be necessary, though we

PINK AND SCARLET

will hope not, to say, “If you were dumb and I did not bring you your food, and knocked you about, how would you like it?”

As well as talk the horse-owner must be able to act, and he should know how to take up brush and curry-comb, stand well away from his horse, and show his groom how he should put his weight into his work. Scratching at a horse as if you were brushing your hair is no use whatever.

“Taking up brush and curry-comb” does not mean that the latter is to be actually applied to the horse. On the contrary, it must never touch him, its use being merely to clean the brush, and for this purpose it is held in the hand not holding the latter. It is very strange how many people seem ignorant of the proper use of the curry-comb. So much is this so, that a very popular, and, as a rule, most correctly informed sporting library has, in its book on hunting, the following sentence—“Unless the animal is very diligently curry-combed and brushed, scurf will form, close the pores of the skin, and affect the horse’s health” (!).

“Brushed,” of course, but “curry-combed”! well, try it with a thin-skinned, high-couraged horse, and see what happens. Yet some so-called grooms do think it should be used on the horse; but then, as I remarked on page 42, their ignorance is astounding.

Fact will give us one or two instances. A good,

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

and apparently knowledgeable, groom sees an old blemish on a horse and says, "Ah, he must have been bitten there by a snake when young, and the hair has never grown" (!). Again, "What beautiful *small* legs" (!). One more—a lady's groom, sent to look at a horse with a view to purchase it for her (one of the worst things to do, by the way, unless you are very sure of your man), says that his hocks are wrong; and, when asked to say where, points to the *os calcis*, and says, "It's too long" (!). This worthy had *not bad his palm greased*, and he wanted to crab, but he made a bad shot, for extra length in the *os calcis* means extra leverage; and therefore increased power, in the hock.

No man can turn out his best work with bad or insufficient tools, therefore the groom must not be stinted in the way of brushes, rubbers, sponges, and cleaning things and material generally. For these *necessaries* the Army and Navy Stores are excellent, and they give in their price-book a very complete list of what is required for one and for two horses; more than is required is, in fact, given, as a carriage as well as a horse seems to have its wants considered.

While on the subject of stable necessities it may be remarked, that the Government body-brush is an excellent one, and its price is only 2*s.* 3*d.* as against from 5*s.* to 8*s.* at the Army and Navy Stores, or at a saddler's. The young soldier can of course obtain it on repayment. There is also another article which may be found in

PINK AND SCARLET

His Majesty's Stores, and which is a great preventive of waste, *i.e.* a hay-net. If a horse's hay is given to him in this he cannot throw it all out in trying to find the best pieces, as he can, and often does, when it is put into the hay-rack. Once on the floor a great part of the hay is stamped upon and spoilt.

Sir F. Fitzwygram deals with clothing, bandages, bedding, etc. All this should be carefully noted, but there is no need to repeat it. Remember, however, one thing regarding bedding, if a horse eats it, you must stop it somehow, and the best and surest way is to put him on some bedding which he cannot eat, such as moss litter,¹ sawdust, or shavings. The latter, called in the trade "shruff," make a very clean, sweet, and comfortable bed. They are unfortunately difficult to get unless you happen to be in the vicinity of a builder's workshop, or a mill. If the horse continues to eat large quantities of straw he will never be fit, and it may in the end break his wind or make him a roarer.

While on the subject of wind, it may be said that it is a good thing to always damp the food of a whistler or roarer. It is also a good thing to keep his drinking water in an old tar-barrel.

Note especially what Sir Frederick says about ventilation. Many more horses cough from being in a hot stable than from a cold one, and most stables are too hot and close when the groom has *his* way about the

¹ Some horses will eat the roots in this.

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

ventilation. On no account let the dirt be washed off your horses' legs when they come in from work or exercise. Rather than this, if for any reason, such as pressure of time, the horse being very tired, etc., the dirt cannot be got off at once, let the legs be bandaged loosely and the dirt *brushed* off when they are dry. Nothing leads to cracked heels, mud fever, etc., so much as the washing and not drying *immediately* afterwards. If you had two men to each horse washing would not be so harmful.

One word about shoeing. Get your blacksmith to shoe your horses as described by Sir F. Fitzwygram in chapter lxiv. of *Horses and Stables*; take him the book, show him the pictures, and tell him quietly, putting it as if it was your fad, and not as if you wanted to teach him his work; but in any case make him do as you want, or leave him for some other smith who will. The form of shoe advised by Sir Frederick is the one pointed to by those two very best teachers, nature and common sense. It is almost an insult to them to add, that my own personal experience can vouch for several horses which "stuck their toes in" in the most bring-your-heart-into-your-mouth fashion, becoming safe hacks when so shod. Another thing to bear in mind as regards shoeing is, "Get the frog on to the ground"; *i.e.* so that a ruler laid across a foot when held up, will touch the shoe on one side, the frog in the middle, and then the shoe again on the other side. This lets nature

PINK AND SCARLET

do her work, for the frog is made to take its share of the weight and concussion with the walls of the hoof. The more it is allowed to do its work, the bigger and the healthier will it become, and thrush, "wired in," and contracted heels will be unknown.

An important thing regarding shoeing is to go occasionally and see your horses shod yourself, and so let the smith see that you take an interest in it. Then, do not forget his workmen at Christmas time !

A few words about forage, not as to how to know its quality, etc.,—Sir Frederick thoroughly goes into that,—but as to the purchasing of it.

The *pros* of keeping horses as a soldier far outweigh the *cons*, but this question is certainly one of the latter. The soldier is always on the move, and he cannot buy quantities of hay and oats, etc., when they are cheap and store them. Again, he has usually nowhere to keep even a ton of hay (40 trusses) or six to a dozen quarters of oats (12 to 24 sacks). He must thus buy from the dealer in small quantities, and is always made to pay top prices. It is his own fault if he pays these prices for bad stuff, but he will do so if he does not take care, and if he leaves it to his groom it is almost certain that he will.

Memory recalls the following incident. A big firm of forage-dealers, not 100 miles from London, give a groom 10s. at Christmas, and offer him five

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

per cent. on all his master has. Groom tells master. Master sends a cheque for his account, deducting five per cent. from the total, informing the firm that if they can afford to give it to his groom they can to him, and adding that they need not expect his custom in future. Firm refuses cheque and demand payment in full. Master sends cheque back, writing words to the effect of "Take it or leave it, and go to law if you like." Firm write back accepting cheque, and saying that if their representative did give groom 10s. (they ignore the offer of five per cent.) it was only for having taken care of their sacks, and this they regard as a *trade expense* (!) which they would be very glad to see done away with (!!).

Now, what is the origin of this "trade expense"? Simply that generations of masters have been either too ignorant, or too lazy, to look at and judge their own forage. Then Mr. Groom goes to the forage-dealer and says, "If you don't give me so-and-so, I tells my master your forage is bad." The variation is, Mr. Dealer says to the groom, "You take in what's sent you and keep your mouth shut, and there's a good fat present for you at Christmas."

My dear young soldier, if only to save your self-respect, and your own pocket, learn to be at any rate a fair judge of forage; remember, moreover, that some day you may have to purchase, or pass, forage for His Majesty, and you will indeed be one

PINK AND SCARLET

of his bad bargains if you cannot tell good from bad. In writing, as I have, of forage dealers and grooms I would have it understood that I am only referring to the black sheep of the flocks, and there are undoubtedly some.

Yards might be written on the interesting subject of stable management, but Sir Frederick has it all (except, perhaps, the lump of rock-salt which it is good to have in each manger), and there is nothing more to be said but, "Be master," pay your groom well, and treat him well, and get him to see that you are both rowing in the same boat. Remember, also, that we all of us occasionally want a poke from some one to keep us up to the mark.

Be often in and out of your stable, not with a view to spy on your groom, but because you are fond of your horses and want to see them well done. Do not forget that a little judicious praise is a very powerful lever. (This, by the way, is a good thing to remember with soldiers also, and it would be good if it were more the fashion in the Army to give praise.)

Remember that "what's not inspected is likely to be neglected," and also that "a master's eye makes a fat horse."

Before concluding this chapter it would perhaps be well to give a rough estimate of the approximate cost to the young officer of keeping a horse in

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

England. Taking a month of thirty days as the period, it may be put down at somewhat as follows:—

	£ s. d.
2½ sacks of oats (crushed) at 13s. per sack (i.e. 12 lbs. per day)	1 9 3
6 trusses of hay at 2s. 6d. per truss (i.e. 12 lbs. per day)	15 0
½ sack of bran at 7s. 6d. per sack	1 10 ½
½ sack of chaff at 3s. 6d. per sack	1 9
7 trusses of straw at 1s. 3d. per truss	8 9
Ordinary table-salt (for use in bran mash)	3
Rock-salt (to place in manger)	3
Carrots, say	1 0
Shoeing	4 0
Soldier groom, 10s. per month	10 0
Allow for cleaning materials, repairs, firing, light, etc., ¹ say:—	5 10 ½
Total cost per month of 30 days	<u>£3 18 0</u>

This estimate is made out from the prices lately (1913) current at Aldershot for good sound forage bought in small quantities from local dealers. The quantities allowed are liberal, and a horse can be kept in health and fair working order on considerably less, but it is no pleasure to the horse lover to ride unless his mount is really fit for the work he has to do.

During the hunting season the allowance of oats and hay may be, with advantage, increased to 14 lbs. of each per day. In the summer the allowance may be reduced to less than the 12 lbs. estimated for.

¹ Linseed, say 1 lb. per week, costing about 2d., would come under this heading.

PINK AND SCARLET

The allowance of bran is sufficient for two mashes per week (about 3 lbs. makes a good mash). It may be useful to note that medium bran should weigh 112 lbs. per sack, and very coarse bran about 96 lbs. per sack. Chaff should weigh 56 lbs. per sack, and straw 36 lbs. per truss.

At some places a certain amount can be obtained for the manure, unless this is given to the groom. I have known my groom get 5d. to 6d., and sometimes 7d. per horse per week for it.

When it is remembered that when the above estimate was worked out for the first edition of this book in 1899 the total came to £3 8s., as against the present £3 18s., it is not to be wondered at that many masters of hounds are now asking for increased subscriptions.

It is also a somewhat startling sign of the times for those with fixed incomes. We will hope for better things, and I am encouraged by the fact that a well-known and very sporting forage contractor—Mr. Richard Bateman, of Aldershot—writes to me as follows:—“Prices are now high, and it is hardly a good time to fix a hard and fast rule, as they may drop considerably before the end of the year” (1913).

Should the young soldier horse-owner elect to use Government forage, which is bought by contract in large quantities, and which he can obtain on repayment, he will find that the actual *keep* of his horse

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

will work out to about £2 a month. In stations where proper supervision is maintained the quality of the forage is good enough for horses in ordinary work; though it would not, as a rule, do for hunters which are really wanted "to go."

In Ireland the cost of actual keep is a good deal lower than that given in the estimate above, but so also is the quality of both hay and oats.

Wherever the horse is kept, and the forage is obtained, every care must be taken to prevent waste, overfeeding, and robbery. A few shillings invested in a small spring balance weighing machine will be well spent, and the hay, etc., should frequently be weighed. Each truss of hay is supposed to weigh 56 lbs., and oats should have an average of 40 lbs. per bushel, while four bushels go to the sack.

Another preventive of peculation is to keep a book in which the number of horses kept, and the amount of forage used, each month is entered. Any noticeable difference in the average cost per horse should at once be gone into, as it is suspicious. If preferred dry bran may be used with the oats instead of chaff. The object of both is the same, *i.e.* to prevent the horse bolting the oats. Some owners maintain that straw chaff is better than hay chaff. This, like the use of bran instead of either, seems a matter of opinion.

The carrots are not a necessity, but it is a capital

PINK AND SCARLET

plan for a horse-owner to always have some ready cut up in his stable or harness-room, so that he may give his horses a piece or two each time he goes to see them ; they will thus connect his appearance with pleasure, and they will very soon get to know his voice if he calls out to them as he goes into the stable. A well-known voice will go further with most horses than any amount of whip or spur. A little grass, or green food, is good in spring and summer.

It will be seen that the cost of keeping and looking after a horse to the officer, when he can find stabling in barracks, and has a soldier groom, works out to about 2*s.* 7*d.* per day.¹

Soldiers of all sorts and conditions are often heard saying, “Oh, I can’t afford to keep a horse,” and yet some of these drink and smoke every day more than this 2*s.* 7*d.* over and above what they actually require ; moreover, putting aside the benefit of the exercise and the education they could get for the money, they would be much better in health without the extra drink and the smoke.

Youngsters, note this. Fathers, mothers, guardians, and Commanding Officers also note—that strength of mind to deny the appetite, and increased health, and thence efficiency, come in here ; surely you will assist, if only for these reasons ?

¹ When this was worked out for the first edition of this book in 1899 the amount was only 2*s.* 3*d.*

INTERIOR ECONOMY AND SUPPLY

Remember also Napoleon's words: "The first essential for a good general is good health," and further remember that the tactical ability now required in a captain is equal to that required by a Brigadier in Napoleon's day.

The lesson to be learnt from this chapter, and the books it names, is the care of that work of the Creator's which is man's closest companion and colleague, both in war and in sport—the Horse.

CHAPTER V

TRANSPORT

“ Yet if man, of all the Creator plann’d,
His noblest work is reckon’d,
Of the works of His hand, by sea or land,
The horse may at least rank second.”

MR. JORROCKS said that the horse was made for the hound, and the fox was thrown in as a connecting link between the two! Certainly there can be no doubt that the horse was made for the soldier.

The Bible shows this in a very beautiful and convincing passage in the thirty-ninth chapter of the Book of Job.

“ 19. Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?

20. Canst thou make him afraid as a grasshopper? the glory of his nostrils is terrible.

21. He paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength: he goeth on to meet the armed men.

22. He mocketh at fear, and is not affrighted; neither turneth he back from the sword.

23. The quiver rattleth against him, the glittering spear and the shield.

TRANSPORT

24. He swalloweth the ground with fierceness and rage: neither believeth he that it is the sound of the trumpet.¹

25. He saith among the trumpets, Ha, ha; and he smelleth the battle from afar off, the thunder of the captains, and the shouting."

What could be more striking?

Our soldier has been shown how to get, and put on, both his own kit and his horse's equipment, and also how to take care of the horse. Assuming that a stall, or better a loose box, a soldier groom; and other necessary *etceteras* have been arranged for, we will now think of the latter.

The author of *Riding Recollections* says, that in the choice of a horse and a wife a man must please himself, ignoring the opinion and advice of his friends.

A wife is a luxury that the young officer has no business to think about for the present, even if he can afford it. A horse is, however, a necessity for every officer at some time or the other in his professional career, therefore the sooner he has one and gets used to it the better. *Learning* to ride is not easy at the time of life when an Infantry soldier becomes a mounted officer, and a man who puts it off so long does not, as a rule, learn to *ride* at all;

¹ There seems, on the face of it, to be something not quite right with the translation of the last sentence of this verse? In the Douay version it reads as follows:—"Chasing and raging he swalloweth the ground, neither doth he make account when the noise of the trumpet soundeth."

PINK AND SCARLET

though he may succeed in learning to be *carried* by his horse. Passengers are of little use in the navigation of a ship, or the driving of a train, and a man who is merely a passenger on his horse cannot command a battalion properly ; even in the barrack square. In the field he stamps it with his own want of mobility. On active service the same defect ; by glueing him to his command, and thus restricting his power of personal reconnoitring, and limiting his range of vision ; may lead to bad use of the ground, surprise and thence disaster.

I have personally seen this happen in active service and also at manœuvres.

If questioned about his advice as to choosing a horse for oneself, Whyte-Melville would no doubt have said, that of course he meant a man with knowledge of horses ; and, above all, one who had in his mind's eye *the sort of horse he wanted*. This chapter is purposely written for those who have little or no knowledge of this sort, and if they *think* they have, let them remember that experience with horses, as with life in general, tends to show us that the more we learn the more we find how little we really *know*. Therefore let the inexperienced go to some one with the knowledge got from experience, and say, “I weigh so much, I ride well (indifferently, or badly), I want to hunt with so-and-so hounds, and I can afford to give so much ; will you help me to find a horse ?”

TRANSPORT

This is better advice than giving yards of quotations from veterinary text-books on the subject of splints, ring-bones, spavins, etc., etc., to consider. There is time enough for this when the young officer goes, as he ought to do, through the veterinary course at Aldershot. It will, however, do him no harm to study the pictures and diagrams published by Bailey and Woods, of Cirencester, showing the many ailments the horse is subject to with their positions, and then to endeavour to identify them on the live animal as examples are met with.

If the young officer is too proud, or rather has not sufficient sense—for only fools are too proud to ask questions about things they do not know—to ask a friend's advice, let him at any rate go to a respectable dealer, and above all avoid being caught by such chaff as this—

“Bargain.—Superb hunter, sold only owing to accident to owner. ‘Perfection,’ by ‘Prize Winner’ out of ‘Jump-over-the-moon.’ Chesnut gelding; beautiful, handsome, free-stepping horse. Most brilliant hunter, etc., etc. Apply to Lord Scattercashe’s coachman, Beanem Mews, W.”

A young bird in a scientific corps was caught with a very similar bait a few months ago. He wanted a horse, he saw an advertisement, he said nothing to anybody, but got a day’s leave and went and bought the horse, giving nearly £100. The horse arrives.

PINK AND SCARLET

Next day, "Downey bird" goes to ride him. Horse won't leave stable yard, rears. Rough-rider brought in, horse rears over backwards and is put back in stable. Next day a brother officer with experience tries his hand, and by dint of all sorts of tackle, men behind with hunting crops, etc., rides horse out. Finds he is a roarer. Further examination discovers that his hocks have been fired, and that his knees are slightly marked. Very valuable horse this!

There is no redress, he was bought as he stood, without any warranty. Fact is ever stranger than fiction?

How well does Franklin's saying, "Experience keeps a dear school, but fools will learn in no other," apply to cases like this!

Nothing that has been said is intended to dissuade the young soldier from reading about the horse, quite the contrary; for it is necessary for him to read and re-read, just as he must do so regarding his profession. But it is intended to convey to him that no amount of reading without practical experience will make him a judge of a horse; any more than the study of the strategy and tactics of Frederick the Great or Napoleon will enable him to lead his squadron or company in the field, if he has not been right through the mill of practical work.

Regarding literature on horses, *Horses and Stables* (Sir F. Fitzwygram) and *The Points of a Horse* (Captain M. Hayes) will give all that is wanted.

TRANSPORT

The former is plain and concise, and it gives hints on stable management, and also the purchasing of horses. The latter is most complete, and explains the good and bad points of a horse in the best possible way—*i.e.* by illustration.

Any one who has sufficient knowledge to understand Sir F. Fitzwygram's hints on purchasing can scarcely buy a "wrong 'un," as far as make and shape are concerned. There are, however, three pieces of advice he does not give. One is, "If possible ride your horse, and see how he *feels*, before you buy him." Another is, "If you are giving much money, say over £50, have him *vetted*, even when you have an experienced friend to help you." The third is, "Look at both sides of a horse." I remember a horse sold at Tattersall's for ninety-five guineas, with a rupture on the *off* side, which it is certain that some at any rate of the bidders did not see.

Sir Frederick says, "Reject a horse which is 'split up,' *i.e.* shows much daylight between his thighs; propelling power comes from behind, and must be deficient in horses without due muscular development between the thighs." This horseman's term "split up" recalls the day when a gallant officer, in showing his own horses, remarked knowingly, "What I like about this horse (turning his tail sideways) is that he is so well split up behind" (!). And yet this officer bought many horses for the Government in one of our colonies! Poor

PINK AND SCARLET

Government! and still more poor soldiers who had to try to keep horses so made in condition!! Should the young officer have to buy horses for army purposes—and there is no reason why some day he should not; these pages will not have been written in vain if they save him from making a similar mistake, and his country from its effects.

While on the subject of the hind-quarters it may be said, that if a horse's dock is difficult to raise up; *i.e.* if it offers much resistance, it is supposed to be a sign of a good constitution. Again, there are veterinary surgeons who hold that a horse with a small sheath is more liable to go wrong in the wind than one which has a well-developed one.

Captain Hayes gives photographs of almost every sort of horse, and certainly of every sort of legs, heads, etc., etc.; and he so clearly and fully describes the noticeable points of each picture, that his book is a complete education for the eye that can retain the points, and then compare them with; or rather detect their presence or absence in, the live animal. There are, however, one or two classes of horses which Captain Hayes does not show, or perhaps it is more correct to say, does not specially point out, as such, and these the young soldier will be none the worse for having in his mind's eye. They are the cheap useful hunters for light, medium, and heavy weights; and the horses suitable for the Cavalry trooper, for the gun, for



PLATE VII.



FIG. 1.—THE “IDEAL.”

We are indebted to the Proprietors of “Land and Water” for their kindness in allowing us to reproduce this picture. It is a picture of “Sunlight,” the property of Sir H. de Trafford, who won the first prize as a heavy weight hunter at the Peterborough show of 1895.



FIG. 2.—THE USEFUL “REAL.”

TRANSPORT

the baggage-wagon, and for the Mounted Infantry cob.

To talk of a *cheap* heavy-weight hunter may appear absurd. But what is meant here is not the ideal article, be it a prize-winner or a great charactered horse; but the useful rough-and-tumble one: a horse, in fact, "selected by rejection for bad points . . . such a one may be plain, but will at least be serviceable" (Sir F. Fitzwygram). The former will mean hundreds of pounds, instead of tens in which only the bulk of our young soldiers are able, as a rule, to deal. A picture of each is given in Plate VII.

Medium and light-weight horses must, for our purposes, be looked at much in the same way as described above; though in a less and less degree as their weight-carrying capabilities decrease. Specimens of each are shown in Plate VIII. Photographs of horses more or less suitable for different sorts of army work are shown in Plates IX, and X.

A few remarks about the horses shown in these different plates may be useful. Except in the case of the horse represented in Fig. 1, Plate VII., which appears a "dream" of a weight-carrying hunter, they must not be taken as perfect samples of their class, but merely as representative types which have proved themselves good in the "handsome is as handsome does" way.

In Fig. 2, Plate VII., the horse is standing badly,

PINK AND SCARLET

his fore-legs are too much under him and his hind-legs too much away. In spite of this, however, it can be seen that his shoulders lie well back and slope fairly, and also that he has power behind. He may be taken as a sample of the useful, but not expensive, soldier's weight-carrier.

Fig. 1, Plate VIII., shows a medium-weight horse. By the photograph he appears somewhat upright and "lumpy" in the shoulders, and he is certainly rather short and upright in the pasterns. Notwithstanding these crabs this horse's fore-limbs "did handsome," for he only gave one fall in five seasons, and he won five point-to-point races, and would probably have won more had he not begun to "whisper" (*i.e.* became a whistler).

It will be seen that he has great length from hip to hock, and very good arms and "second thighs" (gaskins). Under £40 bought this horse at Tattersall's as a six-year-old, and bids of five times that amount were afterwards refused for him.

Fig. 2, Plate VIII., shows a sample of the light-weight horse. An Irishman; "made" by one of the best horsemen in the north of Ireland, very much on the principle mentioned on page 95; never hustled or hustled, but at the same time never allowed to refuse; he was taught in his youth to take fences as a matter of course. The result was that; having naturally a good heart, without which neither man nor

PLATE VIII.



FIG. 1.—A MEDIUM-WEIGHT HORSE.



FIG. 2.—A LIGHT-WEIGHT HORSE.

PLATE IX.



FIG. 1.—SERVED HER MAJESTY FOR 11 YEARS AS A CAVALRY TROOPER
AND WAS NEVER SICK OR LAME.



FIG. 2.—A MOUNTED INFANTRY COB. "M. L. 63."

TRANSPORT

horse, however perfectly made, is any use, he never "turned his head" from anything. The photograph hardly does his shoulders justice; they were excellent, and he had, as can be seen, wonderful depth of girth, which no doubt made him the stayer that he was.

The horse was photographed at the end of the season, just after he had won three point-to-point races, and, as will be noticed, he had no superfluous flesh on him. He was, as may be guessed from his way of standing, a singularly active, well-balanced horse. In spite of his extreme boldness he was in some ways a nervous horse (the two often go together), and could not stand a whip being cracked on his back. Half-a-century bought him as a five-year-old in Ireland, and three times that (which was less than his value, but circumstances made his sale desirable) caused him to go to carry a distinguished lady rider with—

"The cream of the cream in the shire of the shires."

Fig. 1, Plate IX., shows indeed one of the "handsome is as handsome does" sort. This mare served Her Majesty for eleven years as a cavalry trooper, and was never sick or lame from any constitutional cause, or any fault or defect of her own. A good record! and we may well take her as a good type for cavalry, though perhaps some Commanding Officers might like a more showy sort.

PINK AND SCARLET

The photograph is not a very good one, and the mare is not standing too well, yet we can see the points that have made her able to earn such a record. First come perhaps great depth of girth, unusually well-arched ribs, and wide hips; these mean constitution. Then come the long and, for her stamp, good shoulders, the short, well-timbered legs, the good-sized, well-shaped feet, and the straight, level, and sufficient, but not extravagant, action (she retained the last at fifteen to sixteen years of age).

Finally we may say that she is a type of the horse without any very evident bad points, and her record bears out what Sir Frederick Fitzwygram says about such a one, "It may be plain but it will be useful." Should the young soldier ever become a remount officer and buy nothing worse, he will do well indeed.

Fig. 2, Plate IX., shows a Mounted Infantry cob. There is not much to be said about him; he is "common" perhaps, and has somewhat upright-looking shoulders, though they are long ones. His girth, barrel, hips, and legs are all good, and at the price probably paid for him he must be considered a "good sort" for the job.

Fig. 1, Plate X., gives a leader in a Royal Horse Artillery gun team; he is a useful stamp of horse, though perhaps he has somewhat straight shoulders. The horse in Fig. 2 of this plate was a remount received by the Army Service Corps at Aldershot, and he was

PLATE X.



FIG. 1.—A ROYAL HORSE ARTILLERY LEAD HORSE.



FIG. 2.—AN ARMY SERVICE CORPS HORSE.

TRANSPORT

regarded by them as a very good type of a draft horse. He has short legs, deep girth, good ribs, and powerful, though not handsome, hind-quarters. Perhaps his most noticeable point is the great amount of bone below both knee and hock.

Two things may certainly be said about horses for military work, and especially as regards active service. Firstly it is, as a rule, better to have them of medium, or even small, rather than the bigger size. Secondly, but most important, they *must* have a good middle piece—*i.e.* good round well-sprung ribs, and a deep girth. These are a *sine qua non* for the wearing and exacting work of active service, and they should be the first thing looked at when buying horses for that purpose. It should go without saying that no horse is fit to go on active service unless he has “condition,” any more—indeed, not so much—than he is fit to hunt, or play polo. In the hunting and the polo the horse can be pulled up and eased. On active service this is often not possible, consequently the unfortunate animal, however good he may be, if he has not condition, drops down exhausted, and eventually dies!

In the late South African War thousands of remounts perished simply from want of condition.

And the lessons of this chapter? Many are obvious, and many more may be found by following up and studying the horse on the lines indicated.

CHAPTER VI

FIELD TRAINING

AN officer can be of little use on active service unless he can command and handle his men (*i.e.* knows his drill), has had some practice in marches, outposts, and practical work generally, and has acquired by reading some knowledge of what he and his men may expect to meet with in actual war. But above all does he require the “habit of command,” and the habit too of commanding *pleasantly*.

The greatest soldier of our time, the late Lord Wolseley, wrote of the qualifications which an officer should have, as follows:—“Good pleasant manners, closely allied to firmness, a genial disposition, a real sympathy for the private soldier, and an intimate knowledge of human nature, are essential qualifications for the man who would command soldiers effectively anywhere. The art is born in some, and comes naturally to many. In peace or in war it is a quality more necessary for the officer than any knowledge he can acquire by a study of the Drill Book, essential though that knowledge be.”¹

The late Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, C.B., one of our best military writers, wrote: “An officer who keeps

¹ *Vide* page 154, vol. ii., of *The Story of a Soldier's Life*.

FIELD TRAINING

always to the front the fact that human nature is the prime factor in war is on the right path and has mastered the leading principles of his trade."

It is the same with "the image of war," and a fair knowledge of equine nature, and that by the way is not at all unlike human nature, is essential for enjoyment and reasonable safety in riding. For the horse is very quick to recognise ignorance, and the diffidence that may come from it, in the man. Personally, I think that no man should hunt until he has at any rate mastered the rudiments of equitation, can sit fairly tight over a fence, open a gate properly, hold his whip in the right way, and a host of other minor details which it is now proposed to go into.

This is not a treatise on riding, nor would such a thing, even if written by "Roddy" Owen and Fred Archer, in conjunction with the greatest master of the art of the *haute école* that ever stepped into a riding-school, enable a man to become a good horseman, or even to ride well. Nothing but practical experience can teach him either.

Mark the two words "rider" and "horseman." They are synonymous to the world in general, but how different to the initiated! To essay to explain the subtle differences to the uninitiated is like endeavouring to explain the beauties of a picture to a coal-heaver in French!

Illustration may perhaps do something to separate

PINK AND SCARLET

the two, and we may say that the riding-master can teach, and the riding-school make the *rider*; while Whyte-Melville, in *Riding Recollections*, explains what is meant by the term *horseman*; which the hunting-field, combined with some natural aptitude, can make. It is the difference, in fact, between barrack-square drill and active service.

Our young soldier has got his kit, his horse, his saddle and bridle, and we must assume that he is a rider "of sorts."

For argument's sake let us suppose that he becomes a horse-owner for the first time, in the summer. This will give him time to get everything into going condition before the hunting season begins.

It is the morrow of the great day on which the purchase was made, and the first ride is to be taken. There is a great deal in first impressions, and no one is so susceptible to them as the horse. The very minute you get on his back, perhaps directly you touch the reins to get up, he knows whether you are afraid of him or not, and he will behave accordingly.

But we must hark back a minute, we have not yet got him out of the stable, and there are several things to do before getting on his back.

When he comes out of the stable, or is brought up to the door, the eye should run quickly over him and note whether all is right. It soon becomes a habit, and a very necessary one it is, to see it at



PLATE XI.

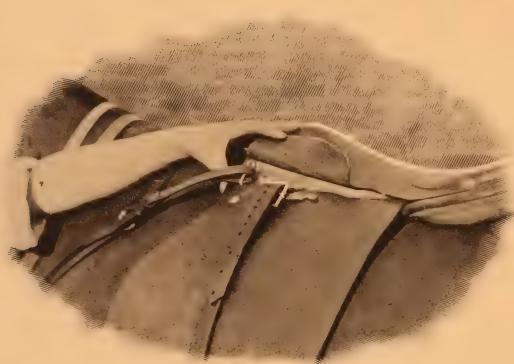


FIG. 1.—SPRING OF THE BAR DOWN, AND STIRRUP LEATHER NOT TUCKED IN.



FIG. 2.—TESTING THE LENGTH OF A LEATHER.

FIELD TRAINING

a glance, whether or not the saddle fits, if the bit and bridoon are in the right place (*vide* p. 35), the curb laid evenly and hooked on correctly (*vide* p. 37), the throat-lash not too tight, the girths fairly so, and the nose-band not too high. Regarding the stirrups, see that they hang right (*vide* p. 34), and that the spring which is made to keep them on the bar is *down*, as shown in Fig. 1, Plate XI. This last 'may mean all the difference between being dragged or not, between life and death in fact (of this more anon). Whether the leathers are approximately the right length may be proved by placing the tips of the fingers of the right hand on the bar of the saddle, and with the left hand raising the stirrup to the right arm-pit. The length of the leather which brings the bottom of the stirrup just clear of the side will generally be found *approximately* right for most men. The word "approximately" is used because horses differ and saddles vary; were it not so, every one could tell to a hole, before getting on, whether his stirrups were the right length, simply by noting when they were so, how far the bottom of the stirrup came down his arm when held as described above, and as shown in Fig. 2, Plate XI. As, however, the length cannot with certainty be fixed to a hole before getting up, the end of the leather should never be tucked into the buckle, but should be left out as shown in Fig. 1, Plate XI. If this is so, the

PINK AND SCARLET

rider can easily shorten or lengthen his stirrup as he moves off.

All is now ready, and the question of "Who is going to be master?" will very soon be decided. On this depends certainly the rider's comfort, whether his ride is a pleasure or not, and may be even his safety.

In tactics it is better to lay down the law than to allow it to be dictated to us; it is the same with a horse. Therefore take the initiative and approach boldly. It is by no means a bad thing when going to mount a strange horse for the first time, to give the middle of the saddle three or four good hard bangs with the flat of your hand. If the horse has a tendency to buck directly any one gets on him this may prevent his doing so, perhaps because it is not then the weight of your body which first presses down a cold saddle on to his back. Be this as it may, if you see this performance gone through by a seller before the intending purchaser gets on, you may safely bet that the horse is, to say the least of it, a little uncertain in his manners until his "back is down."

In getting up do not think too much about the correct riding-school way of doing so, but get hold of the reins and swing up boldly. When up, do not, oh! *do not*, at once grasp and draw up the reins as if you were going to pull on a tug-of-war rope; this is *the very way* to make most horses think "this chap's afraid," and then they begin to dance.

FIELD TRAINING

Do not begin at once to fuss about your stirrups, you have got them approximately right, and that is good enough to start with. So drop your hands, feel the horse with your legs, and say to the groom, "Let him go." It's a hundred to one that, if you are not afraid of him, he goes off perfectly quietly. As he walks along you can get your leathers to suit you.

In war much depends on successful reconnoitring and proper observation of the enemy. It is the same with the horse, and should you have noticed that, as he came out of the stable or was brought round to the door, the horse tucked his tail very closely into his hind-quarters, stuck it out straight behind him or "wore" it with an upward curl or bend, instead of carrying it naturally, look out for squalls! All these are signs that his "back is up"; it may be merely from freshness, it may be because the saddle is cold or uncomfortable, and it may be from temper and because he means kicking or bucking. Anyway these are signs that should not be disregarded, even with a horse you know well; therefore sit tight, assert yourself, and keep his head up, or you may find yourself suddenly in the position shown on the following page.

The position is certainly absurd, it may be dangerous, and it will probably end in the rider being shot, like old rubbish, into the street—a most unpleasant and ignominious experience, and the very worst of introductions to a new horse.

PINK AND SCARLET

But how to get his back down? Well, you must with him, as you must whenever possible in war, *take the initiative*; you may do somewhat as follows: At the least sign of a hitch up behind, or a "pig jump," use your voice, saying, "Now then-n g-a-r-r-on- g-a-r-r- on," or something of the sort, and at the same time give him just a hint of a "chuck under the chin," *i.e.* jerk the bridle a bit. Both these will show that you mean to be master, and the last will probably stop his thinking of getting his head down, which unless he does he cannot buck badly. This sort of thing should carry you along until you come to a piece of grass, or soft ground, and then you can complete the "back-getting-down" process by giving him a canter. Look out, however, when he first gets on the grass! this often starts a previously apparently sheepish horse into lamb-like gambols. These can be checked in the way I have described, but there is no harm in them, gallop even half-a-mile and they will probably cease; besides, youth should not know the meaning of the word *nerves*, and it is all good practice.¹

Two or three rides over varied ground, and among different sights and sounds, will show the horse's peculiarities, his likes and his dislikes, and, to a rider of any experience at all, will also show what bridle suits him best. Those who cannot decide

¹ *See* picture, "Excellent Advice," facing page 224.

FIELD TRAINING

this last for themselves, should ask advice from an experienced friend. It is an important point, as it may mean all the difference between comfort and discomfort, between being run away with and holding him easily, between having your teeth knocked out, and losing sight of your horse's head between his fore-legs. The two latter bring forward the question of the martingale and the gag, the "keep his head down" and "the get his head up." Both of these are good in their way and should be used when necessary, but it is much better to do without them, and they may be dangerous in the hands of an inexperienced rider. Should the martingale be used with a double bridle, follow Whyte-Melville's advice, and put it on the *bit* rein; he gives the reasons for this on p. 43 of *Riding Recollections*, and there is no need to say more. Note well also what he says about the martingale rings slipping over those of the bit, and if there is the least danger of this have "stops" on your reins, or, better, have square rings on the martingale.

I remember a horse, whose martingale rings slipped over the bit rings while out hacking, spinning round and round like a top till he threw himself down. Nothing need be said about the danger of martingales with reins which *are buckled*, instead of sewn, to the bit, because it is obvious, and another reason against such abominations !

PINK AND SCARLET

Whyte-Melville describes the gag also, and it only remains to be said—be careful with it.

In one point regarding bits I must differ from the author of *Riding Recollections*. He recommends a *jointed* Pelham; I cannot lay claim to experience such as his, but must say that, in my opinion, a smooth thick *unjointed* half-moon Pelham suits many horses well.

The chapter on “The use of the Bridle” in the same book leaves little more to be said on the subject, unless it be, “Use it as little as possible.”

Sailors have this axiom, “As long as the ship keeps her course let her steer herself,” and this is by no means a bad thing to remember regarding the horse. It may be transposed into “give him plenty of rope,” *i.e.* ride with long reins.¹ Be assured that, with your elbows well back, and close to your side, and your hands as far back as the pommel of the saddle; and if separated, on each side of it; you have much more command over your horse than if your arms were nearly straight out and your hands half-way up his neck! It is like the difference between steering a big ship with a wheel and with a tiller. Besides, think of the look of it! (*vide* the pictures facing p. 18), and, above all, in the first case the horse will go comfortably to himself, and therefore to you, while in the second even a phlegmatic, and what Mr. Jorrocks would call “unhenterpriseless brute,” will

¹ There are occasions when it is well to treat men in the same way, and the better the men, as also the horses, the more can it be done with advantage.

FIELD TRAINING

resent the restraint, and consequently make you uncomfortable.¹

Personally I am a snaffle bridle man, and I have never had a horse that I did not prefer to ride to hounds in a snaffle. I have bought many horses with the reputation of being bad-mannered and hard pullers, put snaffles on them, and found them go quite comfortably. I have yet to find a hard puller that is not easier to hold in a twisted snaffle and a martingale than in the severest of double bridles ever invented. I think the reason is simple, the snaffle does not hurt a horse, a severe double bridle often does, and he, following his natural instinct, tries to run away from that which hurts him! The advocate of the double bridle says, "But you must have it to collect a horse and make him jump off his hocks." That is sound enough in theory, but in practice very many more horses are pulled into their fences by double bridles than are lifted over them. Again, when a horse makes a "peck," and wants his head free to balance himself, a sharp "chuck under the chin" with a double bridle brings him down when he would recover himself

¹ Writing this paragraph reminds me of the man who advertised in the papers that he would teach any one to ride who would send him 2s. 6d. in stamps. When he received the half-crown, he sent the following lines:—

"Your head and your heart keep up,
Your hands and your heels keep down,
Your knees tight pressed to the sides of your horse,
And your elbows close to your own."

The sender of the 2s. 6d. had no legal ground for complaint, because if he followed the rules laid down in these four short lines he any way "sat" his horse well!

PINK AND SCARLET

if left alone. It is useless to continue further, for Mr. Snaffle will never convince Mr. Double Bridle, and *vice versa*!

There are, it seems, a few horses which, either from bad education, wrong treatment, or from something wrong with their *brains*, appear to go mad almost directly they begin to gallop with other horses near them, and nothing satisfies them but going as hard as they can split. Such are luckily few and far between, and the shortcomings of man are responsible for most of them. It is no pleasure to ride such brutes, and they will not get you to hounds nearly so well as slower and more handy horses, simply because you cannot let them go unless there is plenty of room in which to stop them, and with constantly pulling against you they beat themselves; therefore, if by bad luck you buy such a one, sell him on the first opportunity.

With the very large majority of horses, however, pulling is a case of being pulled at, in other words of "hands."

It is just the same with men where the "hands" to be used are tact and due consideration for human nature.

A "horseman" will instinctively know directly his mount is getting out of hand when galloping, beginning "to go on his shoulders" in fact. When a horse does this he may be likened to a small cutter-rigged boat running before the wind, with more sail than she can carry, and the position, in

PLATE XII.



FIG. 1.—TO STOP, OR TURN, A HORSE TRYING TO RUN AWAY.



FIG. 2.—GETTING ON TO A HORSE THAT WILL NOT STAND STILL.

FIELD TRAINING

both cases, is dangerous. The boat sailor will either ease off his peak halliards and take a pull on the tack, thus "scandalising" the mainsail, and reducing sail; or, if he has sea room and there is not a bad following sea, he will wait for a lull in the wind, run his boat up into it, and then "snug her down."

The horseman will take a pull at his mount, or will, if necessary, chuck him out of his stride. Should these fail, the horse can be, so to speak, "run up into the wind," much like the boat.

Plate XII., fig. 1, shows how this may be done. The procedure is as follows: With a rein in each hand, place one hand on the side of the horse's neck, with the rein in it across his neck. Press this hand forward and rather downward, thus making the horse's neck into a fulcrum. Pull the other hand back in the ordinary way. This gives the rider great leverage, and he should be able to stop most runaways. In any case the horse can be turned, and, as he turns, he may be pulled out of his stride.

In this chapter, headed "Field Training," we must not only consider horsemanship, but also how it can be combined with soldiering, and the ways in which it can be done are many. For instance, an officer commanding a company at field training, or the subaltern assisting him in the instruction, can supervise much more effectively, especially at outpost, advanced guard, flank, and rearguard work, if he has a

PINK AND SCARLET

horse out to jump on to when desirable. Much time will be saved, mistakes will be more quickly noticed and corrected, and the instructors will keep fresher than they would if all the work were done on foot. A fresh and keen instructor makes keen pupils.

Again, every opportunity should be taken of riding the horse on drill parades; it will make him handy, and, by rendering him "quiet with troops," will increase his value. When I was adjutant I used to get my commanding officers to allow those subalterns who had horses to take it in turns to act for any of the mounted officers who happened to be away. This made them take more interest in mere drill, gave them a wider point of view, and enabled them to see the mistakes of others, than which there are few better things for making an observant man learn his work. Moreover, the young officer should look upon all this as a stepping-stone to becoming Adjutant himself, the ambition of all keen young soldiers. In addition to going on parades, opportunities may offer to those who have horses of being gallopers on field days, route marches, etc.; these should all be taken and used to the best advantage.

An observant and intelligent young officer when employed as a galloper will, all the time, unconsciously be acquiring experience in the handling of troops, and thus *sound tactical ideas* will become to him, as they should be, as natural as the very breath he breathes.

While in command of the 2nd Infantry Brigade at

PLATE XIII.



FIG. 1.—A RIGHT-HANDED GATE OPENING *TO YOU*. 1ST POSITION.



FIG. 2.—A RIGHT-HANDED GATE OPENING *TO YOU*. 2ND POSITION.

FIELD TRAINING

Aldershot (1903-1907) I asked the Commanding officers of my Battalions to each let me have one mounted subaltern on all field days. These acted as my gallopers, and sometimes as scouts. Not only were they most useful to me, but I am sure that they were all the time learning themselves. As I found that some were somewhat ignorant of the duties of a galloper, I drew up a series of notes for their guidance. These will be found in Appendix II.

As well as lessons for the Real,¹ lessons necessary for the "Image" may also be learnt during the summer.

Two of these are opening a gate and cracking a whip. Both sound very simple, yet it is wonderful how many men who hunt can do neither correctly. The former is the more important, so we take it first.

One main broad rule may be laid down for opening a gate, viz. "Use the hand which is next to the hinges."

Thus a gate whose hinges come on the right should be opened with the right hand, and *vice versa*. This applies equally whether the gate opens *to* you or *from* you.

Plate XIII., Fig. 1, shows the first position in opening, with a hunting crop, a right-handed gate which opens *to* you. The fastening is first lifted

¹ No apology is made to Mr. Rudyard Kipling, because this was written before his excellent book, *A Fleet in Being*, appeared.

PLATE XV.



FIG. 1.—A HEAVY LEFT-HANDED GATE OPENING *TO YOU*. 1ST POSITION.



FIG. 2.—A HEAVY LEFT-HANDED GATE OPENING *TO YOU*. 2ND POSITION.

FIELD TRAINING

Plate XV. shows a left-handed gate, opening *to* you, being opened with the *hand* instead of the *crop*. It is often best, with a heavy or awkwardly placed gate—especially a left-handed one—to use the hand, and some horses will open gates much better when it is used than they will with the crop. The procedure is exactly the same, but it is necessary to stoop over more from the saddle, and, as the horse is necessarily closer to the gate, he has to be backed further to open it.

It seems scarcely necessary to point out the awkward look, and feeling, a man has who uses the right hand to a left-handed gate, and *vice versa*; and yet it is so commonly done that it will be well to give the reasons against it. Firstly, the horse may be upset by the crop being swung across his neck; secondly, the man has only about half the length of reach; thirdly, the crossed-over hand is bound to interfere with the bridle one; and lastly the position is analogous to that of a trussed chicken!

Notwithstanding the above it may, however, sometimes be necessary, when a gate is awkwardly placed, or has an intricate fastening, to use the right hand to unlatch it instead of the left. When this is done, the hand should be changed, if not to push the gate open, at any rate to catch it if it comes back.

For cavalry in this enclosed country of ours, gate-opening is certainly a thing with which all ranks,

PINK AND SCARLET

from the Commanding Officer to the smallest trumpeter, should be *au fait*.

If any man out hunting dismounts to open a gate, it is not etiquette for any one following him to go through until he gets on to his horse again, and the man nearest to him should, if necessary, hold his horse for him. Still, we occasionally see the man who has got down in the mud to open an awkward gate nearly knocked over by his eager but mannerless followers !

Gate-opening is to a certain extent an education in the use of those chief aids to riding, the legs, for the horse requires both pushing up to and pressing back from the gate, and very often pressing sideways as well, and no man can teach a horse to open a gate properly who cannot use his legs.

On a strange horse, especially one just over from Ireland, a gate should be approached with caution, for a horse not used to it is apt to think that the crop suddenly pushed out in front of his face is a hint to him to jump, and he acts accordingly, much to the discomfort and maybe to the danger of the rider. This once happened to me, and the horse, hitting the gate hard, landed on his head in a muddy lane, much to the amusement of the large Field who were behind me !

A final word about gates. *They should always be shut.* No man worthy of the name of sportsman

FIELD TRAINING

will neglect to shut gates behind him when there are stock of any kind in the field, however fast hounds may be running. Few things are so irritating to the farmer, and therefore so bad for "the cause," as having stock, and perhaps valuable young horses, careering down the road, just because some thoughtless or ignorant individual, having opened a gate with difficulty, flings it back and leaves it so.

Stock and young horses will sometimes follow horsemen crossing a field and make a desperate charge for the gate when it is open. It is very difficult to stop them, and the only sure way is to shut the gate and drive them well away from it before it is opened again. This will probably mean loss of time, but what matter when put against possible loss of the farmer's good-will, without which hunting at all is impossible? Moreover, is not this one small way of repaying the big debt that all who hunt owe to those who own and occupy land?

We will now take cracking a whip.

Regarding this the reader will probably say, "What has this accomplishment got to do with soldiering?" Well, perhaps nothing; except that whatever the soldier does at all he must do well, and should know all the details of it.

All officers should remember that the dominant passion of Napoleon was that nothing within his grasp should be done badly if it could possibly be done well.

PINK AND SCARLET

Now, as to the cracking of a whip, it would be pretty safe to bet that certainly one-third, probably one-half, of the people in any hunting-field do not know how to crack their whips so as to get the best result. It would be almost equally safe to bet that the same proportion of those who had thongs on their crops had got them, and the lashes, attached in the wrong way. And the same bet might again be made that they did not know the difference between the *thong* and the *lash*.

Figures 1, 2, and 3 show an attempt to explain by illustration the right and the wrong way of cracking a whip.

We will take the orthodox crack first. Fig. 1 is intended to show what may be termed the first position, and it gives the approximate position of the hand, crop, and thong when half-way through the motions which end in the crack. There is, of course, no perceptible pause in this position when actually handling the whip.

Put into words, the procedure is somewhat as follows:—

The crop, held at the point of balance, not close to the crook, is thrown out along the line A A, and with the same motion is given an upward sweep, which causes *the point of the lash* to take a course somewhat similar to that shown by the arrows on the dotted line B B'.

When the lash reaches to about B' the motion is

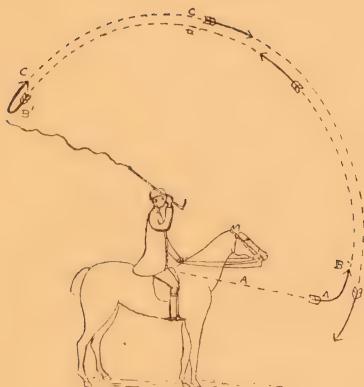


FIG. 1.—CRACKING A HUNTING CROP,
FIRST POSITION (p. 86).

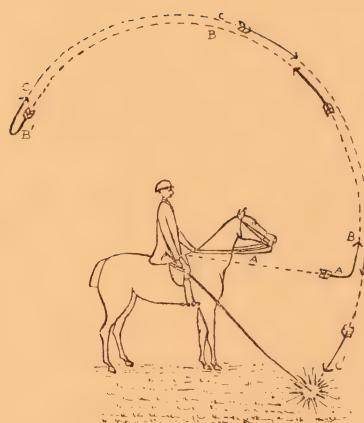


FIG. 2.—CRACKING A HUNTING CROP,
SECOND POSITION (p. 86).

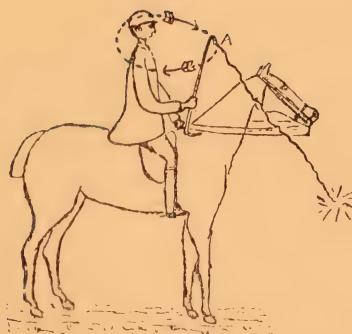
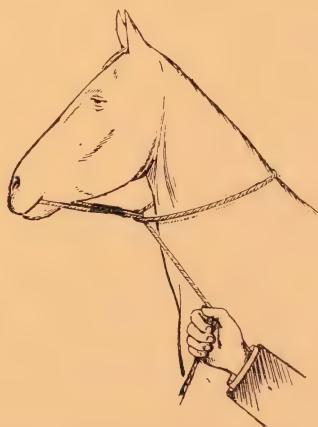


FIG. 3.—FLICKING A HUNTING CROP (p. 87).



“A LITTLE BIT OF STRING” (p. 217).

FIELD TRAINING

reversed, and it comes down again on the line c c c' (*vide* Fig. 2), which shows what may be called the second position. When it gets to about the neighbourhood of c' (the exact point depends on where it is wished the crack should take place, but it must not be on the ground), the arm, which has hitherto been somewhat bent, is straightened with the sharpest possible *jerk*, and this should produce the pistol-like-crack, the sound of which in a covert on a still winter's day we know so well, and which we often try in vain to produce ourselves.

It has taken a long time to give the pedigree of the orthodox crack, but it is, of course, actually made rapidly.

Now for the imitation, and, it might almost be said, the common or garden crack.

It is really not worthy of the name of *crack*—let us call it rather “flick,” for that is all it is. Fig. 3 gives an attempt to show the sort of minor circular course (indicated by the arrows) followed by the end of the *crop* (not by the lash in this case), and ending with the jerk at its starting-point a, which produces the “flick,” and makes about as much noise as the striking of a match, or the firing of a paper cap in a boy's toy gun.

The difference between the crack and the “flick” can be estimated mathematically if desired, by considering the difference between the radius, or the diameter of the circle, which produces each.

PINK AND SCARLET

The nature of the lash has a good deal to say to the noise made by a crack, and a stout silk lash seems the best. An old hunt servant recommended a piece out of a stout silk handkerchief; presumably, however, this would not last long. The sort of thong also makes a difference, and it must be a fairly stout one.

A final word about the cracking of a whip. Unless your horse is used to having a whip cracked on his back, it must be done at first with caution. The thong should be let loose and swung about gradually; then, when he will stand it, "flicked" a little, and when the actual crack is attempted great care must be taken not to hit him with the thong.

Plate XVI. shows the right and the wrong way of attaching a thong to a crop. It also makes it plain, by illustration, which is the thong and which is the lash. In Figs. 1 and 2 of this plate the thong is attached in the right way, the only difference between the two being that in Fig. 1 the tongue on the crop is a single one, and in Fig. 2 it is a double one.

Some whip makers do not, until asked to do so, punch the hole, and cut the slit in the tongue, which is necessary for attaching the thong in the right way.

Fig. 3 shows the most common wrong way of attaching the thong. Specimens of this way may be found in plenty in any hunting-field. Fig. 4 shows another wrong, but not so common a way, and

PLATE XVI.

THONG.

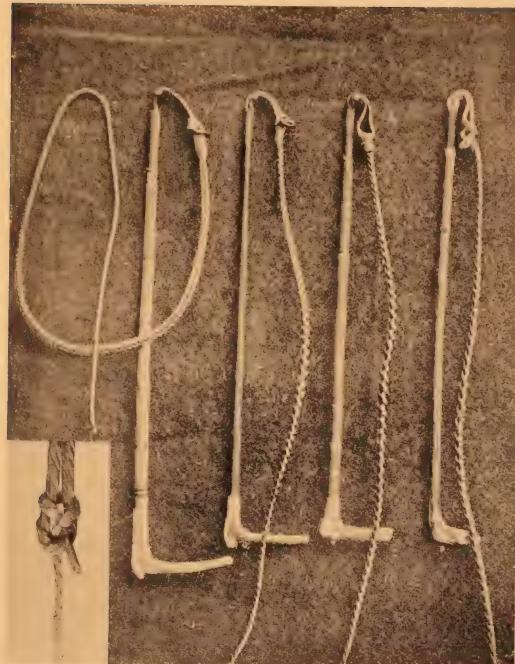


FIG. 5.

FIG. 1.

FIG. 2.

FIG. 3.

FIG. 4.

THE RIGHT AND WRONG WAYS OF ATTACHING A THONG TO A CROP
AND THE RIGHT WAY OF ATTACHING A LASH TO A THONG.

FIELD TRAINING

in this case the hole and the slit in the tongue are made use of.

The lash should be attached to the end of the thong as shown in Fig. 5, and should not be divided at the end, so as to make another loop to take the loop of the thong, as is so commonly done. The reason against the last is that the lash, being weakened one half, is very liable to crack off long before it is worn out. If attached as shown in Fig. 5, it will never crack off.

It may seem that the hunting-crop has been written about with unnecessary detail. Its uses, however, both to the sportsman and the soldier, are so many that it is worth while to have it good, and to handle it rightly. Besides turning a hound, and opening a gate, already mentioned, the following are some of the other uses to which a hunting-crop may be put.

1. It is the best of instruments to catch a loose horse with, whether mounted or on foot, as he does not usually bargain for the extra reach that the crop gives his pursuer.

2. It can be used to lead a horse over a fence, or up or down a steep place.

3. It is particularly useful to the Mounted Infantry officer in enabling him to make sluggish horses with raw riders keep up with the rest; or to get refusers over an obstacle.

PINK AND SCARLET

4. The thong can be used for the following:—
(*a*) a stirrup leather, (*b*) a halter, (*c*) a leading string (*vide* p. 217), (*d*) to tie up and carry away a bundle of forage, (*e*) for any odd repairs of equipment.

5. A strong, heavy crop, when clubbed, is, in most hands, a better weapon, both of offence and defence, than the regulation sword.

The boy who can scarcely remember the first time he hunted will probably say about this time—if he has had patience enough to read so far—“What a conceited ass this chap is, he thinks no one knows anything but himself!” The answer is—“These details are not written for the initiated class to which you belong, but in hopes that they may be useful to one or two of the uninitiated, of whom you will be sure to see many if you look about for them next time you go hunting.” To this might be added, “Don’t despise them when you see them, but try and give them a help along, if you get the chance.”

A useful thing which can be learnt during the summer is vaulting on to a horse, both when standing still and when in motion, and also jumping off when the horse is on the move. These are all easier than they look, and any active man can easily learn them.

To vault on to a horse standing still, a lock of the mane is seized with the left hand, much as in mounting, and the fingers of the right hand are placed

FIELD TRAINING

under the pommel of the saddle, the tips towards the horse's tail. Keeping a good grip with both hands, a spring is made off the feet as in vaulting a gate, and the right leg is at the same time thrown up so as to clear the horse's hind-quarters and the cantle of the saddle.

With a horse on the move, at any pace, the procedure is the same, and the process is easier, the motion of vaulting being very much aided by one or two giant stride-like steps made alongside the horse.

The usefulness of this easily learnt accomplishment both in the Real and in the Image need scarcely be expatiated on. In the former it has saved many lives; possibly it might have saved a young Imperial one.¹ In the latter it has made many a man able to keep his place in a run owing to the saving of time in remounting after a "toss."

In jumping off, the mane and saddle are grasped in the same way, the right leg is swung clear of the horse, and the feet allowed to come lightly to the ground, the run or walk, according to the pace the horse is going, being taken up at once.

Some horses, especially when excited by hounds, will not stand still to be mounted. If the rider cannot vault into the saddle they may be defeated by holding the bridle as shown in Fig. 2, Plate XII. Held thus the

¹ *Vide* p. 32.

PINK AND SCARLET

horse can only turn round in a circle and cannot move forward.

Two other useful things may also be practised in the summer—riding without stirrups and without reins. The former will strengthen the muscles of the thigh and so give power in the saddle; the latter will go further than anything else to make “good hands.” It is best to do the latter in a riding-school, if one is available, and when we can canter round the school and jump the bar with our hands behind our backs we may consider that we have a seat fairly independent of the reins. It is surprising how awkward, it might almost be said how uncanny, one feels on first trying this, and no one realizes, till he does try it, how much even the fact of having the end of a perfectly *slack* rein in the hand contributes to maintenance of balance.

What must the horse feel when this balance is kept by a *tight* rein which is fastened to his mouthful of unyielding steel?

Well indeed would it be for their horses, and also for themselves, if all riders would never forget this.

Though all the foregoing accomplishments are useful, each in its way, none of them will be any good in the hunting-field, or on active service, unless the one thing without which no horse can carry a man satisfactorily to hounds, or in war, has been thought of, and duly provided for, *viz.* condition.

What are the signs of condition and of the want of

FIELD TRAINING

it? A hard firm neck, not a weak-feeling flabby one; ribs clothed with hard firm flesh, not hidden by soft fat, or so naked that each one can be counted the length of a cricket pitch away; a clear bright eye and blooming coat, instead of a dull eye and a staring coat; cool clean legs and feet, instead of puffy legs and hot feet; noiseless breathing during a fair gallop, and scarcely perceptible breathing when pulled up after it, instead of a noise like that made by a wheezy barrel-organ during the gallop, and heaving flanks and staring eye after it; sweat like clear drops of water instead of like shaving-soap. All these signs mean good condition or the reverse.

There is no doubt whatever that want of condition was the chief cause of the excessive wastage in horse-flesh during the late Boer war. The unfortunate remounts but rarely had time to get any sort of condition on them before going into that hardest of work for man or horse—active service.

How is condition to be attained?

The answer is, by plenty of good food, plenty of slow steady work, and plenty of good grooming.

Sir Frederick Fitzwygram tells us that the minimum amount of exercise required to keep a stabled horse in health is two hours per day. To really *condition* a horse three to four hours are wanted; walking and trotting are all that are required. A hunter gets all the galloping he wants with hounds, unless it be one or two short gallops

PINK AND SCARLET

(if he has not had any cub-hunting) a day or so before the season begins, just to get rid of any inside fat he may have.

Regarding exercise; give your soldier groom a strict order that he is never to ride faster than a trot, and take steps to see that he obeys this, and does not race with other grooms for pots of beer, as is the way with some of them. Insist also that he always does the walking exercise with knee-caps on. (The straps of the knee-caps are apt to mark a horse if he is trotted in them.)

Should a horse unaccountably get into, or remain in, bad condition, it will be well to have his grinders looked at by a veterinary surgeon, and also to find out if he has got worms. A tablespoonful of cod-liver oil in each feed is an excellent thing for putting on flesh and improving a horse's coat.

Nothing has been said about "schooling" a horse over fences, because a man cannot "school" a horse unless he is a master, *i.e.* a horseman, himself; besides, the young idea should start with a made hunter which will teach *him*. When he has learnt his lesson, let him, by all means, invest in a four-year-old and tumble about with it.

"Tumble about?" No, this is scarcely correct, for a good four-year-old, especially an Irish one, if *boldly* and *judiciously* ridden, will not as a rule tumble much.

The subject of riding young horses is a fascinating

FIELD TRAINING

one. The awkward, baby-like movements improving day by day. The little grip, snorted and looked at for ten minutes yesterday, stepped lightly over to-day with that delightful toss of the head afterwards expressive of satisfaction, or is it of contempt at the obstacle?

We were almost off at score! But, in the present hunt, this is not legitimate game, so we must whip off and refer Diana's soldier pupil, if he is bitten by the thing, to the excellent chapters on it in the Badminton Library's book on *Riding and Polo*.

Just, however, even at the risk of being called a "Blatherer," one more throw of the tongue on this tempting line.

Personal experience says that, after a horse has been lunged once or twice over different sorts of fences, the best way to continue his schooling is to ride him bare-backed; or with a hood, kept on him by a roller, over his back; in a snaffle, and with pockets full of carrots, quietly at a walk and trot, over fences; in such a way that he thinks each fence is an obstacle which there is no getting round, and which *comes in the day's work as a matter of course*. After each fence he gets over without any fuss, no matter how awkwardly, give him a bit of carrot and make much of him. Taken thus a young horse learns to connect a fence with pleasure and reward; instead of with fuss, hustle, whip and spur, as he does when hustled backwards and forwards over artificial fences by a no doubt iron-nerved, but probably

PINK AND SCARLET

also an iron-handed rough-rider. Of course the line to be taken must be thought out beforehand, and it goes without saying that leave to cross the land must be obtained.

Should the young horse show signs of nervousness and refuse—and this is the chief reason that makes a young *unspoilt* horse refuse—he may, at *first only*, be given a lead by a steady old hunter.

It may be asked, “Why barebacked, or with hood and roller?” Well, because with the horse thus accoutréed the rider falls *clear* should the horse make a mistake.

In all these things; the riding on parade, the opening of a gate, the cracking of a whip, the vaulting-on, etc., the horse is being educated as well as the rider, and during all such education, the pockets of the latter should never be without bits of carrot, and good manners and performances should be rewarded with a piece every now and then.

Thus these “schoolings,” instead of being a bore to the horse, are looked forward to with pleasure. All the time the voice should be constantly used (*vide* p. 54), and at each pause the riding-school phrase, “Make much of your horses,” should be remembered.

In a word, what should be aimed at is, to “humanize” your horse. In this respect we have much to learn from the Boers. A properly trained Boer horse is quite an ideal animal for a Mounted Infantry or a

FIELD TRAINING

Mounted Rifle man, a shooting pony, or for a gentleman to pay afternoon calls on. Take the reins over his head and let them hang down to the ground, and he stands as still as if tied to a post as long as you like to leave him.

With our different conditions of elaborate stables, crowded and noisy streets, etc., etc. ; and, above all, the high condition of our horses, we cannot attain to such perfection, but a great deal can be done by treating them less *artificially* than is usually the custom.

Horses when in camp in close proximity to men become quieter and more sensible—"humanized" in fact. This is not entirely due to the fact that they are probably having harder work, and are exposed to that great detractor from a horse's condition—when he is tied to a picket-line—wet ; but it is due also to their closer acquaintance with man and with the sights and sounds which accompany man.

The moral is therefore—Be often with your horse, talk to him, make much of him. Get to know his character and expression, and, from these, the bent of his mind and the state of his health. Train him to obedience, such obedience as with the soldier is called discipline, *i.e.* the long-continued habit of obedience by which the very muscles of the soldier obey the word of command. The ordinary horse cannot be expected to obey the *word* of command like a man, but he can be made to obey the *tone* of it and the pressure

PINK AND SCARLET

of the legs which accompany it ; and these he can be taught to take as orders, in the same way as Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen says that the soldier takes his orders—“ Each soldier takes it for granted that any such orders will be the best. Such is the order the magic word.”¹

Taught thus—“ disciplined ” in fact—the horse will not fail you when, with encouraging voice and steady pressure of the legs, you “ send him at ” some more than usually forbidding-looking fence, any more than your men, if treated in the same way and as well disciplined, will fail you when with a cheery “ Come along, lads ! ” you spring out and lead them forward in the face of an unusually heavy fire.

Men are like horses in more ways than this, and like them have tender mouths, therefore, “ hands ” ; that is, tact, temper, justice, confidence in them, boldness, judgment, and self-reliance are required to lead them successfully; just as they are to ride horses properly—*i.e.* as a *horseman*.

This fact—that the handling of horses cultivates the qualities required for the handling of men—must be the excuse for this chapter being prolonged like a run with hounds on an indifferent scenting day, or an all-day rear-guard action !

¹ *Letters on Infantry*, by Prince Kraft zu Hohenlohe-Ingelfingen.

CHAPTER VII

INTELLIGENCE ¹

BEFORE proceeding on active service an officer should procure every useful book, paper, map, etc., etc., that he can find giving information about the theatre of war: its physical features, climate, seasons, communications, supplies, transport, character and mode of life of the inhabitants, etc., etc. The strength, composition, tactics, and characteristics of the enemy's forces must also be ascertained, if possible. Notes should be made from the books or papers giving the information, and the best of the books should be taken, to be read and re-read while on the journey or voyage to the scene of action.

The information obtained should be collaborated, and such of it as is suitable for them to know should be retailed to the rank and file as opportunity occurs.

In the same way the young sportsman should know something of the country, and its people, in which he is proposing to campaign, and to the

¹ The word is used here in a military sense, and what it means is best explained to the civilian mind by the word "information."

PINK AND SCARLET

question, "Where can I get the requisite knowledge?" the answer is, "Ask some sound sportsman to tell you all he knows and read any useful books you can find on the subject."

Sporting authors of late years do not seem to have gone much into the details and etiquette of hunting, and it may still be said that the two best and most instructive books on the "Sport of Kings" are Beckford's *Thoughts on Hunting*, and *Handley Cross*, read in conjunction with each other. Then come, perhaps, *Mr. Romford's Hounds*, and *Sponge's Sporting Tour*, coupled with Whyte-Melville's *Riding Recollections*. The last is the best book on the riding and the handling, etc., of a horse ever written, and its two chapters on riding to hounds cannot be beaten. *The Life of a Fox*, by T. Smith (Arnold), is also excellent and most instructive. It gives and explains hunting language and terms, pictures of a fresh and beaten fox, and of a good and bad hound, etc. There are, of course, many more works on the subject, or maybe introducing it, which can be read at leisure, but if he reads, and rereads, so as to *understand* and thoroughly take in the knowledge and the hints contained in the half-dozen books mentioned above, a man may hunt till he is a hundred years old and find that he cannot add one iota to any of them.

Maps.—This is very simple now-a-days, there

INTELLIGENCE

are hunting maps of every district. It is best, however, for Diana's soldier pupil to have the one-inch Ordnance map-sheets of the district in which he is going to hunt, mounted on linen and folded to a convenient size for his pocket. He should then himself mark in the meets, as he becomes acquainted with them, with small red dots, and add the principal woods and coverts in green as he learns their position. In this way he will unconsciously learn to read a map. Bad, or wrong, map-reading has caused many mistakes to be made in war, *e.g.* the Italian defeat at Adowa. (This, by the way, is a very instructive little campaign to read.)

And what are the soldiers' guidebooks? Certainly all the official "red" books; and my experience is that we none of us study these, and especially the *Field Service Regulations*, sufficiently. In addition to the official books I think that every officer should have on his table a copy of *Napoleon's Maxims of War* and of Henderson's *The Science of War*. The new edition of Hamley's *The Operations of War* might also be there. For the rest it might be said read and reread all the Military History that you have time for, and *keep up to date*, *i.e.* read all the new and sound ideas on the profession of arms, *e.g.* Langois, etc., etc.

Perhaps an officer going on active service may be able to secure, or be provided with, by the

Colonial or War Office, some papers or pamphlets about the country in which he is going to serve. These may, or may not, be useful. There is, however, no doubt whatever that the following most instructive paper, which was circulated among their followers many years ago by Messrs. Daubus, who established the pack now known as the Four Burrow in Cornwall, and which was reprinted in 1880 by Messrs. William Pollard & Co., printers, of Exeter (though for whom then I am unable to say), cannot fail to be of use to any one who would hunt and who reads it with intelligence.

Some Rules of Advice as concerns Hunting

To all Western Sportsmen, greeting: for this Cornwall is a ticklish hunting-ground.

1. To the Huntsman going out in the morning.—Take especial care that no lame or sick hound be of the party; then jog on at the rate of five miles an hour. Be not one minute behind time at the place of meeting. Half-past ten is early enough in the morning.

2. To the Whipper.—Keep at least one hundred yards behind the huntsman. Allow your hounds to do the thing needful at their ease. Do not crack your whip. If any hound picks up a bone, say “drop it”—if that rate will not do, give him a slight taste of the

INTELLIGENCE

thong. You should know the character of your hounds. Do not flog or rate a sulky or shy one. Do not talk to grooms or others riding to the meet. Pass all beer-shops, kidly-winks, and lush-cribs of all sorts, without even looking at them.

3. To all who ride to the meet with the hounds.—Take especial care not to ride over them; take care of their precious feet. Do not talk to the huntsman or whipper.

4. When at the covert-side.—Huntsman, keep an eye on your hounds. Whipper, take care that they do not stray. Allow a few minutes of indulgence to any good or influential sporting character, whose horse may be at the meeting-place; then clap them into covert with the wind in their faces.

5. When drawing a covert.—Huntsman, do not rate a young one, until you are quite sure he is wrong. I have known a young hound find a fox before now, and have heard him rated: that's wrong—young hounds have better noses than old ones: that's canine nature.

6. Lords, Gentlemen, and Yeomen.—When the hounds are drawing a covert, keep together in one place: do not talk, do not laugh; above all things, aristocrats, democrats, whigs, radicals, tories, for heaven's sake do not whistle; that whistling creates bitter confusion: it is a simple thing to do, and shows a want of thought. When you hear a hound challenge,

PINK AND SCARLET

do not sing out, “ huic, huic ! ” which is your custom. If you think the huntsman does not hear the challenge, go quietly and quickly to him and tell him ; then allow *him* to cheer the challenger : do not add to your voices ; the hounds would rather hear their comrade-quadruped than their comrade-biped. Silence, they (the hounds) join chorus : he is up.—Gentlemen, keep your mouths shut and your eyes open.

7. The fox has broke covert : you see him.— Gentlemen, gentlemen, do not roar out “ Tally ho ! ” do not screech horribly. If you do, he will turn back, even under your horse’s feet, in spite of the sad and disappointed look on your handsome or ugly faces. Do not crack your infernal whips, be silent. Harden your hearts and look happy.

8. He is gone away in earnest, the hounds well at him. Now go it, my lads, as straight as ye can. By all means avoid the roads and lanes ; many a good run has been lost on our hunting-grounds by the tremendous paviours of M‘Adam’s handy works : the hounds are running inside a fence, you are riding best pace on the road outside : they try to cross the road ; you head them or force them on, the fox is lost—you are done.

9. If the chase runs the road—gentlemen, allow the huntsman to take the lead ; but if he is not where he should be—that is, with his hounds—allow some good sportsman, who may happen to know the hounds,

INTELLIGENCE

to take it. If the hounds, when running a road, stop at a fence, do not yoicks, and hallo them on: you will drive those spirited animals over the fence, when most probably the fox has only tried it and gone on the road. Gentlemen, you must be particularly careful in the roads and lanes; they are the devil, and spoil many a good chase.

10. A Check.—Allow your hounds to make their own cast: they do not hit it: then, huntsman, make a forward one. If that will not do, use your own judgment as to his having been headed, as to the scent, wind, neighbouring earths, or strong coverts. Do not make your casts, as is too often your custom, at double quick time. In the enclosures hounds will hit it away at bank or fence, when they cannot hunt it on open ground. Sometimes hounds will hunt a scent heel better than forward; then look sharp and look to the old working ones: but this is generally a lost case.

11. Gentlemen, when the huntsman is making a cast, sit quietly and sedately on your horses: do not ride after him, and oh! do not whistle: your horses will stretch out their legs and do the *et cetera* without that mouthy assistance: you need not screw up your lips and look ugly.

12. They have mended the fault; they are going again; the scent is not so good.—Gentlemen, give them room. The scent mends—quick—quicker: they

PINK AND SCARLET

race ; have at him, my charmers : yonder he goes, dead beat : he gains a small covert. Now, gentlemen, do not be rash ; he runs short, dodges, hunts the hounds. Be on your guard, ye hot and fiery ones : do not hallo too much :—steady, steady ; do not meet him in the path-ride. I once most unwillingly saved the life of a fox, when Mr. Bulteel's hounds were in the very act of catching him : he ran against my horse in the path of a covert, then turned short into the brushwood : the hounds would have had him in a moment. I began most lustily to roar ; the hounds stopped one half-minute to ask me what the devil I made such a noise about, and that half-minute check saved the life of that fox. I was not particularly well pleased with myself. Many a condemned-to-death fox has been reprieved in that way.

13. He tries the earths ; they are shut ; his enemies are catching at him : Triumph has him—Who—Whoop ! Now roar amain, gentlemen sportsmen—tear him and eat him, my beauties ! Yet even in this last act, so very delightful after a good run to bloodthirsty hounds and screaming men, take care—keep your panting steeds away from the *mélée*, or they will cripple their fellow-steeds (let alone the brush and pad seizers), and kick the hounds, and maybe occasion more deaths than one.

14. Down with the dust, liberal gentlemen. Some influential person, not the master of the hounds, should

INTELLIGENCE

cap—every one who has it lugs out his half-crown with glee after a good run. Yet, by Jove, if a huntsman prefers running a bad fox for a death, to a good one for a chase, not a copper's worth of silver should he ever get from me. A fox well earthed should be as well paid for as a death : it is better—he will fight another day ; and do you not think that if the hounds mark him well to his earth it is as good for them almost as blood ?

15. Huntsman, go home steadily with your hounds : tarry not, lest the hounds lie down on the wayside. Whipper, assist the wearied hound—leave none behind, and should a cur-dog of any degree attack any of your charge, why, up whip, pitch into him, and cut his liver and lights out.

16. Huntsman, when you arrive at the kennel, ascertain that the meat be somewhat warm and comfortable. Some are for cold meat ; I say warm : then a good bed of clean, sweet straw in a snug lodging room, the warmer the better ; then they will be like fighting-cocks the next hunting day, all ready and eager for action.

17. Go out in the morning with a sunny countenance. Whilst out keep your temper—rather a difficult matter sometimes. Never quit until the hounds do. Go home : dine : enjoy your life : do not get drunk—then you will be as fresh as roses next morning, and not as seedy as old cucumbers.

PINK AND SCARLET

No comment is needed, the paper is an education in itself, as to what to do and what *not* to do when out hunting. It also contains many useful hints as regards the treatment of hounds. In para. 6 the Messrs. Daubus seem to desire to indicate what I am thoroughly in accordance with, *i.e.* that a master of hounds should have nothing to do with politics! This also applies to a clergyman, a sailor, and a soldier.

Part of an Intelligence Officer's duty is to furnish his Chief with information regarding the climatic conditions and the seasons of the country in which they are campaigning, for the weather influences operations in the Real as it does in the "Image." A hunting man naturally taps the barometer, and observes and speculates on the weather indications, so here, again, is education.

A soldier on active service keeps a diary, and we should do so while on the present campaign. In it should be noted the hounds we hunt with, the meets we attend, the distance to them, the weather, the directions of the wind, a concise account of the day's sport, and any noteworthy incident in it.

This also is education, for observation, memory, and powers of committing facts to paper clearly and concisely are all exercised; and does not the soldier's art consist of order, simplicity, and clearness?

CHAPTER VIII

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

“De l’observation, encore de l’observation, et toujours de l’observation.”

GENERAL SIR E. B. HAMLEY wrote in his *The Operations of War*:—“The theatre of war is the province of strategy; the field of battle is the province of tactics.” Let us see how this, which refers to the Real, can be applied to the Image.

We may say that our theatre of war is the country in which we are going to hunt, and that our fields of battle are the meets of the hounds that we are going to attend, and the country immediately round them.

The only strategy we require is to try and arrange to go to the best and nearest meets, or, if we have a stud of horses, to arrange our horses suitably for them. This means that we must tell off our fast flippant horses for the flying grass country, and our steady, short-backed, and possibly slower ones for the cramped bank and ditch country. It also means that we should keep the bad hacks, those horses which have “a leg,” and the young ones, for the near meets; and the good hacks and the sound, seasoned horses for the distant ones. We will, figuratively,

PINK AND SCARLET

suppose that we have completed our voyage to the scene of action, and have actually landed in the theatre of war (*i.e.* we are about to begin hunting, either in the place we have been in during the summer, or where we have gone for our leave). We have now the march up-country to our first objective, the meet.

We have seen that we have a *casus belli* (Chapter I.); we know that we have equipment, clothing, necessaries, transport, a certain amount of training, and also of intelligence of the enemy's strength, composition, and tactics (Chapters II., III., IV., V., VI., and VII.). We must now inspect our troops before the march begins, and issue the necessary orders, *i.e.* see to the horse's shoes, his saddle, bridle, etc., and also see that our own kit is ready and give our groom his orders. The only remaining thing to do is to communicate with the commanders of the columns, should there be any, who are to march on roads parallel to ours; *i.e.* with our friends who will ride to the meet with us.

Not the least good part of pleasure is the anticipation of it; and this is the case with hunting, at any rate to those who are keen. How lovingly the horse, the coat, the breeches, the boots, and all the paraphernalia of the chase are regarded the night before the season begins, and how sorrowfully when it is about to end!

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

There seems little doubt that soldiers, to whom hunting and, indeed, all things for which leave is required is a privilege, and not a right, and who can, therefore, have comparatively little of it, get more value out of each of their one or two days a week when with their regiments, and their three, four, five, or six days (according to the state of the treasury chest) when on leave, than does the man who can hunt every day in the week all the season through. The latter does not know the delicious sense of freedom, as of a school-boy out for a holiday in fact, which seems to be in the air as one rides out the barrack-gate with two or three brother officers, who are to be one's companions in the pleasures of "the Image"; as every keen soldier hopes that they may some day be in the serious business of the Real.

With this feeling in the heart, a good horse between the legs, and the musical rhythm of his one, two, three, four, on the road; or his squelsh, squelsh, squelsh, squelsh! in the soft ground, or on the grass at the side of it, in the ear; a man could not be in better form for learning in that best and most delightful of ways—by observation.

The March has begun! Let us ride along together, mile by mile, keeping our eyes open all the time. Of course, we have the map, which has been studied the night before, with us; and we have a wristlet for our watch, which has also a compass on it. Worn

PINK AND SCARLET

thus, both can be seen at a glance, *without attracting attention*. This last may be of importance on a "jumpy" job on service, when either time or direction, or both, are material to the issue ; for men are very quick to note anything like anxious glances at watch or compass, and they are quicker still to take their cue from their officer and be "jumpy" or calm, according as he is either. There is also far less chance of losing or breaking either watch or compass when worn like this, and the latter is particularly handy for setting the map quickly and roughly when it comes to a question of "which turn to take?"

During the manœuvres in Sussex in August 1897, a distinguished General said that he was sure that officers commanding companies could not be aware how very much easier and quicker troops could be moved over rolling or uneven ground, if its features were well considered, and movements directed more in conformity with them.

For no one is it more necessary to study, and make good use of, ground, than it is for him who would ride to hounds with success ; and at no sport or occupation will he see so much ground in one day, and have such opportunities of studying it with a view to getting over it in the easiest way. So, while hunting, we soldiers must never cease to look at it, and think of it, until we can read it as easily as the biggest bill poster, and as instinctively as we read "Lipton's

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

tea," when it flashes out in huge, many-coloured letters from across the Thames!

"Ground," too, to us, should be more interesting, and appear better printed than the best book we ever read. For it is *the* book of books for us, simply because it is on its ever-varying pages that we have to play the game of our lives.

We must be reading *our* book *always*; when we walk, when we ride, when we travel in the train. When we hunt, when we deer stalk, when we shoot, when we fish; in a word, whenever we do anything which causes our eyes to rest on its pages.

Again, as the beautifully varying pages present themselves, we should set ourselves imaginary problems on them, and find a solution for each. We must make this habit second nature to us, then, when we are suddenly confronted with a difficult problem in the heat and anxiety of a *real* examination—*i.e.* on active service—we shall be like the mathematician who has all necessary formulæ at his fingers' end, and we shall find a solution to the problem.

The foregoing is, perhaps, somewhat of a divergence? but one of the chief lessons our marches to the objective in the Image can and should teach us is to think about, and from this thinking to acquire the habit of deciding quickly—at a glance in fact—how we should *use* ground under different conditions.

We have cleared the port of disembarkation (repre-

PINK AND SCARLET

sented by the town, village, or house we started from), and the march has begun in earnest. We know the distance we have to go and the average rate of our horse's ordinary walk and trot,¹ so we can time ourselves to a nicety, while, as we have studied the map beforehand, and have it with us, we should have no difficulty about the way, which we have determined to *find for ourselves by the aid of the map only, and without asking any questions.* This, and the correct map-reading which it entails, are two important lessons which the march can teach us.

What an advantage must he have who, either in the Real or the Image, can trot or canter along, map in hand, in an unknown country, and never take a wrong turn !

The most difficult place in which to find the way is a town, and there is in most men a certain amount of dislike at stopping and looking at a map in the street. Until, however, our young soldier is sure that he can find his way *by the map alone* equally well in town as in the country, he should brave the inquiring, and perhaps amused, glances of the inhabitants. Does not military history furnish instances of mistakes and often of disasters, which have occurred through troops losing their way or taking the wrong turn in a town ?

¹ This is one of the things we should ascertain during the summer, and we should also make a trotting scale for him, *vide* the text-book of *Military Topography*.

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

One such instance occurred at the assault of Lucknow on September 25, 1857, a portion of our troops losing their way near the Kaiserbagh.

Before leaving the town we may consider of what sort would be the fighting in it, and how, supposing the enemy were occupying that block of houses there, we should turn him out. Should we go for the houses straight, and perhaps find ourselves unable to get inside them and losing men fast? Or should we throw a few men into the block opposite to them, to attract the enemy's attention, and then work round by that street to the right and try to cut him off, if necessary by working through the walls from house to house?

There is a habit regarding the finding of the way, or rather of the finding of the way back, that soldiers should cultivate, and that is the habit of *looking back* occasionally. The object of this is to see how the road *looks* when you are coming the reverse way. When in touch with the enemy on active service there are times when we never know how fast we may have suddenly to return by the road we have just come, and then the taking of a wrong turn may mean being late in taking back information; being late with an order; or it may even mean being cut off, or caught in a *cul-de-sac*, by the enemy's lancers!

Another habit which should be cultivated is that of knowing approximately, without reference to

PINK AND SCARLET

compass or map, in which direction we are going. This habit may enable him who cultivates it to afterwards trace the course of a run with hounds, or the movements of troops on the map fairly accurately by the following process—"We ran (or we marched) for ten minutes about north-west, then swung half-right and ran for five minutes north, etc."

There are so many things to be looked at during the march, and so much to be learnt from them, both from a soldier's and sportsman's point of view, that it is difficult to know exactly where to begin, and more difficult still not to jumble them up. Perhaps, therefore, it will be best to take a piece of road as if from a map, and consider the physical features of the country as we come to them.

We have cleared the town, and the country begins to open out, so that we can see the fields and the fences. Have we grass or arable, flying fences, or banks which will have to be negotiated on the "on and off" principle; and have they ditches on one or both sides? What sort of obstacles do they offer for Cavalry, Infantry, or Guns; and do they give cover from view only, or from fire, or from both? Are there bridle-roads and gates, and are all of the former shown on the map? The nature of the soil,—is it light, medium, or deep and holding, and does it favour ricochet or the reverse? have the fields headlands along which we can ride and so save our horse?





FIG. 1.—WHEAT.



FIG. 2.—SEEDS.



FIG. 3.—BEANS.

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

Is the road a first or a second class one? what is its state of repair, and is there any material for repair available locally?

In what formations could the various arms move along it? and would the strip of grass at the side, along which we ride in such comfort, be wide enough for a "shunting place"?

What are the crops? and do we know the different sorts when we see them at this time of year? This is a thing that every man who hunts should make it his business to know, indeed no man ought to hunt unless he knows any kind of corn crop, beans, seeds, young grass, and roots, when he sees them. The last mentioned few can mistake, the last but one is comparatively easy to tell by its new-sown and fragile look. The general appearance of the others will be seen by looking at Plate XVII.

Perhaps of all crops, seeds (Fig. 2) is the least generally known, and the uninitiated usually regard it as merely a stubble field, seeing only the old stubble, and missing the delicate, close-to-the-ground-growing clover leaves underneath. Thus seeds come to be ridden over unknowingly, and yet few crops are, with certain conditions of soil and weather, more liable to suffer *permanent* damage.

Unless hounds are running really fast all crops should be avoided if possible, and when they are unavoidable, or hounds are running fast, every care

PINK AND SCARLET

should be taken to ride down the furrows or the headlands (*i.e.* the sides of the fields).

While writing of furrows it would be well to say, that some farmers consider that to ride down a water furrow does more harm than to ride over the crop, because the earth turned up by the horses' feet is likely to cause many small dams in the furrow. Water furrows are easily distinguishable from the ordinary furrow by their more drain-like appearance.

There are many men, farmers among them, who maintain that wheat, barley, etc., do not suffer from being moderately ridden over, and it certainly is impossible to see when the crop is up in summer where horses have been. Still, we imagine that no crop can be done actual good; besides, there are many of our good friends the farmers who do not like *to see* great tracks across their fields any more than we should across our flower gardens. Therefore, if only for this reason, let those who hunt avoid riding over crops whenever possible.

Another point that should be remembered is that we should not, if it can be helped, ride fast *down* hill on grass, as it is then that a horse marks it most. This is especially the case if the field is a tender one.

We top a rise and see below us a small grass vale with strong-looking stake-and-bound fences, and what Mr. Jorrocks would call "a nasty long Tommy bruk" winding down the middle of it, the course of which,

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

where we cannot actually see its muddy-looking waters, is indicated by a line of pollard willow trees.

The questions to be decided regarding it when in pursuit of the Image are—1st, “Is it jumpable?” and 2nd, “Where should we have it?” *Riding Recollections*, the *Badminton Library* books, and many others will tell us how to answer these questions, but after all the best teacher is experience. One bit of advice can, however, be given safely, and that is—unless you can ride at it as if there were no doubt whatever about the answer to both questions, do not do so at all. If you have doubt, your horse will know it, and will have doubt too, and such an enterprise undertaken with doubt in the heart is nearly sure to end in disaster.

Looking at the same brook with considerations of the Real in the mind, one’s thoughts are somewhat as follows:—How wide and deep is it? Are the banks and bottom sound or muddy? Is there much current? Could Infantry or Cavalry ford it? if so, where? Would two or three of the willows on its banks reach across, and so form a bridge if cut down? Are there other trees, gates, etc., near at hand which could be used for this purpose? and if we were to bridge it, how should we do it? Is there any suitable position for a covering party to take up, supposing the brook had to be crossed under fire? Are the meadows sound enough to carry guns and

PINK AND SCARLET

transport if required? Could the brook be dammed and made to flood the vale? Where would you cross with your men supposing the enemy was holding yonder knoll; and where would you post a portion of your force to hold him and distract his attention while you crossed the brook with the rest? Could you not get down to the proposed place of crossing without being seen by going behind that fold of the ground, and then through the little spinney which reaches almost down to the brook?

In connection with the bridge which takes our road over the brook, and which we are now nearing, we can have no thoughts as regards hunting; except it be that we have no business upon unless it comes well in our line, or the brook is unjumpable. With soldiering, however, it is very different, and we may consider its width, *i.e.* does it make a defile? its strength, the material of which it is built, the number of its arches and their size, and how should we destroy it, or prepare it for destruction?

It is not meant, of course, that we should get down from our horse and take measurements, etc., or even go out of our way to see different points. But five minutes' reading of the *Manual of Military Engineering*, at any odd time, will give us the details, and the just glancing at the bridge as we pass with the afore-mentioned thoughts in our mind will impress them on us. Even if we forget the $\frac{3}{4}$ (or the $\frac{3}{8}$) $T^2 \times B$,

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

it is good to make up our minds how we should destroy it ; for we never know when we may have to do it ; or indeed any other thing of the sort, without time to think much and perhaps under fire. Then will this cultivated habit come to our aid.

We cross the bridge (looking at and measuring “ long Tommy ” with our eye), and begin to ascend the opposite slope. Suppose we had got well over the brook, just above those stunted bushes where the take-off was likely to be fairly dry and sound, and hounds are running fast up the sloping meadow beyond, where should we jump out, and where have the next fence into the plough ?

Where, supposing we were commanding a company on outpost, and the ground allotted to us extended from yonder lane to those stacks, should we post our sentries to watch the line of the brook—by day and by night ? Which is the best place for our support ? What is the probable line of the enemy’s advance ? and would our line of resistance be on this ridge or the next ? Ah ! That wire fence, half-way down the slope, is an abomination when looked at with thoughts of hunting in the mind. In war, however, it would be useful to post our picquet sentries along by night ; for, if close to it, they would hear it ring if any one tried to get over or through it.

All these things, and many others, which a careful study of Chapter V. *Field Service Regulations*

PINK AND SCARLET

Part I. will suggest, we can go over in our minds as we walk or jog along ; and at the same time take good “ stock ” of the fences and the country in general, with a view to riding over it.

Before reaching the top of the hill a second-class road crosses the first-class one we have been following, and a doubt arises as to the way.

Pull out the map, “ shoot the linen ” of your left wrist, to bring the compass on your wristlet into view, and set the map roughly with it. “ Ah ! that’s it ! As we thought, the left-hand turn, and then we keep the same sou’-westerly direction.”

Having a good look at the map, we see that, if we read it rightly, we shall shortly have on our right hand open heath land ; and on our left cultivation, with numerous small coverts and a few farms. Half-a-mile further on we find that we did read the map correctly, and the unfenced heath opens out on our right.

It is worth while to pull up just a minute here, and consider what an advanced guard, Cavalry or Infantry (the principle of each is the same, though the one is limited in its power of acting up to it), should do on debouching on to the heath.

It is very simple, and only requires common-sense, and the sort of argument that a huntsman uses to himself before making his cast after a check.

Our question is—“ Is there anything near the

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

road which might conceal an enemy?" The answer is—"Yes, that heather-covered hill on the right, and those farms and coverts on the left."

How to deal with them?

The right is easy, the ground is sound and open (though sufficiently rough and heather-covered to be excellent for teaching a young horse to keep his eyes open if he were trotted over it), and it is only necessary to send a file or two straight to the hill.

The left is different, fences, cultivation, and woods. Men, no matter whether on foot or mounted, cannot go on all day during a march negotiating fences or bursting through woods. We look at the ground. There is a bridle road through that wood which must surely lead to the nearest farm?—We look at the map—yes, it does; and then swings round and runs fairly parallel to our road till it turns back into it through the last wood, etc., etc. Now, it is also easy to give our left files their directions.

That they all, non-commissioned officers and men, have been through "Squadron or Company Training" and know how *to approach* the various things which may conceal an enemy, so as not to give themselves away, goes without saying.

The heath ends, and the road runs through a defile formed by two low bare hills.

Suppose we halt our advanced guard, just as it is entering the defile. Now we can see whether

PINK AND SCARLET

the men have been taught merely from the book, or whether the teaching has been practical. If the former only, they will stand still where they halted; if the latter, a file or two will at once ascend the hills on either side until they can just see over the tops of them, and command the ground on the reverse slopes.

It is all very simple, but the men will not think of it, and therefore the Officer must, and in what more pleasant way can he learn to do so than when jogging up to the rendezvous for those who are about to take part in the "Sport of Kings"?

We debouch from the defile, and find ourselves in a rich grazing ground fenced mostly with strong bullfinches; some of which have the awkward addition of an ox rail. While deliberating as to whether our mount is equal to bursting through the bullfinches, and to covering the addition beyond in his stride, our eye catches sight of the numerous cattle which are grazing in the fields.

How many are there in that field and the next? Ten in one and fifteen in the other. Roughly, meat for 15,000 men for one day.¹ It is quite worth while to make a practice of counting the cattle, sheep, and horses in a field, until we can estimate at a glance, sufficiently accurately for practical pur-

¹ An average-sized ox will furnish rations for 600 men; a South African one for 350 to 500.

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

poses, how many there are. We never know when, either on active service, on a Staff ride, or when working out a reconnaissance scheme at the Staff College, we may have to report on the supplies available in a country, and only just have time to trot or canter through it. Then indeed this acquired habit of *l'observation* will stand us in good stead.

Leaning over the gate of one of the rich grass fields is a man who, "by the cut of his jib," as the sailor would say, we judge to be the farmer. In any case there can be no harm in giving him, whoever he is, a cheery "Good-morning." If he responds in any way to this, we can add some remark about the weather; and may perhaps venture to say, "Fine beasts those!" This latter is dangerous if we have no knowledge, as they may be wretched brutes; it is, however, worth any soldier's while to try to acquire some knowledge of stock, and of farming generally. Whether or not we possess sufficient technical knowledge not to absolutely give ourselves away when trying to talk farming, it is well to remember that civility and geniality are appreciated by all; and surely they are due to the man whose crops we may shortly ride over, and whose fences we may break?

How much our good friends do appreciate such treatment one personal experience will show. I, as master, used to call on those good fellows, the East Kent farmers, to ask permission for the Shorncliffe Drag

PINK AND SCARLET

hounds to run over their land, and on several occasions the reply I received was—

“We don’t mind when you come or where you go, so long as you treat us *friendly like*.” The last two words put the whole thing in a nutshell, and good indeed would it be for “the cause” if all who hunted bore them in mind.

We leave the vale and gain the top of a hill, whose steepness we note is such as would necessitate special mention in a road report.¹

Let us pull up a minute on the top of this hill, take out the map, and with its aid identify on the ground the various things which may be important both in sport and in war.

Here we are, and now it is roughly set; that church spire just appearing over the hill on the left front must indicate the position of Horsey village, near which we meet; that big wood further to the left must be Foxey Wood, which we are told is our first draw. By Jove! Unless he goes up wind to those spinneys we must have a run, if there is any scent at all; for there is no covert down wind of any size nearer than Cotsmore Brake, a good five miles off, and we believe grass nearly all the way. That farm below us to the right must be Folly Farm; what a comfortable place it looks! What a full rick-yard,

¹ The gradient is over 1 in 7, and therefore extra horses will be required for heavy wagons.

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

five hay-stacks of some thirty tons¹ each, and eight stacks of corn! That silver streak, showing between the trees, must be the brook which is marked on the map as Red River, and there's Wisdon's mill on the highest part of the next rise; what a good look-out or signal station it would make! Etc., etc. While we have the map out we may as well estimate the distances of some of these prominent features and check our estimates by it. The correct judging of distance is daily becoming of more importance in war.

Before we move on let us take one look at the country generally, with a view to thinking how it should be represented on paper, both in plan, *i.e.* as in a map, and as in a free-hand sketch. The map we have in our hands shows us the first, though only on a small scale. As to the latter, we can only note the different size that the various objects appear to be according as they are near us or far off; this is perspective, in giving an idea of which on paper different-sized trees are particularly useful. Again, we may try to think what lines on paper will give an idea of those fields sloping down that way, and those going up the other. In this way, by considering and thinking how things *look* on the ground, we may learn to be able to represent them sufficiently well on paper for the practical purposes of a report.

¹ We should try and learn to estimate the approximate number of tons of hay in a rick from its appearance.

PINK AND SCARLET

Often a rough, but fairly accurate, representation of ground by a few lines on paper—a free-hand sketch, in fact—may be the most useful, sometimes the only way—as in reconnoitring an enemy's position—of supplementing, and of saving the words of a report.

We go down the hill, and when we reach the bottom, the ridge with the mill on it looms in front of us. Suppose the enemy were in position on this ridge, his right on that farm, his left in the small fir-wood. How could we turn him out?

Make a feint at his centre through that chestnut copse, and turn his right by the hollow road, that belt of trees, and the village; each of which will in turn prevent his seeing this movement?

Perhaps it would be well to have a check here, or we may blow our horse, *i.e.* exhaust our reader's patience, before we have even arrived at the meet.

Very well, let us halt; and, as they would say in South Africa, "outspan" a bit.¹

Although the foregoing is merely an outline of what he who is a keen soldier and a keen sportsman may think of on his way to the meet, it has taken some time to read and longer to write; but it will take a very few minutes *to think*, as we jog along, casting our eyes to the right and left.

Is it any good to bother one's head about it?

¹ To "outspan" means to unharness the team, or "span," of a wagon, etc. They are then generally allowed to graze.

THE MARCH TO THE RENDEZVOUS

Yes, it is, young soldier, if any part of it, or any other thought, which the line indicated may suggest, should cause you to learn one single little thing about the *use of ground* in sport or in war. Especially in war, because in it bad use of ground may mean the avoidable and useless loss of gallant lives, which are entrusted to your keeping for the purpose of defeating the enemy.

Only the opinion of an enthusiast?

Well, maybe, but whoever even played a game, *really* well, without enthusiasm? and what would "glorious war" be without it? Moreover, my enthusiasm here is backed up by the publicly expressed opinion of a distinguished General who said recently, when speaking as chairman at a lecture on "The possible effect on tactics of the recent improvement in weapons"—

"To my mind the lesson we have to learn is, that the better the weapons we have, the more essential it is that the troops be mobile, and that the officers who lead troops should be highly trained and able to *use the accidents of the ground*."

Let us "outspan," sit under the wagon out of the sun, and think about it.

CHAPTER IX

THE MARCH CONTINUED

WE have now only three miles to go, and three-quarters of an hour to do it in, so can afford to take it easy, and have a good look about us.

We are going along a road with fairly high banks, and there is a strip of wood along the top end of the big grass-field which rises up in a glacis-like slope on our right. Suppose we were commanding an Infantry regiment marching along this road, and were suddenly fired at from this belt of wood, which our advanced and flank guards had neglected to look into. What should we do?

Something must be done at once, or many men will be bowled over. The action taken may perhaps be somewhat as follows:—

“*Down behind the bank, men*”—followed by “Officers Commanding Companies, return that fire by section volleys;” and then “I want the Officers Commanding ‘A’ and ‘B’ Companies.” When these officers double up, they may be addressed somewhat like this—“Look over the bank here with me, you remember that lane we passed just now?

THE MARCH CONTINUED

Well, you see it bends round and nearly touches the right of the wood from which that fire is coming. It cannot be a big party in there, or our advanced or flank guards must have seen them; anyhow we must turn them out before we can pass, and I want you two to do it. Take your companies back, turn down the lane, get into the end of the wood, and you will be on the enemy's flank, then go for him. You in advance, 'A', and you in support, 'B'. You understand?"

This may be right and may be wrong—I do not profess to teach tactics here—but anyhow it is action of some sort under circumstances in which inaction would probably be fatal, and it certainly is no case for getting the men under cover in the orthodox barrack-square way—"Halt—front—six paces to the front—march"—"Volleys at the edge of the wood, standing, by sections from right to left." If the enemy could shoot at all, surely several men would be hit before this string of words was half out?

I only give this as a specimen of the many interesting problems of war that we may set ourselves, as, with mind and body fresh, and the senses alert with the anticipation of sport, we jog to the rendezvous of Diana's devotees.

And the use of such imaginary problems?

Well, in battle habit is everything, and he who accustoms himself to consider things in this way,

PINK AND SCARLET

when going to the meet, or riding over the country, in pursuit of the “himage,” is more than likely to find quickly a—at any rate tolerable—solution of a suddenly propounded problem in the Real.

I have left the foregoing exactly as I wrote it for the first edition of this book; early in 1899, before the late South African War broke out. I think I may now be allowed to say that that war proved that the greater *elasticity* which the suggesting of such *then* unorthodox words of command as “down behind that bank, men” points to, was very desirable for our troops?

I think, too, that it is only fair to “Hunting as a school for Soldiering” to say also that, in “*Infantry Training, 1902*” (the first new drill book after the war) and again in “*Infantry Training, 1911*” (the last drill book), similar situations to the one I suggest that we should think about on our way to the meet, are referred to as being desirable to consider, and such words of command as, “Line that bank—(hedge, ditch, etc.) double,” are actually recommended to meet them.

To continue our march.

On our right hand we now have a considerable hill, whose fenceless sides seem to indicate that it is the commencement of the downs. Should hounds run across here, which is the best way to ride up it? We cannot afford to let them slip us much, for they will probably run fast on the down above. Ah! that

THE MARCH CONTINUED

will be the way, past the old chalk-pit, behind those bushes, and then along the sheep track, which runs diagonally up. That would also be the best way to take men up, supposing there was no enemy on the top. And if there was? Why, we could not come near the part of the road we are now in at all! For the hill commands it, and we should have had to halt behind that spur about a mile back; reconnoitre well, and then perhaps try to turn the hill by that lime-kiln.

We see a village just ahead of us. How should an advanced guard approach it? Would it be classed as end on, broad-side, or circular, for the purposes of attack and defence? Is it subject to direct distant artillery fire or not? On getting up to its outskirts we may consider where we should place our shooting line if we had to defend it, and what demolitions would be necessary to give a fair field of fire. Riding through, thoughts would naturally arise about second and third lines, communications, barricades, best place for the garrison during a cannonade; and a host of other things which the text-books will suggest.

Another point of view from which the village may be regarded is that of accommodation. The details of how an estimate of the amount of accommodation available for troops may be arrived at are given in our text-books, and it is no use to repeat them; but it is good to get into the habit of running the eye

PINK AND SCARLET

over houses with soldiering in the mind, just as it is over the country, cattle, sheep, stack-yards, etc.

To consider roughly how the village may be allotted to regiments or detachments, where their alarm posts would be, and where they would get their water, are also useful things.

It is not of course intended to convey the impression that it is possible to work out a billeting scheme on the way to the meet! It is only intended to show how, by looking at the things he sees on his way to it professionally, as well as sportingly, the young soldier may make his ride to the meet like a most interesting and instructive illustrated book.

It so happens that the village we are going through might be an important one, for in it is a bridge over the Blue River, which is deep and unfordable; and, to secure the passage of the river, the village must be held. As we ride over the bridge we may consider what means should be taken for its defence. Should we have a bridge head on this side or the other? Would not those houses be suitable for Infantry, and that hill a bit to the right for guns?

The river—How deep is it, how wide, and what is the rate of its current? Are there any boats about, and how many horses could water at a time where the bank shelves down gradually there? Suppose we tried to swim it with hounds, could our horse get out on the far side?

THE MARCH CONTINUED

Swimming a river with a horse should not be attempted unless the last is pretty certain, or the result may be, as personal experience has proved, that the horse gets out on one side and the rider on the other! It of course goes without saying, that no man should try this swimming with a horse unless he is a thoroughly good swimmer himself, for to swim even a few yards in hunting clothes (or uniform) is by no means easy.

We have already run over in our minds how the village should be attacked or defended, and what accommodation it would give; but, as we ride out of it, there is one other point we may consider, and that is, how should we act if, with a company, a squadron, a battalion, or a cavalry regiment, we were sent on ahead of the army, or whatever force we were with, to occupy the village until they came up? With instructions also to collect any supplies we could?

The German method of occupying a town or large village in 1870 will give us a line. They at once got hold of the principal inhabitants, placed sentries on their houses, at the street corners, in the open spaces, and at either end of the bridges. They were then in a position to requisition supplies at their leisure, and to stop people from going out of the place, and thus giving the alarm to the neighbouring farms, etc.

Now we go under the line, and there is the

PINK AND SCARLET

station. Can we entrain or detrain horses there? If so, how many at a time? What about the capacity of the station for the entraining or detraining of troops, and is there room to improve this? What would be the quickest and best way to render the station useless? Let's see. Two-thirds of a pound of gun-cotton will break the best iron rail—will it not?

Rolling stock? Not much; four passenger-coaches in that siding there quite fill it, therefore it cannot be more than one hundred and twenty feet long.¹ Ah! several people have trained as far as this, for there are five horse-boxes on the other siding, they half fill it, and this, taking them each at seven yards long, makes the siding about seventy yards.

A poor station for troops, but room to improve it, and plenty of space for forming troops up outside too, etc., etc.

Now the river winds round on our left. If there is a ford across it anywhere, it should be from where those rails run down into it to these tall poplars. That would be a good place to force a passage too, for that hill commands it, and the wood gives cover right down to the bank; while the enemy's side is as flat as a pancake. The banks would hardly offer any obstacle, for they are shelving and look hard.

What about this defile we are coming to?

A nasty place to be attacked in; for the road is

¹ The average length of a passenger-coach, including buffers, is thirty feet.

THE MARCH CONTINUED

bad, winding, and narrow, and the woods and rocks on each side give any amount of cover. A rare place to hold a fox, if it is fairly quiet; for there is plenty of warm lying, and whichever way the wind is blowing he can find a lee-side. We should have to turn the sides before going into the defile, there is no doubt, and only Infantry would do for this, for the ground is so broken.

Ah! this would be the place for the enemy to hold it; he could almost stop us with stones from those overhanging rocks, and three or four of those big trees cut down would effectually block the road.

The *débouché* is good, and if our advance-guard could get through, and get hold of that rise beyond, we should be all right. What a nice flying grass country on the far side of the defile! It is down wind, and there is Badger Holt in the far distance; so, should we draw the defile woods, we may have a run over it.

What a position there looks to be on those hills away to the west! A clear field of fire. Right flank on the Blue River. Left flank on Peat Bog. Good length and depth for about a division.¹ Nothing to prevent the offensive being taken up, and no artillery positions for the enemy; while the big wood in the rear, with the numerous roads through it, would be excellent in case retirement, etc., etc.

Ah! there are the caps of the hunt-servants.

¹ About a mile long.

PINK AND SCARLET

bobbing up and down above the fence about three-quarters of a mile ahead ; and that smoke coming up above yonder rise must come from Home Grange, where we meet. A quarter to eleven ; we have timed ourselves well.

When nearing the end of a march thoughts of camps naturally arise, and it so happens that in this last mile we pass several large, sound, grass-fields which would be excellent for camping purposes. They all have outlets on to the road ; and that stream, which apparently rises in the defile woods we have just passed, should give a sufficient supply of water if it were dammed up, moreover it has not yet had time to get polluted.

Let us consider. Those two fields taken together must be fifteen to twenty acres ;¹ we could put a brigade in them. Those other two, about ten acres each, will take another brigade. Then the big field, sloping up to the spinney, must be nearly fifty ; that would take the other two brigades of the division. Those three fields on the other side of the road would take the divisional troops ; and that small field up there, with a large gate on to the road at each end of it, would make an excellent place for the supply dépôt. One thing more remains to be considered, and that is, where should we place the outposts for the protection of this camp ?

¹ We should learn, by looking at fields of which we know the area, to estimate acreage roughly by the eye.

THE MARCH CONTINUED

Now we begin to ascend the rise, from the top of which we should be able to see our rendezvous, *i.e.* the meet. Have we taught ourselves anything for our sport or profession during the march?

If we have had in our minds even one thought in connection with each, on the lines indicated in the last two chapters, the answer is—yes; and if so, the ink used in the writing of the chapters will not have been expended in vain.

CHAPTER X

THE RENDEZVOUS

As we top the last-mentioned rise and look down on the scene in front, what strikes us?

First, perhaps, Whyte-Melville's most appropriate words—

“Sportsmen arriving from left and from right,
Bridle-roads bringing them, see how they gather,
Dotting the meadows in scarlet and white,
Foot-people staring and horsemen preparing.”

The whole joyous scene put before us in four short lines!

Or, perhaps, certainly if we have read our Beckford, Somerville's lines may be in our minds—

“ Delightful scene!
Where all around us is gay, men, horses, dogs,
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health and universal joy.”

Why does Somerville spoil it by writing *dogs* instead of *hounds*?

Beckford, who quotes him so much, gives us the answer when he says—

THE RENDEZVOUS

“Our friend Somerville, I apprehend, was *no great fox-hunter*,¹ yet all he says on the subject is so sensible and just, that I shall turn to his account of fox-hunting and quote it where I can.”

If we have read neither Whyte-Melville nor Beckford (as we ought), perhaps we get our ideas from—

“We'll all go a-hunting to-day!
All nature looks smiling and gay!
Let us join the gay throng
That goes laughing along,
And we'll all go a-hunting to-day.”

This has not the same ring about it as the others, and experience shows that those who sing it the loudest about 2 a.m. are often those who do not hunt, and who have never ridden (and never mean to) over a fence. Surely this fact might be used as an argument, in more ways than one, why all men, let alone soldiers, should hunt?

Whether we think of any of the foregoing or not, we cannot, unless we are nervous, help our spirits rising as we survey the animated scene, and speculate on the possible sport to follow.

The above are our thoughts regarding the Image, the colour of which—pink—predominates in the picture in front of us.

Now what about the scarlet of the Real?

¹ The *italics* are mine.

PINK AND SCARLET

If we have any eye for a country at all, we can scarcely help saying to ourselves of Home Grange —our rendezvous—“What an ideal place for Infantry defence!”

Down in a hollow, and yet on a rise, and thus, although not subject to direct distant artillery fire, it has, from an infantry point of view, a good field of fire itself. A substantially-built house, stables, and outhouses; and look at the kitchen-garden wall running along exactly in the right place on the slope, high enough, too, for two tiers of fire, and with the sunk fence as an obstacle in front! Suppose those howitzers, of which we hear so much nowadays, found the range of the house, etc., these folds of the ground on either side outside the garden should serve us until the fire ceases; and then we can run back into the buildings long before the infantry attack comes on, etc., etc.

What if our rendezvous has none of these advantages? No matter; take what it has, or think of its disadvantages, and, clothed in the pink coat of the chase, we may learn some scarlet lessons of war from any meeting-place of hounds, if we will only use our eyes and think a little.

One more thing before we descend the slope and report ourselves, *i.e.* reach the meet. Let us look at the picture—foreground, middle distance, and background—for a minute or so, then turn our heads

THE RENDEZVOUS

away and try to say to ourselves what we have seen. It is good practice, young soldier, for you never know when you may only have time to glance at a piece of country, and then gallop away with a report on it; and it tends, moreover, to develop the "prehensibility of mind" which is necessary for a good scout. It is good, also, to try your men at this sort of thing, and you will be very much surprised to find how few can tell you in the least bit accurately what they have seen.

Enough of this! We have come out to hunt, not to lecture on squadron and company training.

Let us turn into the straw-yard, or stable, and get off our horse a minute or so before joining the throng in the front of the house. Mind we do not get ourselves or our horse kicked. Should there be any labourers or odd men about, let them hold the horse, and don't forget the "dust"—*i.e.* a shilling—when you get on again. All this sort of thing is good for "the cause," and it is only natural. Would not you, as a labourer with wages varying from fourteen to sixteen shillings a week, gladly welcome anything which brought in an extra shilling or two? And would you not argue to yourself, suppose you saw a fox in trap, "Ah! that's the chap what brings them gents as are free with the shillings; I'll just let he go."

Again, when your master the farmer, complains

PINK AND SCARLET

of the hoof-marks across his fields, or the holes in his fences, would you not try and make the best of it, and say; "Oh, the first shower o' rain 'ill take 'em nearly out, and as for they holes, I'll just cut a bush or two and stop 'em up."

It is only human nature, which those who deal with all sorts and conditions of men, and especially with soldiers, must ever bear in mind. Yet how often we see soldiers treated as if they were mere machines, and had no such thing as human nature in their compositions!

While on the subject of the "dust" it would be well to say that it is good for "the cause" to have a few sixpences handy (in the ticket- or waistcoat-pocket) for children and people who open gates. In some countries a little discrimination in the bestowal is necessary, as there are such people as practically professional gate-openers. It is not these, but the *bona fide* country people, that we want to enlist on the side of the "sport of kings."

"Yes, draw up his girths—now hold his head while I get on. Thank you. It's fox-hunting brings you *that*" (giving him the shilling).

Out we go on to the erstwhile trim, but now much cut-up, gravel in front of the house.

Do you know the Master, young soldier?

No? Never mind, off with your hat to him, for he is your Commanding Officer for the day.

THE RENDEZVOUS

Now go and have a look at the hounds, but do not take your horse too near. Are they the lady or the gentleman pack, and how many couple are there out? Unless you really know something about them it is best to look only and not to talk. In any case do not give yourself away by following Somerville, and calling them *dogs*, or by talking of their "sterns" as *tails*. Try and compare them in your own mind with the pictures you have seen of good and bad hounds.

Do not lay yourself open to be snubbed by the huntsman, as was my father when a small boy, who, mounted on a pony, rode up and said—

"Good-morning, Mr. Huntsman; nice hunting morning this!"

The answer was (grunt), "Is it? *you* know more about it than *I* do, then. *I* never know whether it's a good hunting morning till my hounds find a fox."

The huntsman was no doubt thinking whether or no there would be a scent, and at the same time probably remembering, and thoroughly agreeing with, Mr. Jorrocks' opinion, "There's nothing so queer as scent, except a woman."

Having done with the hounds, take stock of the field, their horses, their saddles, bridles, clothes, seats, etc. Observation of all is good, so long as you do not observe in a sneering or captious spirit. Re-

PINK AND SCARLET

member that you never know that, when hounds run, you will be able even to see the way which that man in the “shocking bad hat” goes.

If you smoke have your last one now, and do not keep it going while hounds are drawing, when you ought to be all attention to hear them find and to get a start.

This is an invitation meet, so look to your manners and avoid riding on the trim edges of the drive. Should you see any farmers you know, go and speak to them, remembering that it is to them that you owe your hunting.

Find out where you are going to draw, then pull out your map, locate the covert, look at the surrounding country, and note what other coverts are near it, thinking which of these are down wind. To know the lie of the land will help you in riding to hounds, and if you can piece it in bit by bit as you go, and be able to say to yourself, as you gallop across the tract of country you have looked at on the map; “Ah! now we are heading for Foxey Wood,” etc., etc., you are unconsciously cultivating those two most important qualities in the Real thing, an eye for country and your bump of locality.

We have dealt briefly with the Rendezvous, because both in the Real and in the Image it shows bad work on somebody’s part to be too long there.

THE RENDEZVOUS

To be too early is almost as bad as to be too late. In the Image, it means that you have taken your horse out of the stable unnecessarily early, or ridden him too fast to the meet, and perhaps also that he will catch cold while he waits about. In the Real, to be too early at the Rendezvous means that the men were paraded unnecessarily early, and while they wait, perhaps in the cold and wet, for those who have had half-an-hour longer in bivouac or camp, they will probably grumble at those who were responsible for their too early hour of march.

To be either too early or too late shows bad calculation in those very important factors in war, time and space.

To be late at the Rendezvous in the Real may be very serious, and it concerns others as well as ourselves. To be late at it in the Image is our own concern only, and it may be that, through this very lateness, we may learn a lesson that will serve us in good stead in the Real.

Let us think of the thing as it happens.

We arrive at the meet, say half-an-hour late. No one about. At last a man at work in a garden, or an old woman at a cottage door, says—

“Oh! yes, they be moved off half-an-hour ago.”

We bustle our already lathering horse on to the covert. Not a sign nor a sound. The rooks have settled down again peacefully in those tall trees,

PINK AND SCARLET

that blackbird going away with his “twit-twit-twee,” much as a sentinel school-boy cries “cavé, cavé, cavé”! seems almost as if he had not been disturbed before to-day, while that man ploughing over yonder appears to have no eye for anything else but his horses.

Can this be the right covert?

Look at the ground. Yes, no doubt about it, there are the tracks.—Let's go and ask the ploughman.

“Seen the hounds?”

“Yes, they was there.”

“Which way did they go?”

“Can't exactly say, they went away t'other side of the wood.”

Down the ride at a gallop, and out at the far side.

Now which way?

Tracks? Yes, diagonally across the field, a gap or two in that fence and the next, and surely something must have made those sheep huddle up together like that.

Was that a halloo, or a boy scaring rooks? Our horse looks in the direction, and the expression of his pricked ears seems to say, in Charles Kingsley's words :

“Yon sound's neither sheep-bell nor bark—
They're running—they're running, go hark!”

He can be trusted to hear sounds much quicker

THE RENDEZVOUS

than ourselves, so let us any way go to the rising ground beyond the sheep and see if we can see anything.

Ah! those labourers are all looking in the same direction, the cattle further on are running about excitedly, and surely there's the tail of the hunt just disappearing over the far hill?

Yes, that's a pink coat. *What* a start they have got! Must be a scent. Will *never* be late again!

Now, however, there is nothing for it but to try and get up to them gradually in the way so charmingly described on pp. 197—200 of *Riding Recollections*.

And what is there to be learnt in all this?

The right interpretation of sights and sounds by the process of "inductive reasoning," the elements, in fact, of that most important factor in war—scouting. Captain Mayne Reid's novels dealing with prairie life, which we have all read as boys, give us excellent examples of the art of scouting; so, in a different way, do the *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*.

A very excellent example of what may be done by "inductive reasoning" was given by Colonel R. S. Baden-Powell, 5th Dragoon Guards, now Lt.-General Sir R. S. Baden-Powell, K.C.B., in a lecture "On the Campaign in Rhodesia," given before the Military Society of Ireland in 1897. He said— "I was out scouting with my native boy in the

PINK AND SCARLET

neighbourhood of the Matopos. Presently we noticed some grass-blades freshly trodden down. This led us to find some footprints on a patch of sand; they were those of women or boys, because they were small; they were on a long march, because they wore sandals; they were pretty fresh, because the sharp edges of the footprints were still well defined; and they were heading towards the Matopos. Then my nigger, who was examining the ground a short distance away from the track, suddenly started, as Robinson Crusoe must have done when he came on Friday's footmark. But in this case the boy had found, not a footmark, but a single leaf. But that leaf meant a good deal; it belonged to a tree that did not grow in this neighbourhood, though we knew of such trees ten or fifteen miles away. It was damp, and smelt of Kaffir beer. From these two signs, then, the footprints and the beery leaf, we were able to read a good deal. A party of women had passed this way, coming from a distance of ten miles back, going towards the Matopos, and carrying beer (for they carry beer in pots, on their heads, the mouth of the pot being stoppered with a bunch of leaves). They had passed this spot at about four o'clock that morning, because at that hour there had been a strong wind blowing, such as would carry the leaf some yards off their track, as we had found it. They would have probably taken another hour to reach

THE RENDEZVOUS

the Matopos, and the men for whom they were bringing the refreshment would, in all probability, start work on it at once, while the beer was yet fresh. So that if we now went on following this spoor up to the stronghold we should probably find the men in too sleepy a state to take much notice of us, and we could do our reconnaissance with comparative safety. So you see there is a good deal of information to be picked up from merely noticing two small objects, such as crushed blades of grass and a single leaf, and then reasoning out their meaning."

And then Colonel Baden-Powell added—"And these two habits of mind are what every man can practise in peace-time."

Exactly, and in what sport, or peace-time occupation, will he have more opportunities of doing so than when hunting?

We must stop, or may be accused of being too long at the rendezvous—of having, in fact, miscalculated "time and space"; besides, the Master is getting on to his horse and hounds are moving off.

CHAPTER XI

GETTING INTO POSITION FOR THE ATTACK

MOVING off from the rendezvous! This is apt to set the human heart beating above normal, both in the Image and in the Real; and in the former it certainly has this effect on the equine heart. The result often is that the horse "gets his dander up," as Mr. Jorrocks says, and plays about in a way by no means comfortable to a bad or nervous rider.

How to suppress, or rather to keep within bounds, these expressions of the exuberance of his spirits? Talk to him, and give him a chuck or two under the chin, as described in Chapter VI. Then, move off with the hounds, and keep him close behind them. This will please him, give him something to look at and think about, and make him forget his desire to "play up." It will also get you out of the crowd, particularly of the carriages, cycles, motors, and foot people. It is far better to be well ahead of all these when on a fresh and eager horse, who *will* sidle down the road.

How is the human heart affected when moving off from the rendezvous for an attack?

GETTING INTO POSITION FOR THE ATTACK

In all cases it beats quicker than normal. In some there will be burning desire to be the first over the enemy's trenches. In a few there will be fear. In many cases men, whether officers or rank and file, who have a photograph of wife, mother, sister, or sweetheart in their pocket (and here is the one touch of nature which makes all akin) will steal a look at it. It may be a last look! If it be dark, or there is no opportunity for this look, they will feel with their hands to make sure that their most cherished possession is in its accustomed place—the pocket over the heart!

We are nearing the covert. Are we going into it, or going to take our chance outside? If the Master, or the covert owner, does not object, much better go in, unless the covert is a very small one, or has no rides. This advice is given in spite of the fact that one of the oldest (but certainly not the best) huntsmen in England at the present day said, "Inside the covert is no place for gentlemen, they get in the way, and kick the hounds." But there was a reason for this. He had just been surprised behind a big tree taking a pull at his "jumping powder," and wasn't pleased!

On the other hand, Beckford says, speaking of the Field, "Could you entice them all into the covert, your sport, in all probability, would not be the worse for it."

Let us, however, consider the question for our-

PINK AND SCARLET

selves. We come out to hunt, and to see and learn all we can of, and from, the “sport of kings.” Not the least good part, from both points of view, is to see a fox well found. This we shall not do if we stay outside the covert. Nor shall we even *hear* much of it, for probably two-thirds of our fellow “sportsmen” who will be there, will be engaged in telling each other good stories, the last scandal, or what won at yesterday’s steeplechases, etc., etc. ; and in doing this they will keep up an incessant cackle resembling that made by the inhabitants of a roused farmyard. This noise, which we can always hear in the smoking-room of the club when we wish, will effectually prevent us hearing for ourselves when hounds find their fox.

Not having heard anything, and therefore having no ideas of our own as to what is likely to happen, we shall become like one of the flock of sheep that hunting-fields so much resemble. Thus, our minds being vacant ; as far as regards the thing we have come out for, and gone to considerable trouble and expense to do ; we shall be ready to receive any impression, and we shall helplessly join that mad, and, as far as most of us are concerned, blind rush, which will take place when some one calls out, “By Jove ! they’re gone away” ; when a pink coat is seen disappearing round a distant corner at a gallop ; or when a boy scaring rooks in a field hard by gives vent to an unusually loud “Cow-wow ! ”

GETTING INTO POSITION FOR THE ATTACK

Will such a state of mind give us any satisfaction in this part of the Image, or will it favour the learning of lessons for the Real?

Certainly not. Therefore, let us see that we do not get into it ; and if, by request of the Master, or for some other good reason, we remain outside the covert, let us remember the excellent advice given in paragraph 6 of "Some Rules of advice as concerns Hunting," and "not talk, not laugh, and above all not whistle."¹ We shall then hear if a hound challenges, hear when they find and when they turn, and hear when they go away. This is attending to business, "playing the game," in fact—the other is coffee-housing.

Just another word on the subject.

It is, as a rule, the most enthusiastic of those who hunt who go into the covert. They do so, regardless of scratched hats, greened coats, and splashed breeches ; because they are real sportsmen and like to see hounds drawing for their fox : in a word, because they have enthusiasm.

I believe there are very few in the army to-day who are not keen. Should, however, any such chance to read this I would say to them, take your cue, here also, from the "image of war," and come into the covert, *i.e.* be enthusiastic regarding your profession. What is more, be not ashamed to show it, any more

¹ *Vide* page 103.

PINK AND SCARLET

than you would be ashamed to be seen emerging from a fox covert, with your hat scratched, your coat marked, and your erstwhile immaculately white breeches muddy.

As we mean to go into the covert, if we can, let us think what it behoves us to do when there. We must keep well behind the Huntsman, say fifty yards ; must stand still when he stands still ; must make way at once for him, and any hounds which may be round his horse, should he turn round and wish to pass us ; and, unless we can trust him absolutely not to kick them, must carefully avoid letting our horse be heels towards any hounds which may come near us ; and, above all, we must keep *quiet*.

So much for the etiquette of the chase. How can we think about the covert as regards the business of war ?

Its rides—are they sound or not ? Wide enough to take Infantry in fours or Cavalry in sections ? Is the undergrowth penetrable or not ? If so, by Infantry only or by Cavalry also ? The trees—are they thick and big enough to stop a bullet?¹ Suppose we had to defend, or to watch the far edge—how should we do it ? Would our supports receive any cover from rifle or shell fire if placed a little way back from the edge ?

Do not let us forget that the edge of a wood is

¹ It takes 42 inches of soft wood, such as fir, etc., and 24 inches of hard wood, such as oak, to stop a Lee-Metford bullet at 500 yards.

GETTING INTO POSITION FOR THE ATTACK

not, as a rule, a good place for our firing line, simply because it gives a good ranging mark for the enemy's gun and rifle fire. Therefore our men would be safer in well concealed trenches a hundred yards or more in that ploughed field outside.

The covert we are now drawing does not look much like holding a fox ; it is so hollow, and there is no lying for him. Ah ! there is a young hound running a rabbit. We may venture to smack our whip and rate him with a "ware rabbit!" and follow this with a "garaway boick!" if there is no Hunt Servant near by to do it.

It is no go this time, for there is the Huntsman blowing them out with that "Come, come, come, come-away" note on the horn, to which the Whip is maintaining with "Cor-way-coup, coup ! coup cor-w-a-y," or "Heeawoy—heea-w-o-y!"

On we go at a jog-trot to the next covert, Foxey Wood, which we made out in the distance when on the way to the meet.¹ A jump on the way ? No—certainly not, unless it is necessary, for we may break a fence, or jump into crops, for nothing ; besides, we never know when we may want a jump out of our horse.

This covert looks more likely ; plenty of warm lying, and ups and downs of ground, with sunny banks and lee-sides to any wind. Rabbits too in plenty,

¹ *Vide* p. 126.

PINK AND SCARLET

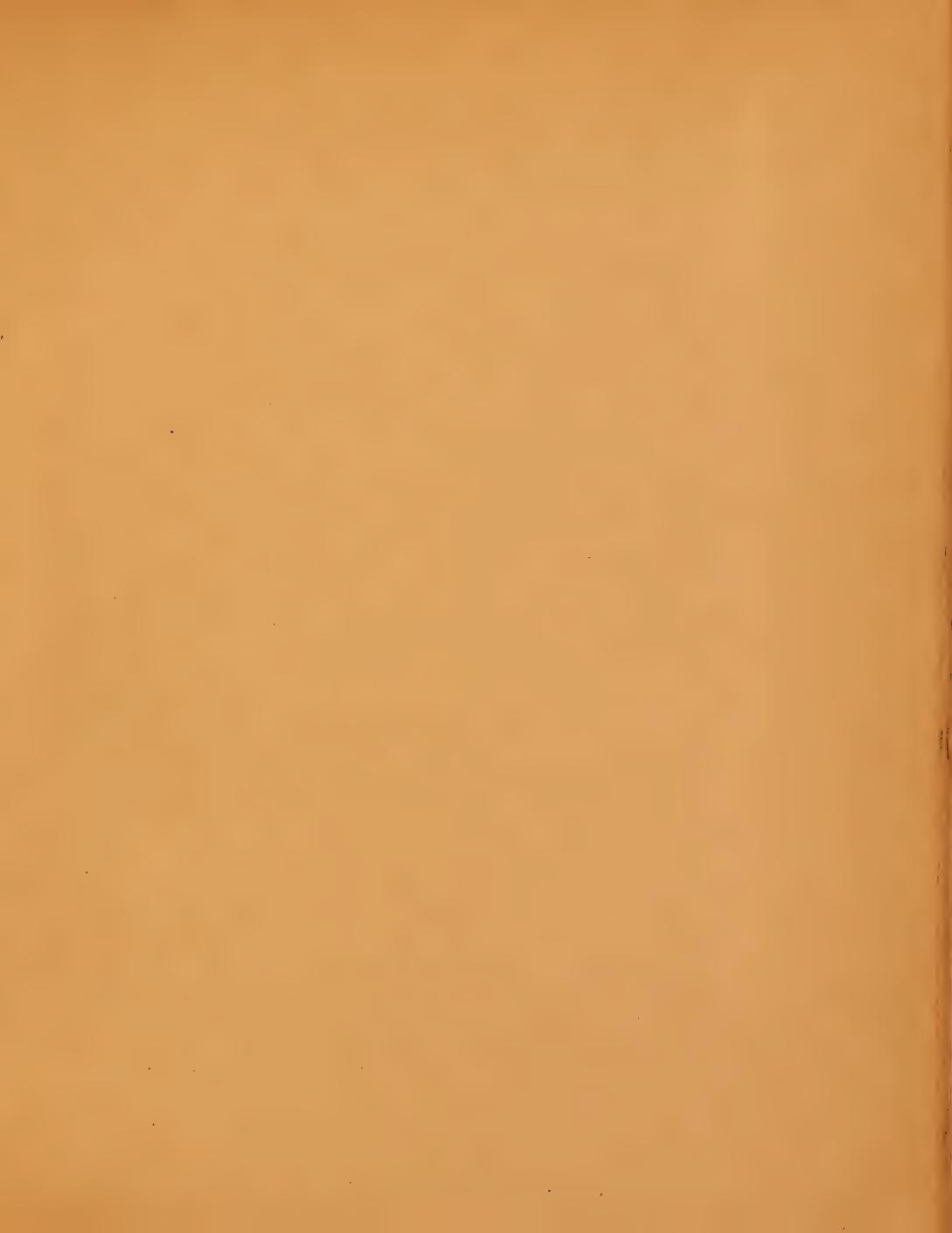
judging by the amount of “work.” How eagerly the hounds dash in at the cheery “Yoi-over thar, yoi-over!” of the Huntsman, and—but Somerville describes it a thousand times better than we can—

“ See! how they range
Dispers’d, how busily this way and that
They cross, examining with curious nose
Each likely haunt.”

Who that is a sportsman can help seeing it all in his mind’s eye as he reads these lines? Does he not feel in his nostrils the delightful smell of the freshly fallen leaves on the damp earth? Can he not see the cheerily waving, and almost speaking “sterns,” flashing about in the bracken and the brambles, and perhaps tipping themselves with red as they do so? Can he not hear the long-drawn “Yooi ov-er thar” and the “Yeu try in thar” of the Huntsman, encouraging the owners of those expressive sterns to find their fox?

Hold hard! or enthusiasm for the Image will override that for the Real. Yet it seems that we may gallop along without fear of this; for cannot those lines of Somerville’s, which have just been quoted, be as well applied to the men of the Indian army; whom Mr. Edwards has so well depicted looking for the enemy on the frontier hills; as they can to the hounds drawing for their fox in the English covert?

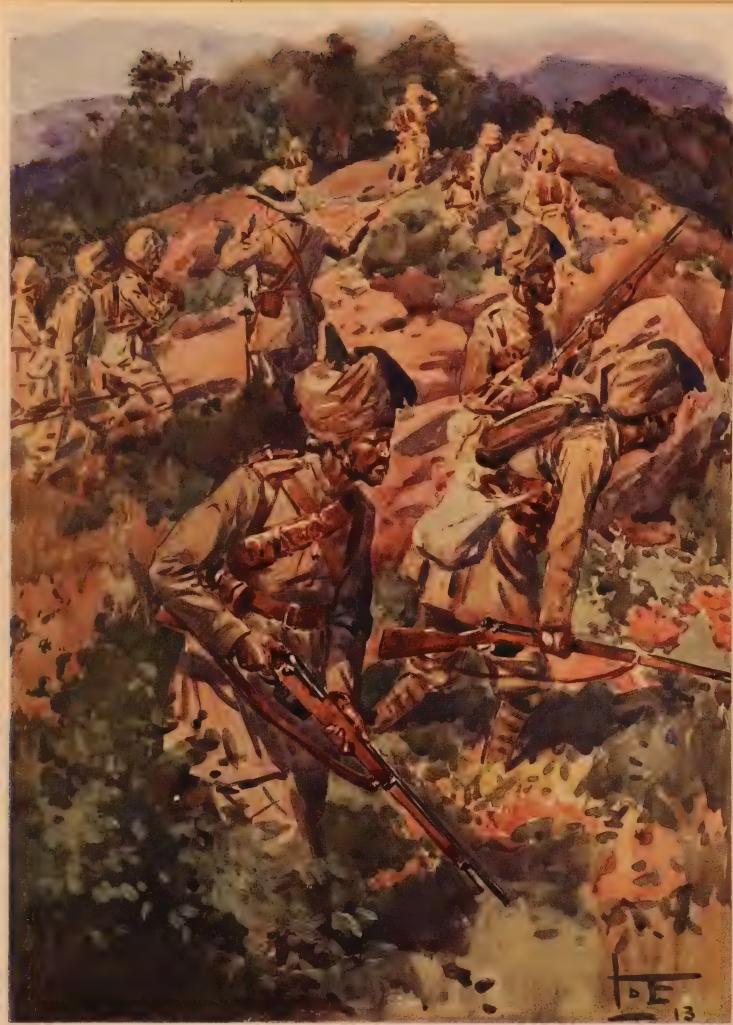
What a comfortable bivouac might be made on the heather-covered ground under those pines, whose lower





“Yeu, try in thar.”

Dispers'd, how bu
They cross, exami
Each likely haunt.



Scouts of the 20th Duke of Cambridge's Own Infantry
(Brownlow's Punjabis) looking for the enemy.

ow they range!
h way and that
th curious nose

GETTING INTO POSITION FOR THE ATTACK

branches would be excellent for making shelters. What—No! enough of this for the present, for surely those hounds are showing a line across the ride about a hundred yards up?

Ah! there's a whimper. Now a challenge! The Huntsman sits silent and still. Again Somerville bests us in description—

“Hark! on the drag I hear
Their doubtful notes, preluding to a cry
More nobly full, and swelled with every mouth.”

Another challenge! The Huntsman cheers it—
“Hoick to Bachelor.”

We are in touch with the enemy's outposts!
A crash of canine music!
We are engaging his picquets! and it's a case of—

“Stand to your horses! It's time to begin:
Boots and saddles! the picquets are in.”

Ah! there he goes over the ride in front of us; a jolly-looking, bright-coated fellow. Now we may open our mouths and holloa “Taa-leo over” if we like, and if there is no Hunt Servant near by to do it.

The pack come crashing after him; we must keep touch with them now as closely as if they were our own or the enemy's scouts, or they may give us the slip.

One ring round the covert. Then from the distant corner comes the shrill “wh-ooi” of the Whip,

PINK AND SCARLET

followed by the magic “Gone awa-way, gone
awa-way -GONE AWA-W-O-Y !”

Glorious sound! at which the funkers pale, and
the “right sort” glow as they do at the first sound of
battle.

There goes the Huntsman, swishing through the
undergrowth to the point.

“Twang-twang, twang-twang, twang-twang !” goes
his horn, with that double note which tells the flying
pack that the varmint has gone.

The first shot of the battle has been fired! and—

“They’re at it already, I hear by the din ;
Boots and saddles ! the picquets are in.”

CHAPTER XII

THE BATTLE

GONE AWAW-O-Y !

THE PICQUETS ARE IN !

What is the first thing necessary in both cases ?
Decision.

And the second ? Action.

One is no good without the other ; and without either we are lost. Surely he who learns to cultivate both at his play, is more than likely to be able to apply them when he wants them in his work ?

Our business just now is to get a start in the Image, as it would be to take the initiative in the Real.

We must decide on the instant what is the best way to do it. To join the desperately excited, jostling, "look out!"-ing and mud-scattering-crowd, which is tearing down the ride like a flock of frightened sheep charging for a gap, and which, like the sheep in the gap, must inevitably become jammed in the gateway at the end of it ? Or to follow the fast-disappearing Huntsman through the still quivering scrub, which has already closed up again behind him, and in so doing scratch

PINK AND SCARLET

our hats and our boots, and perhaps our faces ; green our coats, and, maybe, stub our horses ?

To be orthodox, and form up all our men along the wall of the farm we have been occupying, where the enemy might naturally expect to find them ; or to only hold it with a few men, and counter-attack him through the wood with the rest ?

Death loves a crowd, so do fools and funkers, who have no wish to make up for themselves what they may please to call their minds.

Crowds both in the Image and the Real mean casualties. Nothing can be seen or heard in a noisy crowd, as this one will be. To get out of the crowd is therefore the first essential if we are really to enjoy the chase, as it is also if we are to succeed in the battle of life. So let us, in this case only (for when outside the covert we must take our own line), follow the Huntsman, even at the risk of stubbing our horses. The damaged clothes and the scratched face do not count.

What ! risk laming a horse for the chance of getting a start ? Yes, certainly. For though we should at all times treat our horse as if he were the apple of our eye, and handle him as delicately as if he were

“ A goddess in muslin that’s likely to suit,
Is the mate of your choice for the ball,”

yet there will be times, both in sport and in war, when we must ride him as if he were not worth eighteen-pence.



“Gone awaw—o—y !”

“They're at it alr—
Boots and saddle—



"The Piquets are in!"

hear by the din ;
Piquets are in!"

THE BATTLE

Now this getting a start—this taking of the initiative, is one of these times. It is then that, in the Image, we must, if necessary, jump at short notice an extra-forbidding-looking fence, or an awkward stile, and in the Real be prepared to take some risks, in order that we may strike quickly; remembering, as Whyte-Melville says, that “the first blow is half the battle in many nobler struggles than a street brawl with a cad.” In war, by taking the initiative, we can impose our will upon the enemy, just as we can get a start with hounds by quick decided action. Having got a start we can afford to look about us and pick our places a bit.

I do not propose to write a run, or to explain how it should be ridden: Whyte-Melville has done it so deliciously in Chapter XI. of *Riding Recollections* that it would be both superfluous and presumptuous to attempt to do so here. We may, however, scan what he writes with a view to seeing where lessons for soldiering can be deduced.

The first point he draws attention to is the necessity of *keeping the eyes open*—of observation, in fact. How essential this habit is for soldiering has already been pointed out in Chapter VIII., and there is no need to say more.

Having got a good start, “Do not therefore lose your head,” says Whyte-Melville. There is no doubt that the sight of a pack of fox-hounds dashing across the first field or two, with that “drive” which is

PINK AND SCARLET

their characteristic, sets the blood coursing through one's veins as do the first shots of battle. Here then is education indeed, for he who keeps his head under the one circumstance will probably do so under the other.

Whyte-Melville says, " Ride for ground as far as possible where the foothold is good." Proper use of ground is daily becoming of more importance to the soldier, who, belong he to horse, foot, or artillery, will only lead his men like sheep to the slaughter if he does not know how to use ground, and cannot make up his mind quickly as to the best way to do so.

In riding to hounds during a "quick thing" a man has but little time to make up his mind, or weigh the *pros* and the *cons* of—over or round the hill? down the furrow, or turn off and strike the headland? into the meadow and jump two fences, or keep along the stubble and jump only one? across that bottom, or round the head of it? etc., etc. all have to be decided in less time than it takes to read this paragraph.

Surely this is good training, for—

" By going down the meadow and skirting the wood I shall have cover from fire part of the way, and from view for the rest of it."

Or—

" Get into that valley, follow it along to the farm with the poplar trees, and I can get the squadrons within charging distance without being seen."



“Across that bottom



“Ground.”

and the head of it?"



"Along that small valley, round by the farm with the poplar trees, and I can
get the squadrons within charging distance without being seen."

THE BATTLE

This last, by the bye, is much what Von Bredow did before his famous charge at the battle of Mars-la-Tour, when, with six small squadrons, he counter-attacked and checked an Army Corps !

I feel that Von Bredow would have been :

“A rum one to follow, a bad one to beat”

with hounds !

There are those who say that the days of *l'arme blanche* are over. I do not believe this for a minute ; on the contrary, I am sure that accidents of the ground, mists, dust, etc., and, above all, overstrung nerves, will give the glorious Cavalry arm opportunities now just as in the days of yore. But, and this is a big but, they must be quicker to seize such opportunities, have more dash, and make better use of ground, than ever. In fact, Cavalry officers of the present, and of the future, must be the *very best* officers in the Army. Therefore I would say to those who “wield the horseman’s crooked brand,” remember the words of Sir Evelyn Wood, quoted in the first sentence of this book ; use “the one incalculable advantage” which you possess over the officers of all other nations, hunt as much as you can, without letting it interfere with your work, and thus learn to emulate Von Bredow.

The author of *Riding Recollections* relates of an old friend of his that, “He always rode as if he had never seen a run before, and should never see one

PINK AND SCARLET

again," and he adds that this is something of the feeling that those who ride to hounds should possess, a feeling which impels them to take every legitimate advantage, and to throw no possible chance away.

Analysed, this means, "Always play the game."

How many runs have been missed because people will talk at the wrong time! because they will not take the trouble to keep touch with the hounds in a big wood; because they will not get up early enough to be in time at the meet; because on a bad scenting day they will let hounds get so far ahead of them that, when the scent suddenly improves, they do not know which way they have gone! These are only a few instances of the bad results of not "playing the game."

We need not search very deeply into our military history to find plenty of instances of disasters which were due solely and simply to this same slackness, this same neglect of the necessary A B C of war, this same contempt of the enemy. Zululand, the Soudan, South Africa, and India, all furnish examples; but it would perhaps be better taste not to name them.

Therefore, let us soldier as we would ride to hounds, and give no "chances." Taking no notice when the slack ones say of us in the Real—as they assuredly will do—"What unnecessary precautions; why, there's no enemy within fifty miles!" or, "What a devil of a funk this chap is in! What's the



“Shan’t find here?”
“No, they shot it two days ago.”

Always p



"I say, old chap, hadn't we better have a sentry or two out?"

"Sentry!—my dear boy, a chap at headquarters told me last night that there were none of the enemy within fifty miles."

THE BATTLE

good of bothering the men so?" etc., etc. Just as they will say of us in the Image—"What a jealous-riding chap that is!" or "How unnecessarily he buckets his horse!" etc., etc.

It's no good, either in soldiering or in sport, any more than it is in life in general, trying to please every one, and the only safe thing to do is to *always play the game*.

Whyte-Melville says—"Keep an eye forward." The acquirement of this habit is certainly necessary if we are to acquit ourselves well when riding to hounds, but how much more is it so when we lead our men on the field of battle! In the former, the lack of it merely means that we lose our place in the run; in the latter, its absence may mean defeat and the loss of our men's lives.

Whyte-Melville tells us, too, what the eye is to be kept upon—the hounds, the ground, on the look-out for the fox, and what may be his point, or what may head or turn him. The hounds may be likened to our scouts, the fox to those of the enemy, and the things which may turn him may be thought of as formed bodies of the enemy's troops on which we must keep an eye, and whose movements we must, if possible, anticipate.

"Always ride to *command* hounds if you can," says our author. This coincides with taking the initiative and manœuvring for position, so as to be able to

PINK AND SCARLET

compel the enemy to accept the actual collision when and where it suits us. To do so successfully the commander of men must follow Napoleon's example, and be always up with his most advanced troops, with his scouts if it appears desirable (as it often may with a small force), just as he who commands hounds (for the purpose of riding to them) must always be on terms with the body of the pack. In no other way will either be able to properly *anticipate* (and this is one of the secrets of success in both cases) the movements of the enemy.

Napoleon wrote with scorn to his brother Jerome, who was sitting in his capital and commanding his army from there: "Why do you not make war as I do, and bivouac with your outposts?"

Again, we find him writing to the Empress Josephine before Austerlitz, on the 16th November, 1801. "I am about to leave for my advanced guard."

Here I think we get the correct idea of what is the proper position for a commander, as far as is compatible with modern conditions. He should be sufficiently forward to see all and know all, remembering that, if he is well ahead of his main body, he can quietly get a general "*coup d'œil*" of the ground and of the enemy's dispositions.

Having done this, the commander can then send back, or go back, to his command and indicate to the several units where he wishes them to go, and what

THE BATTLE

he wants them to do, thus probably saving time, space, and confusion.

This is “riding to command hounds”! Let us remember that the chief reason that Austerlitz was won was that Napoleon’s personal reconnaissance of the ground, before the battle, showed him how it lent itself to the carrying out of his famous counter-attack.

In the same way, by keeping on terms with the body of the pack (but well to the right or left of them, and *never* immediately behind them) shall we be in the best position to see the run.

While riding in this way, to command hounds, it is good to think of how you would direct—command, in fact—men following you. It is very easy, when looking one way and going another, to say right when you *mean* left.

The Boer War of 1881 is a sore subject, but the author of *A Narrative of the Boer War* gives an instance of men who were retiring, being told to rally on the right, the result being that they in reality rallied on the left of the original fighting line. In this case the mistake did not make any difference, but the incident may serve the purpose of emphasizing the desirability of cultivating the habit mentioned above.

Perhaps Diana’s young devotee is beginning to snort with disgust about this time and to say to himself, “How can a man possibly think about all this when hunting?”

PINK AND SCARLET

Of course he cannot. That is, he cannot think about it all on the same day, but he can quite easily, and without exerting himself sufficiently to be irksome, think of two or three of the points mentioned each day he goes out. Then by degrees they all, and many, many other things not mentioned, will flash across his mind as naturally as it comes to him to rise in his stirrups at a trot.

Surely, when this comes about, he will be a good way on the road to “acquiring the gift which Keller-mann naturally possessed”?

Thus thinking of what our reader is saying to himself has driven us over the line a bit, just as hounds are driven over the line when over-ridden, and the natural and inevitable result is—a check.

CHAPTER XIII

A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED

WHYTE-MELVILLE says : “At all periods of a fox-chase be careful to anticipate a check.”

What sound, excellent teaching can we get if we apply this to war, and say to ourselves, when making an offensive movement, “How, when, and where am I likely to be counter-attacked or checked ?” and, when engaged in defending a position, “How, when, and where can I make a counter-attack and so check the enemy ?”

To be able to reason thus effectively we must cultivate that quality which is so essential for success in war—imagination.

Lord Wolseley writes of this as follows :—

“It is to the apparent want of that uncommon gift on the part of commanders, more than to any lack of numbers, of guns, or of horses, that we must often look for that inordinate prolongation of our wars. It is imagination, educated by practical experience in war, that enables the commander to foresee what his enemy will do under certain circumstances which any change of policy may rapidly develop, so that he

PINK AND SCARLET

(the commander) may be ready promptly and effectively to check him.”¹

“Facey Romford” put the whole thing in a nutshell when he said to himself, as was his wont, when his hounds checked, and he did not quite know which way to cast them, “Facey, my boy, what would you do if you were the fox?”

So a check in the Image gives us instruction for the Real!

All wars give examples of want of forethought, and want of decision in acting, as to how the enemy might be counter-attacked and checked. The Franco-German war of 1870-71 abounds with such examples, the two most noticeable being the failure of the French commanders to act, both at the battle of Spicheren and that of Mars-la-Tour. The former is, perhaps, the more notable example; and it is not too much to say, that had General Frossard, the French commander, and his staff *anticipated*, not a check, but how they might counter-attack, and so check, the Germans, the result of this battle would in all probability have been different.

At one period of the battle of Mars-la-Tour the French had a fine opportunity of rolling up the thin German left, and they had the men in hand with whom to make the necessary movement. But Marshal Bazaine was apprehensive for his own left, as he feared being

¹ See page 202, Vol. II. of *A Story of a Soldier's Life*.

A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED

outflanked and driven away from Metz. So the “I shall be hit in my weak spot” predominated over the, “How can I hit the man who wants to get at my weak spot and smash him or drive him away?”

Had it been otherwise perhaps it would not have been necessary for the French to retreat to the Gravelotte position.

We have seen how imagination, coupled with argument of the simple “Facey Romford” style, can help us to anticipate checks, both in war and in sport. We have also noted Whyte-Melville’s very important advice when he says, “Keep an eye forward.”

In many cases, both in the Image and in the Real, we can perhaps see what has caused the check:—

Hounds were over-ridden, and forced off the line.

Men diverged too much for cover, lost direction, and the necessary “get on” feeling, and became an irresolute bunch behind the cover they erred in seeking.

The fox was headed by that flock of sheep, and hounds have flashed over his line.

Men fear a charge from the cavalry whose lance-heads are glinting behind those trees on the right, and hesitate to cross the open ground.

The fox was coursed by that sheep-dog, which is just slinking back again to the shepherd.

The men were checked by, and are unwilling to

PINK AND SCARLET

advance in the face of, the fire coming from yonder ridge.

Etc., etc.

What to do to pick up the line, to set the ship going again, in the Image and the Real?

In the former very little indeed; for, unless you are hunting the hounds yourself, you have merely a passive part to play. To turn your horse's head to the wind and sit still, is all that is required of you.

If only all hunting-fields would do this when hounds throw up their heads, how very many more foxes would come to hand!

Instead of doing so, however, they *will* move about after the huntsman making his cast, probably talking, and even "whistling" all the time. The result being that hounds and huntsman have the uneasy feeling of being pressed upon; the steam and smell of the horses, not to mention that of the riders, which must be very perceptible to the fine nose of the hound, is ever with them, and, should a back cast be necessary, the ground is all foiled.

Why will people spoil their own sport?

Because many are ignorant that they are doing so, some are jealous of the others, and nearly all are like sheep, and move on because other people do so. Let us not be like any of these, but remember that the thing for the field to do at a check is to *keep still and quiet*.

With the huntsman, however, as with the com-

A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED

mander in the Real, a check is the most anxious time. He must be all eyes and ears, keep his head cool, and while the hounds are making their own cast (in the Real, while the men in little knots are holding on to some bit of cover) rapidly turn the situation over in his mind.

How far did they bring it? What headed him? In which direction was his old point? What is his new one? Is he running short because he is nearly beat? etc., etc.

The commander in war must be even quicker, or his check may turn into a retreat without orders, a *sauve qui peut*, in fact.

In modern war there is only one thing that will enable troops checked by the lash of shrapnel, and the hail of magazine rifle fire, to hold on for long—viz. discipline, and it must be such discipline as makes them afraid to run away! Even that, however, may be defeated by overstrung nerves, therefore the commander must decide *quickly*.

But what to do? Throw in a reinforcement and send the line forward at all risks, or let them hold on where they are and detach a party to turn the enemy's flank? Swing round the fighting line to meet the counter-attack, or let the reserve do it? Refuse the flank the Cavalry is on, and continue the advance, or diverge towards them, and bring things to a head? etc., etc.

PINK AND SCARLET

Circumstances alone can decide.

We cannot all of us hunt hounds, but we all of us shall have command sooner or later, even though it only consist of a company or two ; and it will be education for us to think, as we sit still at a check in the Image, what we should do in the huntsman's place, if in command in fact ; and then apply the situation to an imaginary problem in the Real, in the manner I have indicated.

Ah ! they have hit it off in the corner there, and up go their heads and down go their sterns once more, and away they go in the uncontrolled ecstasy of pursuit !

The check has let up the laggards and those who did not get a start, the latter rather cross and determined to see the rest of the run if riding can do it ; so, if we mean to keep our places, we must "tackle to work with a will."

We shall have competition now, and must be prepared to back our own opinion, that is, to take our own line without hesitation.

Emerson wrote, "Nothing is so rare in a man as an act of his own." In no profession is a man so likely to be called up for "acts of his own" as in that of arms, and acts, too, for which the decision has to be made in a second.

Lord St. Vincent said, "The test of a man's courage is responsibility." Responsibility is a thing

A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED

that every soldier must at all times be prepared to take. Surely the decision, the self-reliance, and the moral and physical courage necessary for the successful taking of one's own line to hounds in a stiffly fenced country, cannot but increase what is more and more required of a soldier the higher he gets up the tree ; viz. the cheerful and unhesitating acceptance of responsibility. So much is this the case, that when a certain stage is reached it seems that the soldier is paid chiefly for this purpose : his subordinates do the actual work, and calculate the details for him ; he is paid to take the responsibility.

Even here we find that the Image will dovetail in with the Real, for is not the Huntsman, with his double anxiety to show sport and kill his fox, like the General who wishes to win his battle, and at the same time keep down his casualties, and do not the reputations of both fluctuate with their successes or reverses ?

Away we go after the merrily chirping pack, thanking our stars that the check has not been serious, and facing, with that exhilarated feeling which Kinglake has called the "will of a horseman to overcome or elude all obstacles," the unknown at each fence. Here again is education, for in modern war we must face the unknown with a vengeance ! Who is likely to do so better than he who does it many times a day merely for his sport ?

PINK AND SCARLET

The words "modern war" remind us that there is another way in which this being able to take our own line in the Image will fit us for the Real; for all those who have seen the war of to-day, that is, war between two European nations armed with modern weapons, and also all our thinking military writers, tell us that there can be no more galloping about of staff officers and adjutants with orders when troops have been once launched in the attack.

Personally I am inclined to say of this, "It is true, and at the same time it is not true." It is true if, as Southey said, "Men who care not to do a thing, shelter themselves under a persuasion that it cannot be done." It is not true if we take Tertullian's view that "Certum est quia impossibile." And this is the view that we as soldiers must often take, for there is no such word as "cannot" in our vocabulary! Instead we have "what is the best way?" In this case we should remember that a mounted man should be able, by *intelligent use of ground*, to make himself more difficult to hit than any wild animal of about the same size. We should also remember the motto of the American cavalry, "A horse can go anywhere a man can go, so long as the latter does not utilize his hands"! Be this as it may, we do know that now, more than ever, the junior officers, the company and section commanders in fact, must "go their own line," and if they cannot get on in one way, they must find or

A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED

devise means to do so in another. Indeed, we must go much further and say that, in the war of to-day, the motto of the Norseman (whose badge was a pick-axe), "Either I will find a way or make one," must be the creed, not only of all officers, but also of every individual soldier, just as he who would ride to hounds well must carry with him an unswerving determination to "be with them" whatever happens.

Surely the two are identical?

We have already seen (p. 3) how hunting education, and the "will of a horseman to move forward," inspired, through the medium of Colonel Lacy Yea, the 7th Fusiliers at the Alma. The Alma was fought fifty-nine years ago, and during that time "the country" has been continually growing stiffer for the soldier, much as barbed wire has made it more dangerous for the follower of Diana.

Prominent among the new "fences" which the soldier has to face are an effective shrapnel shell, smokeless powder,¹ the magazine rifle with a flat trajectory, a perfected machine gun, high explosives, quick-firing guns, and now aeroplanes! The latter will not only spy out his whereabouts, but possibly will also pelt him with bombs from the sky!

¹ The absence of smoke enables the soldier to see, not only his own immediate comrades, but also those for some distance around him, hit by he knows not whom. This is more especially the case in the defensive. What is worse, wounded men, bleeding and unattended to, are often of necessity left in the fighting trenches. Thus will the soldier's nerves be tried much as the suspected presence of wire in the fences tries those of the rider across country.

PINK AND SCARLET

Thinking of all these, it does not require much acumen to see that it is only by having resolute men fully imbued with the all-important "get on" feeling, possessing the necessary discipline to *make* them go on when told, and led by officers who, down to the last-joined second-lieutenant, will act on their own initiative, that we can hope to win Almas in modern war.

We are told that it was the "well-ground training of the individual,"¹ combined with the ready initiative of the officers, which made the Germans so superior to the French in 1870. Our individuals, *i.e.* our non-commissioned officers and men,² have very seldom the chance of acquiring by hunting, that which, as we have just shown, should underlie all training for war, but luckily our officers can, and they should lose no opportunity of imparting the feeling so learnt to their men. For just as it is best for the horse to be taught to jump by the man who will subsequently ride him to hounds, so should the soldier be taught to face his "fences" by the man who will lead him in battle.

Mutual confidence is thus established, and when the trial comes the soldier can be encouraged—nay compelled, to "get on," as the horse can be made to jump by the voice and the will of the teacher.

Thus, "the will of a horseman to move forward, no

¹ *The Battle of Spicheren*, Henderson.

² I used to delight in seeing the Indian officers of the Cavalry, and the Sergeants of the Royal Artillery riding to hounds when I hunted the Poona and Kirkee Hounds in 1910.

A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED

less than his power to elude or overcome all obstacles,” which, as Kinglake adds, “is singularly strengthened by the education of the hunting-field,” will influence our soldiers on the modern battle-field, as it did the gallant 7th Fusiliers at the Alma.

Here we would repeat, that the eye for ground so thoroughly possessed by Lacy Yea (*vide* p. 3) will play a very prominent part in the future; it may mean, indeed, all the difference between “getting on” and being “held up,” or between no casualties and very heavy ones. The South African war (as all wars of the past have done, and all wars of the future will do) teemed with incidents which prove the truth of this.

We have been galloping some time, and our horse has lost his first freshness, though he is still going strong and well. If we are wise we shall now be more than ever careful to save him all we can, in the way so delightfully explained by Whyte-Melville in *Riding Recollections*. If we do not take precautions about this period of the chase, the odds are much in favour of our being “downed.” Even this, however, if it happens, should teach us something, for presence of mind, the quality necessary to meet it, will mean all the difference between getting off with a scramble and going down with a fall. How necessary presence of mind is for the soldier need not be expatiated on.

The fox is beginning to run short, and the battle is nearly over. With that “eye forward” we see him,

PINK AND SCARLET

in one of his short turns, sinking a hedgerow to the left, while the pack are still running straight on. Do not shout out loudly, "There he is," or something of the sort, but rather ride quickly up to the Master, or Huntsman, and say, *without pointing*, "I viewed him just now down that hedgerow to the left." Then fall back again quietly, and let those whose business it is to do so take the necessary action, and also the *credit for it*.

This is training for that "playing for the side" that loyalty to your Commanding Officer—which is the most valuable attribute of a reliable officer. Yet how many commanders, and consequently the operations they were engaged in, and the efficiency of their armies, from Napoleon and Wellington downwards, have suffered from a want of loyalty in their subordinates!

As long as we serve under a man we must be loyal to him, and if we feel, either because we disagree with his views, or because we do not approve of the way he conducts affairs, that we cannot be loyal to him, then we must ask to be allowed to cease to serve him, telling him the reason for doing so.

It is far better to be served by a man, with even mediocre abilities, who is loyal, than by one who has the most brilliant talents, but who plays for his own hand, and will not "back up."

With the first you know where you are, with the other you never do.

A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED

We are moralizing somewhat, and while doing so we may remember that hunting can also teach unselfishness, perhaps indeed may even inculcate the habit which will hereafter be the cause of our winning that Decoration most coveted by the soldier, the Victoria Cross. The habit referred to is that of hastening to the help of a man in difficulties. This feeling will at once prompt us to diverge, even at the risk of losing our place, from our line, to catch and to hold, while he remounts, the horse of a man who is down. This sounds very simple, but it is not too often done, and yet how grateful is the recipient of the caught horse who has been trying to run through a sloppy pasture, or a soft plough, in top-boots!

I once caught and took back a horse to a sporting parson during a gallop in what Mr. Jorrocks would call one of the "cut 'em down, and hang 'em up to dry, countries." He was surprised as well as very grateful, and when met a year or so afterwards said, "I have always thought better of Hunting-Fields since that day."

It might be remarked here that we must not ride jealously. We come out to see as much of the hunt as we can ourselves, but not with the intention of "cutting down" other people.

One thing more, suppose we have the luck to be going strong and well towards the end of what will be a record run, let us not hesitate to offer our horse,

PINK AND SCARLET

should either the Huntsman or Master get to the bottom of theirs. We may miss being named in *The Field* as being one of the five or six who saw the finish, but we shall have the far greater satisfaction of having done our best for "the side."

It is the possession of the feelings which prompt actions like this that distinguishes the true soldier from the mere medal or brevet hunter.

We are getting into an intricate country, in more ways than one, and we had better concentrate our thoughts on the work in hand, that is the getting to the end of a good run on a horse which cannot by this time be any too fresh. Among small fields, with the going by no means sound, and a tired horse under us, we shall want all the powers of observation and of overcoming difficulties that we possess.

Ah! that very green look about the centre of the field we have just jumped into probably means bog, also we must look out that our horse does not drop his hind-legs into one of the herring-bone drains as we gallop over them, for this will mean a nasty fall for us, and perhaps a broken back for our mount. Judging by its situation and surroundings, this innocent looking stake-and-bound fence we are just coming to probably has a big ditch on the other side, and we must put on the pace a bit.

Yes! just as we thought, and we only get over with a scramble. Let us take this ridge and furrow

A CHECK. THE BATTLE CONTINUED

slant-ways, and it won't interfere so much with our horse's strides, besides, the best way out appears to be in the corner of the field, but we must go steady as there seems to be a bit of a drop. How cleverly the horse let himself down! but in spite of this, we instinctively feel that he does not relish jumping like he did an hour ago.

By Jove, rails ahead! and pretty stiff-looking ones too. That's our place, where the top bar is half broken through, but they are none too nice even there, and we must not go at them too fast. Well done, old horse, but a good job it broke! Now we can ease him a bit up the headland; luckily the gate at the end is open, for the fence has wire in it.

These are only a few specimens of the details which must be noticed, and the precautions which must be taken, if we would get successfully to the end of a run, and yards might be written in the same strain; but we shall get to the bottom both of the horse and of the reader's patience; besides, the best of runs, like the fiercest of battles, must have an ending, and the end of ours is near. Enough has, however, been said to show how, even when crossing the last few fields of a run, the rider to hounds must ever be exercising, or unconsciously acquiring, those faculties which cannot but stand him in good stead in war; the foreseeing of obstacles, the devising of means to overcome them, the making the best of

PINK AND SCARLET

our resources, and the keeping of a reserve to the last.

As we burst through a thick bullfinch we catch a view of the fox rolling across the next field, with the pack close to his brush.

We are up to the position from which we can obtain superiority of fire!

How they strain after him! How they gain on him!

Ah!—

“ Who-whoop ! they have him, they’re round him ; how
They worry and tear when he’s down !
’Twas a stout hill fox when they found him, now
’Tis a hundred tatters of brown ! ”

We are over the enemy’s trenches !

The battle is won.

It remains but to shout, to pursue, and to pick up the wounded.

CHAPTER XIV

AFTER THE BATTLE

To him who thinks about it all, the end of a successful hunt, like the end of a fight, is sad ; for both mean more or less suffering and death.

Yet, what would you ?

Until we have a Peace Conference which brings about disarmament and universal arbitration, and, judging by the last one, this seems very much *en l'air* ; and until all savages are sufficiently civilized to understand, and to abide by the decisions arrived at by arbitration, we must have war ; and while we have war, bad indeed will it be for merry England if we have not sport, and above all sport—fox-hunting.

Where should we train our future Kellermanns and Lacy Yeas ?

Whence would come that feeling of “ power to elude or overcome all obstacles,” which our junior ranks must possess ? Where would our cavalry officers learn so well, as Sir Evelyn Wood says they must learn, “ to strike without waiting for orders ” ?

Where should we educate the officers that the

PINK AND SCARLET

Duke of Wellington found so useful for obtaining information in the Peninsula?

Where would our officers learn that “go the nearest way” feeling, which made General Bourbaki say in 1871, “Do English officers always take orders in that way?”—(*Vide* page 6.)

We might go on asking this sort of questions for any length of time; but let us instead look at the matter from another point of view.

Were there no hunting, there would certainly soon be no foxes, and their last representatives would die miserable deaths in traps and gins. It is hardly likely that they would hesitate, if they had their choice, between certain extermination in a cruel way on the one hand, and comparative protection during most of the year, with a fair run for their lives once or twice a month during the winter, on the other. Truly there is, to us, the appalling sense of being *hunted*; but surely this, with its chance of getting away, is better than waiting all night—perhaps two nights—in a trap, the iron teeth of which are slowly eating into one’s leg, with the *certainty* of being knocked on the head by a hairy ruffian with a bludgeon at the end of it! Would any sensible fox hesitate which to choose?

Again, we are told—but unfortunately we cannot be sure—that it is second nature to a fox to be pitted, with his staunchness, courage, and cunning, against all

AFTER THE BATTLE

comers. Some even say that he glories in his victories ! Be this as it may, we do know that he is a fighting animal, and that he dies fighting, and dies game.

Perhaps we had better turn over the page ; for the soldier, whose profession it is to encompass the death and destruction of his country's enemies, must not be too soft-hearted, and therefore had better not analyse these things too closely.

The battle being over, we have now to consider what remains to be done. Regarding this in the Image, no one can tell us better than Whyte-Melville on pages 200 to 202 of *Riding Recollections*. Put into half-a-dozen words, these pages say, "Think of your horse before yourself." This should be, and in most cases is, the creed of the British Officer regarding the care of his men.

While the hounds are breaking up their fox, with the accompaniment of "rattles" on the horn, and some yokel leads about our horse, whose girths we have slacked, well away from the surging pack, let us make up our minds what to do. We have been carried well through a good run, are some distance from home, and, to say the least of it, the "steel" is out of our horse : we should not be a sportsman, in the true sense of the word, if we stayed out and rode him in another run, with those who have second horses ; any more than we should be if we had "over-marked" (*i.e.* over-ridden) him during the run in

PINK AND SCARLET

which he has just carried us well. Therefore, home it must be.

This decided, let us pull out the map, locate ourselves, and look out the best way to go ; not forgetting that those with local knowledge will probably be able to tell us of some short cut which is not evident by the map. While the map is out we should also try and follow on it the run we have just ridden : if we cannot do this easily, there is sure to be some one who can tell us the names of the parishes we have run through. It is quite worth the young soldier's while to take a little trouble over this, if only because of the interest which those at home may take in hearing about the run : but much more is it so because of the practice it gives in map reading, and in acquiring an eye for country and cultivating the bump for locality.

If we have a second horse out, and he casts up about this time, we are indeed well placed ; for good scenting days, like decisive victories, are not too common ; and we may confirm our success by continuing the pursuit of the Image, as we may confirm it in the Real by continuing the pursuit of the enemy, if we have in hand, as we ought to have, a formed portion of our third line, of our cavalry, or, better still, of both. The pursuits may then continue, as they should, until light fails us, or the hounds go home.

After a victory in the Real the pursuit should continue as long as horses and men can move. Colonel

AFTER THE BATTLE

G. F. R. Henderson tells us in the “*Science of War*,” how a pursuit should be conducted. The pursuit of the French by the Prussians after Waterloo gives us an excellent example of the effect of a really vigorous pursuit on a defeated army. They mounted infantry drummers on cavalry horses and told them to keep tapping their drums!

To the man who is keen it is a wrench to have to go home before the hounds, especially on good scenting days; and he wants a second horse. In the same way the most brilliant achievement by a disordered mass of soldiery (and successful attacking columns, if only through their own *élan*, are bound to become disordered) requires the speedy support of formed troops.

In the present instance, however, we are a one-horse man, and, having seen our fox broken up, and decided in which direction we are going, it behoves us to be off before our horse has time to get stiff.

Shoes all right?—Yes. Then draw up his girths, tender the yokel who has been walking him about a shilling, and march.

Is he sound?—Yes. Then we had better jog along about six or seven miles an hour, and so get him home to his food, which, we may be sure, he wants a great deal more than we do ours, as soon as possible.

There seems to be no doubt that, as a rule, it is

PINK AND SCARLET

the long time that he is without food that takes it out of a horse during a day's hunting, as much as, if not more than, the actual work he does. We told our groom (on p. 43) that a horse's stomach is small, and that he therefore wants food often. Let us remember this now, and not do anything on the way home to keep his nose out of the manger longer than necessary. Whyte-Melville tells us about jumping off his back and walking up and down the hills, and also about getting him some gruel if we have far to go; and there is no need to say more about these. Jogging up to the meet we naturally took the grass at the side of the road whenever possible, and our horse seemed to like it. Now that he is tired it will be very different, and if we give him his head, we shall invariably find that he chooses the smoothest and hardest part of the road, probably the middle. This is natural, and just what we should do ourselves after a day's shooting; so let him have his way, unless he has lost a shoe, in which case it is well to keep on the soft until we can get one tacked on.

Riding home after a good gallop, which we have been able to see to our own satisfaction, is not unlike marching back to camp after a successful fight in which we have done our part; and there are many less pleasant things than either of these. Whyte-Melville said that after a good gallop, with hounds, he rode home feeling like a man who has done a good

AFTER THE BATTLE

action. It is to be hoped that the young soldier may experience this feeling many, many times during his life ; but let him not forget that it is not really he who has done the good action, but it is the owners and the occupiers of the land he has been galloping over, some of the fences of which he has probably broken. Good indeed would it be for "the cause," if all who hunted remembered this, and not only remembered it, but also acted accordingly.

If this were done universally, we should certainly hear very much less about the curse of hunting in the present day—and maybe the assassinator of it in years to come—wire. There are very few of us who do not like to think that we have done good actions ; and thought of, and talked to, in this way, it must be an unusually hard-hearted and thick-headed farmer who cannot be brought into line, and made to regard the *bête noire* of the devotee of the modern chase from the point of view which touches himself, and which is so deliciously put into the following lines :—

" Let us argue the point : if the stock get astray,
If the pig in a panic sets off for the day,
If a herd leaves unfolded, lamb, heifer, or steer,
If the colt from his tackle can kick himself clear,
Your truants to capture you'd hardly desire
That their hides should be torn into ribbons with wire ! "

Having got thus far our friend will probably be in the mood for seeing it from the point of view of—

PINK AND SCARLET

“Tis cruel to see, in the cream of a run,
A dozen fine fellows enjoying the fun,
Struck down at a moment to writhe in the dirt,
Dismounted, disgusted, both frightened *and* hurt !
While behind them a panic breaks out like a fire,
With the ominous caution—“*Ware wire; sir ! 'Ware wire !*”

and he will end by exclaiming—

“Dang it all ! I'll take the stuff down.”

All this may fairly be called digression from our line, but digression (of the thoughts only) is permissible—nay, is good,—because it amounts to relaxation, on the way home after a run, or a fight. Moreover in this case the very digression brings us back to the true line—that of the Real—again; for this panic which “breaks out like a fire,” in the hunting field, with the ominous caution—“*Ware wire, sir ! 'Ware wire !*” is on all-fours with the panic which may break out among our men in war when some one says, “The enemy is behind us !” “Our flank is turned !” or, “Here come the spearmen !” etc., etc.

And does not each sort of panic require the same qualities in the leaders to overcome it, and to “get on” in spite of it? Presence of mind to avert disaster: eye forward to see a way out: decision to act, and nerve to carry out the action decided on.

May we not say that, even in its panics, hunting is indeed the Image of war?

Hulloa ! We have struck into the road we came

AFTER THE BATTLE

by to the meet, and there are two turnings—which way did we come? If we remembered to look back as we came, we shall probably know; if not, we must pull out the map to see.

It's getting dusk now, and the road looks quite different to what it did in the daylight; while bushes, trees, etc., begin to assume fantastic shapes, and we might almost fancy that we can see figures in the fences. All this sort of thing is training, excellent training, for the time when we shall go on night outpost duty; especially when our minds and bodies are, as now, somewhat depressed from fatigue and an empty stomach. These two, particularly when coupled with dusk or darkness, often make all things look different to what they really are; and what a difference the latter makes when it comes to a case of fighting!

If there are any stars out we should try and fix our general direction by them. At any time on active service we may find ourselves with nothing but the stars to guide us. I remember an officer of my Mounted Infantry Brigade, who was wounded and made prisoner by the Boers in July 1901, escaping the same night and making his way, some twelve miles across an unknown country, simply by walking straight on the Southern Cross.

Hold up, horse! That *was* a bad stumble. And how we resent it now when we are tired, hungry, and what usually accompanies these two, cross. Yet

PINK AND SCARLET

we ought not to job him in the mouth, or kick him with the spur; for he is tired and hungry too, certainly the latter far more than we are, and has he not been working all day for our pleasure? Therefore let us say, "Hold up, old man," and ride him and keep him awake with legs and voice rather better in future.

Thus we shall learn from the Image to rise superior to fatigue, hunger, and general irritability when annoyed; and in such a state we are easily annoyed by our inferiors, or superiors, at the end of a long, trying, and perhaps "jumpy" march in the Real.

Talking of trying marches, we never know what a horse can do until we give him a really hard day. The excitable, high-stepping, prancing animal of the early morning may require kicking along long before the afternoon; while the slug of the early hours may trot gaily home, with his action brisker and as true as ever, long after dark in the evening.

It is the same with men, and you do not really know what they are made of until you see them on active service, or under conditions akin to it. Then you may find that hunger, fatigue, discomfort, etc., make your vivacious, "such good company" chap of peace and plenty, utterly coil up; while the man you looked upon as dull and unattractive, may prove himself a veritable tower of strength.

One certain thing is that, when the ordeal does come, the youth who has gone through the same sort

AFTER THE BATTLE

of experience for the sake of his sport, will have an enormous pull over the one who has not.

Does not the “sport of kings” score another notch here?

We are nearing home now, and, even if we did not know it ourselves, the pricked ears and the quickened stride of our horse should tell us so. There are the lights! How pleasant it is to see them after a long jog in the dark! If we are glad, how much more so must our mount be, who knows that he will soon now put down the weight that he has been carrying all day.

Here we are! Let us go into his box with him, and see him drink his gruel and begin to munch the bit of hay, while he is being made comfortable. What a sigh of satisfaction he gives after his drink! How contentedly he turns to the hay! “Yes; just throw a rug over his loins, pull his ears a bit” (this always seems very acceptable to the tired horse), “then dress him quickly, and give him his feed, which we know he is looking for. Have a good look for thorns, for we had several thick places to-day.”

Now, and not before, may we go indoors, and have our own gruel, in the shape of a cup of tea, and perhaps a boiled egg. How good it seems! How pleasant to stretch out one’s legs in an arm-chair before the fire afterwards, and think over the day! We must not stop too long, though, for we have to go out and see our horse again. “Has he fed well? Yes?

PINK AND SCARLET

That's all right." How comfortable he looks with his warm clothing, thick bed, and loose flannel bandages!

Now give him the rest of his hay, and leave him alone for the night ; he has indeed earned a rest.

Surely this sort of thing, which is second nature to every real sportsman, cannot but be training for the time when, after a long march or fight, though dog-tired ourselves, we have to stand about, see our men pitch their tents, or settle into a bivouac, see their accoutrements properly placed, and arrange many small details, before we have any right to think about our own wants.

Then, after we have seen to our own wants, have we not to turn out again, however stiff we may be, to see that the men have got their food all right ; just as we had to turn out of the arm-chair in front of the fire, to see that our horse was comfortably done up for the night?

Can we not indeed thus learn from its Image that *noblesse oblige* feeling which should influence the Officer at all times, but more especially when he and his men are hard put to it in War ?



"Well, Jim, has he fed all right?"

Nobles



“Dinners all right, men?”

olige

CHAPTER XV

CARE OF THE WOUNDED

BATTLES, worthy of the name, cannot be fought without casualties. Similarly, we cannot really ride to hounds during a season without accidents, of some sort, happening to our horses.

In any serious case of injury or ailment, and in any case which we cannot diagnose for certain ourselves, it is far better, both for man and horse, to call in professional assistance at once. A little knowledge in this, as in other things, may be very dangerous; and, with the very best intentions, we may apply totally wrong treatment to a wound or ailment, of the exact nature, or extent, of which we are ignorant.

For the man in the Real, as for the horse in the Image, such professional aid will usually be procurable; still, it may occasionally happen, in both cases, that it is not; or that it may be a long time in arriving. Moreover, there are, both in the case of the horse and of the man, certain common injuries and ailments, of which the first treatment at any rate is very simple.

PINK AND SCARLET

It is of these that I would now try and treat briefly, because the young soldier-sportsman should be able to diagnose and prescribe for them, in order, in the first instance, to save time; and in the second to save a veterinary surgeon's bill (*i.e.* if there is nothing really serious); in the same way as he should be able to deal with correspondingly simple cases which may happen to his men when he is away from professional advice.

It is outside the scope of these pages, and very much beyond the capacity of the writer of them, to treat of the injuries or ailments of the horse, except in an extremely amateurish and elementary manner. So much is this the case, that I would begin by declaring that I have no technical knowledge whatever, therefore, I only propose to try and *think*, about some of the common accidents that may happen in the Image of War campaign, and of a few of the ordinary ailments that its work may cause.

It will be best to try and take these as they might happen in the course of a few days' hunting. If we do this, we may get them somewhat as follows:—

1. Our mount is a whistler or a roarer; what can we do to ease him?

Try a Harvey's aconite powder the night before he goes out; or give him a little linseed oil in the morning.

Damping all his food, and keeping his water in

CARE OF THE WOUNDED

an old tar-barrel has already been mentioned on p. 46.

Permanent relief may be afforded by having a tube put in his throat.

2. He is scouring, as some horses will, from excitement on his way to the meet. Put him up for a few minutes at a wayside inn, and give him a little flour and water, or a double-handful of dry bran. Even if this does not do any good to the horse, it will to "the cause"; for is it not one more proof to the publican, and his ostler (who should get a small tip!) that *hunting causes money to be spent?*

This treatment corresponds with giving the human subject a few drops of chlorodyne. This, by the way, is a medicine that all officers on active service should have with them.

3. Our horse has been fed late, or watered just *after* feeding, and we have been coming along quickly. The result may be a colic. This may not be actually serious, though indirectly it will be so, for it will probably necessitate our giving up the day and taking him home.

The treatment is described in par. 540, *Horses and Stables*. Note that the inn may again come in useful, this time with its spirits in the same way as it would for the corresponding ailment in man. It may be remarked here that brandy is certainly a thing that an officer detached with men out of reach of medical comforts should have with him.

PINK AND SCARLET

4. "Confound it! I *felt* him brush. I thought the different shoeing would stop that."

What an uncomfortable, not to say irritating, feeling it is when a horse brushes! We know that, if it goes on, it means a nasty-looking raw spot on his fetlock. Proper shoeing and good condition will stop almost any horse brushing; but what we want just now is prevention for the rest of the day. We shall find this if we improvise a Yorkshire boot. This is simply a piece of horse-rug, or blanket (a piece of a sack will do, failing anything better), wrapped round the leg above and below the fetlock joint, then tied above the joint with a piece of string or tape, and the part of it above the string turned down over the part below.

5. The horse may be jogging along "as sound as a bell," and suddenly go "as lame as a tree." Get down at once; for the odds are that he has either picked up a stone, or a nail, in his foot, or stepped on a stone. If either of the former it must be got out; if the latter we shall probably see a whitish mark somewhere on the foot, and the horse will usually go sound again in a few minutes and continue so for the rest of the day, though he may subsequently be lame from the bruise.

On active service too much trouble cannot be taken to ensure that the men take proper care of their feet.

6. "Was silly fresh, shied at a piece of paper, and got caught in the step of a cart, which cut an artery."

CARE OF THE WOUNDED

This would be an unlucky accident, especially as most of the arteries run in the inside of the limbs; still it might happen, either in this way or from a kick, and it is important to know how to stop arterial bleeding both in man and horse. We may do so by improvising a tourniquet; a round, smooth stone, a handkerchief, and our hunting crop, are all we want. In the Real a cleaning rod, a sword, or a bayonet, may be substituted for the crop.¹

7. *A kick.*—This mostly happens when horses are fresh, either at the meet or in going through a gateway. As with a bruised foot, a horse may be very lame at first, then go sound, and be lame again next day, or if he is allowed to stand still. If there is bleeding, the first thing is to stop it, either with cold water or as described in 6. Warm water and fomentations applied round the injured part on arrival home will ease the patient. A bad kick may have serious after results, and it is best to call in a veterinary surgeon.

8. *A Stubb.*—This is not unlikely to happen when we are going the nearest way to get a start, which, as is pointed out on p. 162, is so necessary. It may also happen at any bank on which our horse has to put his feet. We may not know it is done at the time, perhaps not till the horse is lame the next day. A bran, or a bran-and-turnip, poultice can do

¹ Since writing this, personal experience has provided an instance of a carriage-horse shying into another vehicle, cutting an artery, and being just saved from bleeding to death by an improvised tourniquet.

PINK AND SCARLET

no harm, but it is best to call in a veterinary surgeon early, as we cannot afford to experiment on horses' feet.

9. *A blow.*—This also, which may be caused by the top bar of a gate or stile, or by a branch in a fence, we shall probably not know of until we stand still for a few minutes, or maybe until our groom comes in the evening and sends us a most alarming message; probably to the effect that the horse "can't put his foot to the ground."

Bathing with warm water and the application of fomentations will usually put the matter right, both for man and horse.

10. *A sprain.*—This may come about when the ground is hard; when the going is what is called "good," or when it is "deep." The latter is the most prolific cause of sprains. Serious sprains, like punctured feet, are best not played with, but the same treatment as for a blow will do no harm till the veterinary surgeon arrives. Subsequently a bit of garden hose-pipe and the cold-water tap will be useful.

11. *An over-reach.*—This may occur at any time,¹ but it is most likely to do so when the horse lands over a fence into deep or holding ground.

If it is in the usual place, *i.e.* just above the heels of the fore-feet, a little spirit may be poured on as a first

¹ I remember "Midshipmite," the well known and celebrated steeplechaser, over-reaching very badly when being cantered quietly across the Long Valley at Aldershot, in 1899, by his owner, Colonel H. N. Schofield, V.C.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED

treatment, and when the horse arrives home a little Friar's Balsam will complete the drying-up process. An over-reach higher up may be treated in the first instance as described in 9. In a serious case call in a veterinary surgeon.

12. "Stuck his toe into the ground, and went down as if he were shot."

Result—broken knees.

Treatment.—Wash out the dirt, and bandage with a handkerchief, or strip of linen, and, if procurable, some tow. Get him home if possible, and then, if the damage is at all serious, call in a veterinary surgeon. For after treatment, see par. 719, *Horses and Stables*.

13. *Quite beat*.—Experience should soon teach us when our horse is beginning to have had enough, and it should be rare that we get him so much beat as to have difficulty in getting him home. But this may happen, and there are some horses which will go on pulling and giving trouble to the very last minute when with hounds, and directly they are turned away from them we find they can scarcely walk. The only thing to do is to jump off and walk, and get them home, if possible, as quick as we can. A pail of gruel, with a pint of beer or stout in it, procured at the first public house we come to, may work wonders. For further advice, see pp. 201, 202, *Riding Recollections*.

14. *Thorns*.—These should be carefully looked for after every day's hunting. Clipping the hair

PINK AND SCARLET

on the legs greatly facilitates the finding of them. It is now-a-days just as fashionable to clip horses' legs as it used to be to leave the hair on them. The argument in favour of the latter was that the hair turned the thorns. This seems more than doubtful.

It is wonderful that horses in bursting through thick places do not pick up more thorns than they do; probably the very pace and force with which they do it is their chief safeguard. It is certainly a fact that a man out shooting, and wearing knicker-bockers and stockings, gets far less pricked if he jumps boldly and crashes through a fence, than he does if he climbs or scrambles slowly through.

A pair of tweezers, for extracting thorns, should be in every officer's active service knife, and, it goes without saying, in his hunting and shooting one also.

Lameness caused by thorns is often very obscure, and I remember one of the best veterinary surgeons in England diagnosing a coming ring-bone as the cause of lameness, which a few days afterwards was proved to be the result of a thorn prick.

15. "Your saddle touched his back yesterday, where there was a lump after you rode him the other day."

How annoying is this when said with an air of superiority, almost triumph, by our groom the morning after a day's hunting! Yet, unless we keep our eyes

CARE OF THE WOUNDED

open, it will happen ; for it seems the way of many grooms either not to see the signs of mischief in due season, or to keep them to themselves if they do see them. It is the same sort of want of observation in his men that makes it so important for an officer with mounted troops to himself examine and feel all his horses' backs after a march, or an unusually long field-day. To him who is in the habit of watching his hunters' backs this comes like second nature.

16. *Cold and cough.*—These ought seldom to occur in a well-managed and *well-ventilated* stable, and when proper precautions are taken whilst the horse is at work. They must, both in man and beast, be taken in hand at once. A neglected cold may mean pneumonia, influenza, etc., with all the loss of condition and subsequent debility which accompany these ; while the end may be roaring, broken wind, and perhaps death. Treatment.—Knock off all hard food at once, and substitute bran mashes, linseed, and green food if procurable, put into a loose box, then see Chapter XXII. of *Horses and Stables*.

In all cases of sickness or injury, both to man and horse, the essentials for a quick recovery are rest, quiet, fresh air, comfort, and sufficient warmth, combined of course with proper treatment, good nursing, plenty of water, and suitable food. (See Chapter XV., *Horses and Stables*, and Chapter XVIII., *Veterinary Notes for Horse-Owners*.)

PINK AND SCARLET

Bran mashes are generally the principal food of sick horses, yet it is surprising how few grooms know how, and how still fewer will take the trouble, to make them properly. They usually dump the bran into a pail, often a dirty one, pour some hot water on to the top of it, and they then consider that the mash is made. How a mash should be made, or rather *cooked*, is concisely described on p. 411 of *Veterinary Notes for Horse-Owners*.

Like a sick-room or hospital, every stable should have its registering thermometer hanging on the wall to show the temperature of stall or box, and also its small clinical thermometer for taking the temperature of a patient. How this is taken is described in par. 217A, *Horses and Stables*. The ordinary temperature of the horse's blood is about 99° Fahrenheit, and 50° to 60° may be taken as a suitable average temperature for the stable.

The pulse, like the temperature, is a great indicator of the state of health of the horse, as it is that of the man, and its variations should be studied until they are thoroughly understood. Chapter XI., *Horses and Stables*, tells us all about the pulse and its different meanings.

In conclusion, I can only repeat that, in any serious case, or when you are in any doubt about a case, either in man or beast, do not waste time, but call professional assistance at once.

CARE OF THE WOUNDED

The old saying about a stitch in time saving nine is never more true than when applied here.

In many cases it will not be till the next day that we shall know whether or not any injuries have been received during a day's hunting, and we cannot, as a rule, depend on our groom to find them even then. We should, therefore, invariably visit the stable the morning after a hunting day, and run our eyes over the horse generally; and our hands over his back, legs, and feet. Any sign of heat, or puffiness, or of flinching from the touch, must be regarded as suspicious; and the cause should be discovered, and, if necessary, treatment commenced as soon as possible.

It is not enough only to look and feel after a day's hunting, but horses should also be had out and trotted gently up and down once or twice; for there may be lameness of which there is no outward visible sign while the horse is at rest.

CHAPTER XVI

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS, THE OUTCOME OF THE EXPERIENCE OF THE CAMPAIGN

IN this chapter I am merely jotting down a few things my experience has shown me, and which may be of use to the young soldier-sportsman.

Some of these "Regulations" (as I have called them in the heading of the chapter) are simply useful hints; others should be as binding to the soldier and the sportsman as are the paragraphs of the "King's Regulations and Orders" to the Army.

We will take them as they might possibly be wanted.

We wish to have a horse led out and trotted up and down, to see if he is sound before we ride him, or after hunting. A horse in high condition frequently "plays the fool" when brought out like this, sometimes even breaks away in doing so; and, if for any reason, such as shortness of time, etc., we do not have a bridle put on him, it is well to take the precaution of putting the head-rope across the front of his nose and then out again behind the lower part of the head-piece of the head-collar, as shown in Fig. 1 of Plate X. This gives the man who is leading him

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

much more command over him than if the rope merely came straight away from the bottom ring of the gullet-piece, and he can always stop any antics on the part of the horse by giving the rope a few jerks.

“All right, he’s sound ; put his bridle on.” This sounds very simple, and yet how often we see it horribly bungled ! Perhaps the chief offenders in this respect are the so-called ostlers at way-side inns, and the inexperienced soldier grooms. There are, however, many horse-owners who are just as bad.

Some horses will not have a bridle put on at all by a bungler, and they are quite right. It must be most unpleasant to have a heavy-fisted biped trying to force a handful of cold steel between your clenched teeth, scraping your gums as he does so ; at the same time endeavouring to pull the head-piece of the bridle (which, of course, is too short until the bit is between the teeth) roughly over your sensitive ears.

Fig. 1, Plate XVIII., shows a bridle being put on in a way that a horse readily yields to, simply because he understands, and it does *not hurt* him.

The bits having been arranged properly, and the curb-chain unhooked on the near side, the reins are put over the horse’s head ; the right hand holds the top of the head-piece, and the fingers of the left hand hold the bits, as shown in the photograph. The thumb of the left hand is then put into the corner of the horse’s mouth above his nippers—this causes him

PINK AND SCARLET

to open them at once—the fingers then guide the bits gently into his mouth, at the same time the right hand pulls the head-piece quietly over his ears. All that remains to be done is to adjust the bridle as shown in Fig. 2, Plate IV.

It will be well to once more draw attention to the importance of seeing that everything is right before we start on a ride, just as it is important to inspect men on parade prior to a march. It is also advisable to keep our eyes open for anything wrong while we are out, and we may be sure that there is some reason for any unaccustomed signs of uneasiness on the horse's part; such as laying his ears back and keeping them so, when he usually carries them forward, or a frequent shaking of the head, or a twitching of the skin over the withers. The first may mean that he is not well, or that the saddle hurts him, and the others may also mean that his back is not comfortable.

While thinking of the way that a horse expresses his feelings, it would be well to say that, should a horse, who is usually a free, bold jumper, persistently refuse, there is certain to be a reason which he knows well, and of which we probably have no idea. It may be a chalk-pit on the far side; it may be that he has been hurt, and feels that the task is beyond him. Do not, therefore, force him, but after making sure that it is not the fence that his instinct tells him to refuse, jump off and have a good look round him.

PLATE XVIII.



FIG. 1.—PUTTING ON A BRIDLE.



FIG. 2.—TAKING THE BRIDOON REIN OVER.

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

It is a common saying that “the train is the best of covert hacks.” This may be so for the man who goes comfortably down to the station at the last minute and gets into a first-class carriage. But it is not always the same for the horse, unless the master concerns himself about it in the way that is the horse’s due. Grooms are apt to be late on dark winter mornings, and the horse may suffer in consequence; be fed hurriedly and late, hardly be groomed at all, and be hustled off to the station with his feed half eaten; and his clothing, bandages, etc., badly, and therefore uncomfortably, put on. We make a fuss if we are not called ourselves, and have not time to eat our breakfast! Surely we should make certain that our four-footed colleague, who has all the work to do, has plenty of time in which to eat his?

It is the same in coming home again, and it is unsportsmanlike to stay with hounds so long that we have not time to get our horse his sup of well-earned gruel, and his handful or so of oats, before he is put into his box.

Boxing horses often means a very long day out of the stable, and we should do all we can to make it less hard.

When sending horses long journeys by rail, much may be done to hasten shuntings, change of lines, etc., by writing civil notes the day before to station-masters or traffic superintendents. These should be thanked

PINK AND SCARLET

when seen for any extra trouble they may have taken, and tips to boxing and shunting porters, and maybe inspectors, should not be forgotten. This is good for horses and horse-owners generally, because it is human nature to take more trouble when recognition is probable.

Some horses (usually those built that way) have a provoking knack of getting girth-galled. The conformation which is prone to this, is that in which the last few inches of a horse's chest (or brisket), instead of inclining *downwards* as it begins to go between his fore-legs, runs straight, or inclines slightly upwards. With either of the latter there is nothing to keep the girths in their proper place, *i.e.* clear of the skin behind the elbow. This part of the skin moves with each motion of the leg, and if the girth is on it, is very liable to chafe, especially if the horse is at all soft.

A girth-gall is annoying, because there is the horse, well and fit to work, and indeed would be all the better for work ; and yet we cannot put an ordinary saddle on him ! What are we to do ? Either ride him bare-backed, which, by the way, is good practice, or put a military saddle on and strap the girth back in the way described on p. 45 of Major Smith's, A.V.D., excellent little work, *Saddles and Sore Backs*.¹

This plan is very simple, and consists in placing a surcingle, or over-girth, under the seat of the saddle, towards the rear arch (or across the rear fans), and

¹ This is a book that all officers should have ; the price is only 1s.

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

round the horse's belly, and then fastening the girth back towards this, and clear of the gall, with a shoe case or other small strap.

We may sometimes find it necessary to work a horse whose back has been slightly rubbed, *i.e.* has a little hair and skin off. We may prevent the sore from being made bigger, or from being greatly irritated during a day's work, by cutting a piece of kid glove about the size and the shape of the wound, and then dipping it into the white of a raw egg and laying it on to the wound some time before the saddle is put on. It will usually be found at the end of the day that the piece of kid has not moved, and therefore that the sore is little the worse.

It is dangerous to continue this for long, or to let the piece of kid stay on long, as we shall not then see any inflammation which may be set up, and the last state of the back may be far worse than the first.

One would think that leading one horse alongside another was a very simple thing, but it is surprising how awkwardly many people, who ought to know better, do it. Suppose the horse has a double bridle on, how should the bridoon rein be taken over to lead him? As follows:—

With the reins lying on the horse's neck, or held in the hand, the bridoon rein being uppermost, put the hand under the bit rein and get hold of the bridoon rein as shown in Fig. 2, Plate XVIII. (see p. 212).

PINK AND SCARLET

Then draw the bridoon rein back and pass it up *outside* the bit rein, over the horse's head, and it will fall clear of, and *inside*, the bit reins as shown in Fig 2, Plate IV. (see p. 35). Its end may then be put through the near side ring of the bridoon, or simply taken straight out from between the bit reins, as preferred; and, when the end of the bit rein has been placed under the pulled-up stirrups, the horse is ready for leading.

All that then has to be remembered, is, that civilians usually lead on the off side, and mounted troops on the near side, and that the led horse should always be kept on the side of the road away from vehicles and other horses. For this reason a man leading a horse on the off side reverses the ordinary rule of the road. This is all very well in the day time, but at night it is best to have the led horse on the near side, and observe the rule of the road.

Any attempt at playing the fool, etc., on the part of the led horse should be anticipated, and checked by "chucks under the chin" (*vide* p. 74).

The bridoon rein may also be taken over properly as follows:—With the reins lying on the horse's neck, the bridoon rein being the nearest to his head, lift the bit rein and pass it over, and just forward of, the bridoon rein. Then lift the bridoon rein, pass it over the bit rein and right over the horse's head. It will then fall clear inside the bit rein as shown in Fig. 2, Plate IV. (see page 35).

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

Some horses seem to have a rooted objection to being led, probably originated by rough handling, or bad leading, at some time or other. This objection can usually be overcome by firmness and kindness. Should this fail, a piece of rope, or string, used as shown in the picture facing page 86, will generally settle matters. This method of leading a horse is also useful in case we have no head collar or halter to hand.

The string is passed round the horse's neck, and a non-slipping knot (a bow-line is best) is made. The running part of the string is then put into the horse's mouth and passed back through the standing part on the neck, and hence it goes to the hand. I have never known this device fail to make a horse lead. It is also very useful for horses which will not stand still to be clipped, etc. ; and it is much more humane than a twitch.

Some three years ago I was inspecting the horses of an Indian Cavalry Regiment at Poona. I saw them "in hand"—*i.e.* led past me. Some four or five were ridden instead of being led. I asked why, and was told that they would not lead. After the inspection I asked to have the worst of these horses brought out. He came with a sowar on his back. I put on the piece of string as shown in the picture, told the man to drop his reins, gave the horse a few turns round and then he led wherever I wanted. I told the sowar to slip off his back, gave him the end of the string and told

PINK AND SCARLET

him to lead the horse to the lines. The horse went as quietly and meekly as if he had been used to being led all his life!

On p. 71 one precaution against being dragged is mentioned; another (and perhaps the best of the many patent safety inventions) is to have a stirrup with only one side. In this stirrup the outside is made extra strong, and the place of the inside is taken by a rubber ring which comes away at once if the foot is pressed against it. Most men put their feet against the outside of the iron only, and no inconvenience results from having only one side. Being dragged is the worst thing that can happen, and personal experience of being hung up in the stirrup, with the bridle in the hand it is true, but *pulled off the horse* in the act of falling, has induced me to use these stirrup-irons for hunting.

Two useful things to remember are, that, in going through a narrow gateway, or in jumping near a tree, we should put our legs *forward* in front of the saddle and not backwards behind it; and that when a fall is probable, especially at water, and when riding through a deep ford, we should take our feet out of the stirrups. Should there be any likelihood of the horse having to swim in the ford, we should also cross the stirrups over the saddle. It is scarcely necessary to explain the reasons for these precautions.

The word "precautions" reminds us that in the

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

hunting-field, as in war, every reasonable precaution should always be taken. Wire, stakes, bogs, holes, etc., should be looked out for in the one; just as counter-attacks, night attacks, surprises, etc., should be provided against in the other. Such precautions are not the outcome of "fussiness," or "funk"; as the young and hot-headed are apt to think, but are the necessary steps to ensure ultimate success. All this might perhaps be summed up by saying: "Be not a coward because you are afraid to be prudent!" It must not, however, be forgotten that there are times, both in the Image and in the Real, when all must be risked, and risked with the utmost dash and determination.

A very useful accomplishment, both for the soldier and the sportsman, is to be able just to tack on a horse-shoe, and both can find opportunities of attending a forge and learning to do so. To lose a shoe in the middle of a day's hunting is annoying enough in itself; but it is doubly so, after having with difficulty found a village forge, to be told that the smith is out, or gone away to dinner. It is then that he who can select a fairly fitting shoe and nail it on will score considerably. It is well to remember, however, that in a horse's foot there is very little room for the nail, and it is rash to venture to drive in one unless we are sure of our knowledge and ability.

Regarding the care of the horse on active service,

PINK AND SCARLET

the chief thing to remember is that we should do our utmost to make him, as well as our men, as *comfortable as possible* under all circumstances. Horses are very sensitive to discomfort (we have only to use our eyes on a wet day when passing a field in which are horses turned out to see this), the rain, mud, wind, and cold tell on their condition and spirits, just as wet clothes and muddy boots tell on the *moral* of the soldier. Therefore, when horses are picketed in the open, good blankets and waterproof sheets are a necessity, if condition is to be kept up; and every care should be taken to ensure that they are put on and taken off at the right times, and also that they *are kept* properly adjusted. A horse whose sheet and blanket have half blown off on a cold, wet night will lose more condition in a few hours than several days on unlimited oats will put on.

In standing camps some sort of screen should be put up, on both sides of the horse lines if possible, but at any rate on the side from which the prevailing wind comes.

If it is not possible to improvise shelters, the horses should be picketed on one side of the line only, with their backs to the prevailing wind, or, better still, be picketed without heel-ropes,¹ so that they can always turn their backs to the wind.

¹ Heel ropes are not usually used for South African horses, and they very soon cease to be required for most horses on active service.

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

In the Mounted Infantry Camp which remained on the slopes of Majuba Hill for some six months after the first Boer War, in 1881, turf walls were built on each side of the horse lines, and by degrees overhead shelter was improvised for most of the horses.

Horses exposed to weather undoubtedly require more food to keep up the same condition than those in the stable, and the greatest care should be taken to prevent waste ; not only in the issuing of the food, but also while the horses are eating it, and every bit of hay blown out of a horse's reach should be put back again by the line orderly. This little detail has been mentioned in order to draw attention to the fact that it will, *like all other things*, be done well, badly, or not done at all, according to the interest taken in it by the officers.

It is hardly necessary to say that, when on active service horses must be watched, and the hand run over their backs, legs, and feet more than ever. The look, character, disposition of each one when in health should be known by heart ; these are barometers whose changes should be noted with suspicion.

I repeat then, that the chief promoter of the horse's health, comfort, and hence his efficiency, is the constant presence of the officers in the horse lines.

Another axiom of the soldier on active service (and indeed at all times) should be, never to allow his men to sit on the horses when they can possibly be dismounted. If all men who hunted, and especially the heavy ones,

PINK AND SCARLET

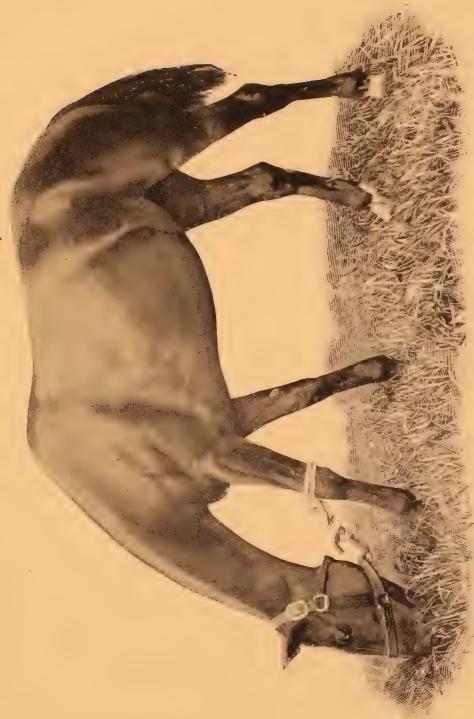
would remember this, it would indeed be a blessing for horses! On the march too, men should be dismounted and walk for two spells of ten minutes each, in every hour.

Thinking of horses in South Africa naturally brings up the subject of knee-haltering. When horses are turned out on the veldt to graze (and many South African horses get no other food) they are knee-haltered to prevent them from straying too far away, and to make them easy to catch. Knee-haltering is very simple and very efficacious. Plate XIX. shows the knee-halter. A clove hitch is made round the leg above the knee, allowing about a foot of rope between the horse's knee and his chin; two half-hitches are then made with the spare end, round the standing part of the rope, and the rest of the spare part is used up with additional half-hitches, or by being carried on to the head collar and secured there. None of the spare rope should be left loose, or hanging in loops, as the horse might put his other foot on, or into, it.

Horses take readily to the knee-halter,¹ and very soon regard it as a matter of course, and many of them are difficult, some impossible, to catch, however short the halter is made. The only thing to do with these is to hobble them; with some even this is not enough, and it is necessary to tie a hind foot to a fore one.

¹ The pony shown in Plate XIX. was a nervous animal, and had never had a knee halter on until five minutes before she was photographed.

PLATE XIX.



THE KNEE-HALTER.

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

Knee-haltering is unknown in England, and, the uninitiated suppose it to be cruel. It would be well if they could have seen the contented appearance of the pony shown in Plate XIX.

Knee-haltering, with its clove hitch, reminds me of another very useful hitch to the soldier and the sportsman, that is, the "diamond hitch." I saw this hitch described in *The Field* in 1895, cut the description out, learnt to make the hitch, and found it very useful on active service in Rhodesia in 1896. Through the kindness of the proprietors of *The Field* I am able to reproduce the description of this hitch as it appeared in the paper.

THE DIAMOND HITCH.

"SIR,—In R. C. D.'s interesting account in *The Field* of Dec. 1, of a 'Fishing Expedition in British Columbia,' in describing his pack outfit, he says—'I was initiated into the mysteries of the "diamond hitch"—an ingenious system of knots, by means of which baggage of all shapes and sizes is securely fastened to the most refractory of ponies. My previous experience in this line had been acquired, for the most part, during the campaign in Afghanistan, and I was much impressed on seeing how neatly and securely the load was tied by means of this knot, which is in use over all the Pacific slope; and, calling to mind the scenes I had sometimes witnessed, when camels careered wildly through

PINK AND SCARLET

camp, I thought that the accomplishment would be an exceedingly useful one to the British soldier.'

"Twenty years of frontier life and use of the said 'diamond hitch' enable me to thoroughly realize the above, and having frequently seen such allusions to it, I think that perhaps my present endeavour to explain it may be acceptable to some *Field* readers. Its greatest advantage is, that in the case of camp outfits, when blankets are a part of the pack, no pack-saddle is required; indeed, the pack is infinitely firmer, and the pack animal less liable to be given a sore back, without that forward shifting abomination which the pack-saddle is.

"In the diagrams, to make it clearer, I have made the horse disproportionately large, and only put in what I considered necessary to the explanation. Only the off side is shown, the man on the near doing the same on his side. To proceed—

"Take a thirty-foot picket rope, throw half on each side of the horse, the middle of the rope lying across the top of the pack; then let each man make a loop, putting his foot into it as a stirrup, as shown in Fig. 1. Then the man on one side takes his end of the rope (Fig. 1), and passing it first down through his stirrup-loop, puts it then under the horse's belly and through his companion's stirrup-loop on the other side (both meanwhile holding taut with one hand above). When he has pulled the slack of his part



EXCELLENT ADVICE (*vide* p. 74).

Dealer to Timmins (who is trying a hunter). "Pull 'is 'ed up, Sir! Pull 'is 'ed up, and jam the Spurs in, or 'e 'll down you!"

We are indebted to the proprietors of *Punch* for their kindness in allowing us to reproduce the above picture.

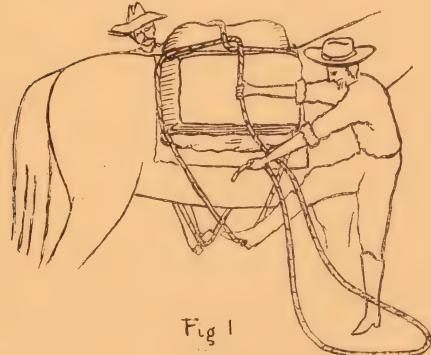


Fig 1

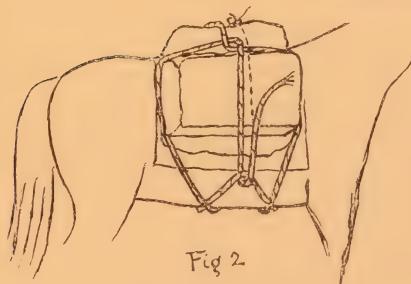


Fig 2

THE DIAMOND HITCH.

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

of the rope through (but not till then), he tells his companion to slip his foot out, and at the same time smartly hauls the caught-up stirrup-loop into its place under the horse's belly (as in Fig. 2). Then his companion in turn takes his end of the rope, and reaching under the horse's belly, puts it through the remaining stirrup-loop (which the first man has meanwhile kept his foot in) and hauls it similarly into place on the other side of the belly; then both on their respective sides give a good pull together, make everything taut (as in Fig. 2), and all that remains to be done is to tie the spare rope ends with a good double-reef knot (pulling tight again when making it) on the top of the pack. In Fig. 2 the final fastening knot on the top is only indicated by a dotted line, so as not to unnecessarily complicate the drawing.

“Now, with reference to what I said above about pack saddles. All the saddle that this tie requires is a large pad; therefore, if blankets are a part of the pack, they make the pad. First lay an old half blanket as a sweat-cloth on the horse's back (folded so as to cover about two and a half feet length of the back, and hanging down a little more than half-way down the ribs); then folding all the blankets and bedding to the same size, as much as possible, lay them on top of the sweat-cloth, evenly, one by one; on the top of that lay the canvas or waterproof sheeting, similarly folded; then sling flour and other

PINK AND SCARLET

provisions, in sacks, equally balanced on each side of back (by means of small rope ties connecting them and holding them in place); then put whatever other sack of dunnage there is still to go on, on top, in the middle between the two last; and then, over all, holding everything together, goes the 'diamond hitch.' And if this is carefully put on as regards balancing of weights, and made well taut in all its parts, it will 'stick' over the roughest mountain trails, and when you take your pack off at night you will find no sore back, as is so frequent with a pack-saddle.

"I have used the 'diamond' under all circumstances, having packed only 20 lbs. of blankets with it on a spare horse when going on a cattle round-up, or 200 lbs. of general camp outfit on a mule when crossing mountain trails where a wagon could not go. It is too well known by name in the Far West to require any testimonials, but one, I think, I may give it. Twelve years ago, when I settled the ranch on the Mexican frontier from which I write, smuggling was the occupation of the Mexicans in the frontier villages, and one day one of the 'boss' smugglers, who had done me some favours (*honi soit qui mal y pense*), camped with his mule train in the mountains at a place where I was 'nooning.' Well, Mexicans are conceded to be good packers, and especially the mountain smugglers, but they use a more complicated tie than the 'diamond,' so I taught it him. From that

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

day till smuggling was put an end to by an efficient force of frontier gendarmes, he used no other, and showed it to many of his *confrères*, the consequence being that to-day it is known in the neighbouring Mexican villages as the ‘*nudo contrabandista*.’

“As some months ago I saw in a San Francisco paper what I considered an unsuccessful attempt to explain it, I hope that my above attempt may be more explicit.

“ ALBERT H. LEITH.

“ *El Alamo, Chihuahua, Mexico*

“ Dec. 28, 1894.”

I wrote to Mr. Leith, asking some questions about the hitch, and when replying, he was kind enough to give the following useful hints regarding the making of an improvised pad or pack-saddle:—

“ Half fill two large sacks with grass or straw; place the upper empty parts overlapping each other, and then sew them together.”

I have three more “Regulations” to mention, and, though put down late, they are by no means the least important. One is the subscription to the Hounds we hunt with. Every man who can afford to hunt at all, can afford to give a subscription of some sort to the hounds, the exact amount being according to the depth of his pocket and the frequency of his hunting. Farmers, and covert-owners who preserve foxes well, are the sole exceptions. It is

PINK AND SCARLET

not easy to fix a regulation amount, though many Hunts now do so. £5 to £10 a horse, according to the number of days a week the pack hunts, may be taken as a rough guide for the man who hunts all the season through. The soldier, however, rarely does so with the same pack ; he may hunt with one or two packs near his station, go on leave to a better country for a time, and then perhaps go home, and so to a fourth country, for the rest of his leave.

£5 to £10 a horse to three or four different packs for a month, or a few weeks' hunting with each, will work out to more than the majority of soldiers can afford ; but luckily most countries are good to soldiers, and do not expect from them the same amount as they do from those who hunt with their hounds all the season through.

There are a few Hunts, however, which are not so considerate, chiefly because they are bound, in self-defence, to do all they can to reduce the size of their fields. I sympathize with the Committees and the Secretaries of these most sincerely, but I hope that they may see, at any rate, the title of these pages ; and that, having pondered over it, they may decide, not only that the case of the soldier who only hunts with them for a few weeks is an exceptional one, but also that it is good to encourage the defenders of their grand pastures to hunt !

I would caution the young sportsman not to talk

MISCELLANEOUS REGULATIONS

about hunting for effect. Instead be natural always. Should you have jumped an extra big fence, or have “pounded” the Field, during the day; do not talk about it at dinner, but remember the proverb, “Let another praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger and not thine own lips.”

The last “Regulation” is that, whether dressed in the scarlet of war or the pink of the chase, we must never be mean.

The scarlet coat is popular with all classes, and with our voluntary army it is most important to keep it so: besides, it is His Majesty’s Livery.

The pink coat is equally popular. The farmers, as a rule, would rather have six men in pink over their land than one in mufti: the country people, men, women, and children, all flock to see it: the railway people, the innkeepers, the ostlers, etc., etc., all run to serve it: and all money which comes out of its pockets does something for the good of “the cause.” Especially is this the case when a shilling for holding a horse, or a sixpence for opening a gate, etc., is given with a smile and some cheery words like: “Drink the health of the fox to-night!”

CHAPTER XVII

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

“The order of march, and the due regulation
That guides us in warfare, we need in the chase ;
Huntsman and whip, each his own proper station,
Horse, hound, and fox, each his own proper place.”

WARBURTON.

JUST as a pack of hounds requires whips—the first whip generally preceding the pack, and the second one following it—and as troops marching in an enemy’s country require advanced, flank, and rear guards ; so are writings of this description the better for an opening statement of the case (for which Chapter I. must do duty), and a winding-up, or conclusion, to which it is now proposed to devote this seventeenth chapter.

Repetition is tiresome, but it is sometimes permissible for the sake of emphasis, and if I now repeat, either directly or indirectly, what I have already said, it will be for this reason.

Looking back over the run, that is now nearly finished, the first thing that strikes me (as is often the case after a run), is how much better I might have ridden (*i.e.* written) it ; and how very much better I might have got over the fences (*i.e.* brought out the various points and questions considered). However, we

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

can never ride the same line over again, so we can only regret the mistakes made, and try to avoid them in the future.

It may be well to briefly scan the ground covered—to sum up the evidence, in fact.

Chapter I. proves that we have a just cause for undertaking a campaign with the Image. This is important, for history shows that troops who did not believe in the justice of their cause have seldom fought well.

Chapter II. deals with “clothing”—this, as has been shown, is important to the sportsman as it is to the soldier; comfort and suitability come first, but appearance, because of the moral effect it cannot but have, runs a very good second.

“Equipment” follows dress as naturally as Chapter III., in which we find it mentioned, follows Chapter II. As has been said, it must be, both for the Image and the Real, like clothing, suitable, comfortable, good, well fitted, and well put on.

Chapter IV. gives us “Interior Economy and Supply.” The importance of seeing to the comfort, and to the proper and economical feeding of man and horse cannot be exaggerated, and need not be enlarged upon.

“Transport,” Chapter V., also needs little comment; without it the operations of the Real must be as limited as those of the Image would be without a horse. The necessity, in both cases, of getting the right sort of

PINK AND SCARLET

transport for the country in which the operations are to be conducted, is obvious.

In Chapter VI. we have “Field Training,” the object of which is to prepare Diana’s recruit for the chase, in the same way as squadron and company training prepare his men for battle.

Chapter VII. treats of “Intelligence,” the word being used in the military sense. Without proper intelligence, we should enter on a campaign, both with the Image and the Real, like blind men. How the intelligence required in the one campaign dovetails into that required in the other is shown in this Chapter.

With Chapters VIII. and IX., which tell us of “The March to the Rendezvous,” we begin to get really important and convincing evidence ; this is continued in Chapter X., which is entitled “The Rendezvous” ; is backed up by Chapter XI., which deals with “Getting into Position for the Attack” ; and is clinched by the evidence of Chapters XII. and XIII., which tell us of “The Battle.”

“The Miscellaneous Regulations” dealt with in Chapter XVI. prove nothing, unless they be admitted as the evidence of an accessory after the fact.

We have come to the most difficult part of a hunt, the killing of a sinking fox. It is then that he makes most use of his cunning, and begins to run short ; up this hedge row, and down that one, etc., etc. ; instead of boldly trying to make his point, as he did when fresh.

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

It is then that the hounds, eager for blood, and jealous of each other, are more than ever apt to overrun the line. It is then that the Field, with their blood roused by the excitement of the run—and, also like the hounds, jealous of each other!—will be more than ever likely to override the pack. Thus it is then that a very small accident, or mistake, may prevent the chase being brought to a successful conclusion.

It is exactly the same with the battle. When the cheering, exhausted, and by that time deaf (from the noise of the firing), leading troops dash into the enemy's trenches, disordered, and intoxicated with the exuberance of victory, is the moment that a vigorous counter-attack, made by formed troops, may drive the attackers pell mell out of the position they have so gallantly won.

Both in the Image and the Real the preventing of the prize, so nearly within the grasp, and so well deserved, from being snatched away at the last minute rests with him who is at the head of affairs.

In the battle the Commander must remember the necessity, taught by experience, or inculcated by the study of the successes or mistakes of others, of giving his assaulting columns the close support of well-in-hand reserves. In the chase the Huntsman must bring all his experience and imagination, on the “What would you do if you were the fox?” principle, to the help of his hounds.

PINK AND SCARLET

I feel that I, nearly at the end of my run, am in a similar position to the Commander in the Real, and the Huntsman in the Image. At the commencement of the run, when the fox was going straight to his point and the scent (represented by my enthusiasm) was breast high, all was easy, and only riding was required. With the fox sinking and running short, it is very different, and to kill him handsomely requires care and thought.

I claim in Chapter I. that hunting naturally, even without thought, imparts to a young man the qualities required in a soldier ; and I further claim that, if thought of and connected with soldiering in the way I indicate in subsequent chapters, it can be made the very best of instructors in the profession of arms.

From the evidence produced in this book, and summed up in the first two pages of this chapter, it must be admitted that I have at any rate proved that hunting can take up the fighting education of the young officer just where the barrack square and the drill field can go no further. Moreover, if taken and made use of in the right way, it can continue to educate him in a way that nothing else, except actual experience of active service, or work under conditions very nearly akin to those of active service, can possibly do.

Shooting, especially deer-stalking, with its accompanying necessity for the observation of ground and of nature, is good ; and the same may be said of

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

fishng, because of the experience gained of river and stream. Mountaineering teaches use of ground, and that the most difficult ground. Yachting familiarizes us with water, and all officers should know how to sail a boat, and be able to swim. Polo will give a firm, independent seat in the saddle, and teach us to ride without thinking every minute of what our mount is going to do; and this is good, because no mounted officer can do his work properly if his attention is occupied with, and his nerves concerned about, his horse. Cricket, football, and all outdoor games and pastimes that are

“Worth a rap for rational man to play,”

that is, which, to play successfully, require nerve, decision, endurance, unselfishness, combination and the keeping of the temper, cannot but be good.

The teaching, however, which any one, or all, of these can impart to the soldier, is but limited, compared with that given by hunting; more especially in that all-important desideratum in war—*the intelligent use of ground*.

Quick grasp of the right use of ground, with a view either to save your men from unnecessary work or losses, and to the defeating of the enemy, means the possession of *fighting intelligence*; that is, the same sort of second-nature intelligence on the battle-field as that which prompts a cricketer to play forward

PINK AND SCARLET

or back according to the pitch of the ball, and a football-player to "pass" when he sees that he cannot take the ball on himself. The importance of this sort of intelligence, if the game is to be won, is well known to every school-boy.

Those who have not played a game seldom understand it well. This is why non-sporting civilians and soldiers of all degrees, do not and cannot understand the value of sport to the young soldier. It is the atmosphere created by such individuals that often drives the young sportsman out of the army; if, indeed, it does not prevent his entering it! Thus we lose, or we do not get, the very officers who are naturally the best suited to lead men with the characteristics of the British soldier, and more especially those with the temperament of the rank and file of the Indian army.

My experience of all good fighting natives, and especially of the Natives of India, is that they love *shikar*, and that they reverence a good horseman. Indeed, a man who does not ride is often not considered a *sahib* at all!

This reminds me, with a shock, that there are not wanting indications that there is less hunting in the army generally than there was a few years ago; what the exact reasons are, it is difficult to say. There is more work, of course, but this is right, for soldiering is now regarded as a profession; besides, more work need not necessarily mean less play. There

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

are many more Courses, etc., to take officers away from their regiments, which makes leave harder to get and somewhat uncertain when got. Some Commanding Officers are bad about hunting leave, and will not be good about soldier grooms. This, I consider, proves them absolutely unfitted to command, for presumably they do not even know what are the essential characteristics for the making of a fighting officer.

Lastly, and I am afraid chiefly, the reason of the decline of hunting in the army seems to be that we are beginning to get into it as officers a different class of man.

I have lately spoken to several Commanding Officers, of both British and Indian regiments regarding this, and all have answered to the same effect: "Yes, it is so; why, many boys join now-a-days who cannot even play hockey with the men!"

That men of this class are not fitted to lead soldiers, and especially Indian soldiers, is obvious to every real soldier. The matter becomes all the more serious when it is remembered that the rank and file of the army have improved, as regards status, character, education, manners, and general behaviour, very much of late years.

The author of *With the Ambulance in the Franco-German War*, Dr. Ryan, says that, in his opinion, one of the reasons of the failure of the French Army in

PINK AND SCARLET

1870 was, "want of physical training of the officers," and he adds also, "want of courage." The latter is a failing not usually found in French Officers ; it is, however, one of the natural results of the former.

Man is by nature an active animal, and at his best when the powers of activity given him are in full swing and fully and *healthily* occupied. When this is not the case he declines mentally and physically.

Hunting will not only occupy all his own powers most healthfully, but it will at the same time teach him a great deal about the physical powers of other men and of horses. It will inure him to fatigue, to dangers, and to difficulties ; will accustom him to face cheerfully long hours without food, long rides on wet and cold days and nights ; and will teach him to find his way in a strange country both by day and by night ; while it need hardly be said that without a due quota of physical courage, and of nerve, no man will really relish riding to hounds. And is not a bold heart the most important weapon of a soldier ?

If hunting and riding in our army is on the decline, it is on the increase—that is, the official increase—in other European armies, notably that of Germany, where the officers in some stations hunt "by order," and the hounds are kept by the State !

Again, I see the following in a newspaper :—

"The Kaiser has decided to introduce fox-hunting into his domains and has commissioned Frank Bartlett,

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

huntsman of Earl Fitzwilliam's Grove hounds, to form a pack.

“ Bartlett has now done this, and the hounds leave the Barnby Moors kennels to-morrow for Hull *en route* for Potsdam.

“ The Kaiser's second son, Prince Eitel Friedrich, will undertake the duties of M.F.H. The country round Potsdam is for the most part broken and well wooded, and runs should be extremely sporting.”

Surely this following of our glorious and unequalled chase is the sincerest of flattery?

Does it not prove also that the German Emperor—far-seeing and practical man as he is—recognizes that the modern officer must be a thoroughly good all-round man, and does not forget that, though brains, combined with drill, manœuvres, and study, may take him half-way round, it requires the characteristics which hunting can impart to him to complete the circle?

We have seen (vide page 9) how Russia specially selects the officers to train her scouts, because they are hunting men. We know how France has lately so much developed Sport in her sons that they can make us play our best at all games, even at such an essentially British one as Rugby football; while her officers come to Olympia and beat us at the show-jumping of horses. The Italians and Belgians do likewise, and the Americans and Swedes compete, and often successfully, with our athletes!

PINK AND SCARLET

The result of all this is that we ask for public subscriptions to help our athletes to hold their own in that at which they used once to reign supreme !!

Have others improved, or have we so much deteriorated ? Be this as it may, unless we wish our officers to lose those characteristics which have so distinguished them in the past, and unless we wish them to develop the failings attributed by Dr. Ryan to the French officers of 1870 ; let us insist that they hunt all they possibly can, without interfering with professional work.

“ We have one incalculable advantage which no other nation possesses, in that our Officers are able to hunt, and than which, *combined with study*, there is, during peace, no better practice for acquiring the gift which Kellermann naturally possessed.”

I commenced this book with these words of Sir Evelyn Wood’s, and I repeat them here (putting three words into italics), because I fear that too many young soldiers forget to combine with their sport the study necessary to make them soldiers in every sense of the word.

When a soldier-sportsman, comparatively high up in the army, has failed to maintain his early promise, either as a leader, or as a commander, those who do not understand sport and its value to the soldier, are apt to say, “ Ah !—what about your sportsman now ? ”

The answer I have generally been able to give is somewhat as follows :—

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

“ He did not study, or think about, his profession enough. His sportsman’s instinct made him naturally a dashing leader of a squadron or company, but it requires more than that to be a good commander in modern war.”

A variation of the answer has been : “ Well, you see, that was his first time in actual command of a force of any size ; he had no experience, and he had not studied, so as to learn from the successes or the mistakes of others. Thus, to ask him to command a comparatively large force was like suddenly asking a man who was merely a dashing rider to hunt hounds, and then expecting him to kill his fox on a bad scenting day ! ”

Bismarck said—“ Fools say that you can only gain experience at your own expense, but I have always contrived to gain my experience at the expense of others.” It is given to but few men of a century to be Bismarcks, and to fewer still the opportunities to prove themselves such. We can all, however, follow the advice of Napoleon, and “ read and re-read ” about the doings and mistakes of others in war.

Thus we can gain experience at the expense of others in a degree corresponding to our own ability, and to the extent of our studies. It is also according to our own ability, and the bent of our minds, that we can apply (in the way indicated in Chapters VIII. to XIII.) the problems and incidents of which we read, to the

PINK AND SCARLET

actual ground that we come across when in pursuit of the Image.

While thinking of the study of the Real, let us remember that Napoleon, Wellington, and all the great masters of the Art of War were also serious readers and students of Military History. The constant and intelligent study of Military History should enable us to decide for ourselves many points that our textbooks cannot lay down. The clergy, doctors, lawyers, etc., all have certain hard and fast rules, laid down in black and white ; and, if they follow these, they cannot go very far wrong. With soldiers, except in mere drill and routine matters, it is very different, and our textbooks are merely like a finger post, pointing across a trackless moor which is, moreover, enveloped in fog ! We know the direction, but we have to *find* the actual way, and all we have to guide us, and keep us out of pitfalls, are the maxims of the great captains, which are like notice boards with "Bog" written on them, scattered about the moor ! Again, with most professions ordinary routine provides the necessary experience ; with us it is quite different, because two of the principal factors are absent—the bullet and the shell, and the effect their presence will have upon men.

Surely its very difficulty, and, from this difficulty, the fact that it is he who makes the fewest mistakes is the best soldier, adds an additional charm to *our* profession, and the study of it !

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

It is good indeed that the old-fashioned prejudice against the Staff College has died out. This is due, not only to the changing of the times, but in a great degree also to the fact that Commandants of the College, like Generals Hamley and Hildyard, have encouraged the presence and the tastes of the practical soldier and sportsman student, as apart from the mere (anyhow by reputation) book-worm of days gone by, who was to the old-fashioned Commanding Officer like a red rag to a bull !

“I look upon the drag-hounds as one of the most important institutions at the College.” So said General Hildyard.

Let us consider why he said this.

Because the *raison d'être* of the Staff College is to turn out Staff Officers for *active service*. Many, too many, officers arrive there, never having ridden over a fence, and some not even over rough ground. The drag teaches them to do both !

I most sincerely hope that there may never be a Commandant of the College who thinks differently to Sir Henry Hildyard.

In using the words I have quoted, Sir Evelyn Wood was writing of Cavalry. Oliver Cromwell, himself one of the best cavalry leaders that ever sat in a saddle, said : “A leader of horse is the rarest of men, because of the exact balance between impetuosity and prudence that he requires.” Possibly Cromwell was contrasting

PINK AND SCARLET

his own well-balanced mind with the mad rashness of the dashing Prince Rupert? I am inclined to think that he also had in his mind the fact that it is rarely that cavalry, who have charged home, and then pursued their enemy, can be rallied and reformed in time to make a second stroke in the same battle. Therefore prudence and circumspection are required to seize the exact right moment for their action, which should then be carried out with the utmost dash.

Nothing can inculcate the qualities required to make this "rarest of men" like riding to hounds. Without prudence and discretion a man will be, as Whyte-Melville says, "down, and under his horse, at the first fence." Without impetuosity and valour, he will never charge an unusually forbidding looking obstacle—or if he does so his horse will refuse!—and so he will probably never get to the end of a good run, and certainly will never see one *well*.

I read in our *Field Service Regulations*, Part I., para. 148, which refers to Bush Fighting, the following:—"It is by the study of the many variations of bush warfare in the different parts of the world that British officers, *who are by nature endowed with jungle instincts*¹ beyond other European races, can ensure success. The chief weapons must be common sense, energy, self-reliance, and readiness to assume any and every rôle which the conditions of this service present."

¹ The italics are mine.

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

Now, whence come these “jungle instincts”?

The answer is, “Just from sport.”

Again, whence come these “chief weapons”?

They certainly do not come from the barrack square, the drill field, or even the manœuvre ground.

The answer, therefore, again is, “Just from sport”!

Uniformity, which is necessary to some extent in an army, is apt to beat down well-grown heads, rather than bring on the poorer ones. In the hunting-field all men are equal, and each one has ample scope for individual action. It is here then that the well-grown and ambitious heads can top the poorer ones, without let or hindrance, and learn that *self-reliance and decision of action* which the want of scope, consequent on their subordinate positions, prevents them from doing in the ordinary routine of work, and without which they can be of little use as officers.

In contra-distinction to the uniformity sought after in an army, it has always been Britain’s policy to give full scope to individuals; hence we have buoyancy as a national characteristic. Buoyancy is an essentially necessary quality for a commander; it is essential also for the subordinate leaders, and it is equally essential for the rank and file, because it engenders two important characteristics for troops—flexibility and adaptability to circumstances. Hunting can develop buoyancy to the fullest extent.

PINK AND SCARLET

Mr. Jorrocks said : “ Tell me a man is a fox-hunter and I loves him at once.” I have the same sentiments, but I go further and say : “ Tell me that a boy rides to hounds with courage and discretion, and I *know* that he is a half-made soldier.” I have never known a young officer, who was a good sportsman, who failed to take to active-service soldiering like a duck to water.

What is the reason ? Peter Beckford tells us in his *Thoughts on Hunting*. On page 96 I read : “ Fox Hunting is a kind of warfare ; its uncertainties, its fatigues, its difficulties, and its dangers rendering it interesting above all diversions.” Again, on page 3, I find it stated that a huntsman should have “a clear head, nice observation, quick apprehension, undaunted courage, strength of constitution, activity of body, a good ear, and a good voice.”

In one nutshell Beckford, who was not thinking of soldiering, shows how hunting is indeed the Image of War, and in another how he who would hunt successfully must have the qualities necessary for the officer !¹

Men’s heads, like those of horses, should improve with the experience of age, but alas ! like the horses’ legs, their nerves usually begin to show signs of wear all too soon. It is then that, again like the horse,

¹ I quote from the new edition of *Thoughts on Hunting*, published by Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton and which has some excellent coloured pictures by Mr. G. D. Armour.

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

they begin to lose "dash," simply because they "know too much." Therefore, let the soldier do his utmost to get his experience, both in the Image and the Real, while (at any rate comparatively) young.

Experience, especially perhaps of the taking of responsibility, gained while young will, more than anything, prepare the tree to grow good fruit when it is matured; it will also prepare a man, more than anything else, to emulate Napoleon and Wellington.

Now, many young soldiers are not—and more's the pity—too well blessed with this world's goods, and it is not, therefore, so easy for them to get the necessary hunting experience. One way to meet this difficulty, and a very excellent way, is to have a Regimental Hunting Club, on the same lines that many regiments have their Polo Clubs, but at a much smaller cost. A few oldish hunters, bought *judiciously*, on the rejection for bad points principle, will not cost very much, and, as Sir Frederick Fitzwygram says—"they may be plain, but they will be useful." From the back of a really useful horse a man can see sport; and, if he is good himself, he may be able to "show the way," in any country.

With proper management it is possible to let these horses out to members of the club for a day's hunting at a comparatively low rate.

If it is not worth any Commanding Officer's

PINK AND SCARLET

while to organize and encourage this sort of Club in a Regiment, then there is not a single true word in the whole of these pages!

Almost at the moment of writing this I read the following in a daily paper :

“ CAPTAIN OATES, SPORTSMAN

“ Above the signature ‘ Miles,’ a writer in the *Eton College Chronicle* pays a tribute to the sportsmanship of Captain Oates, who went out into the blizzard and never returned. ‘ Captain Oates,’ he states, ‘ was one of the hardest riders to hounds that I ever met, and was so devoted to the sport that he took out to India at his own expense a pack of hounds, which under his mastership soon established a great reputation. He trained and raced his own horses when in Ireland, and was successful in winning the Grand Military at Punchestown, in addition to many other races.

“ ‘ He was a fine shot with gun, rifle, and revolver, but this he inherited from his father and uncle, who were both noted sportsmen and big-game shots. He was also a bold and skilful sailor, and was never happier than when cruising about in his small yacht, and once at least he saved life at sea at the risk of his own.’ ”

This of the hero who walked out to his death in the South Pole ice, to rid his comrades of the ill-fated Scott expedition, of the impediment that his frost bitten feet had caused him to become to them!

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

This fine all-round sportsman was a cavalry soldier, and, had he lived, he would undoubtedly have made his mark with that arm, which, as I have said on page 165, now requires the very best officers in the army. But, by giving his life to save those of his comrades—for the cause, in fact—he has made a mark in the annals of British heroism that will never be obliterated.

What "Miles" writes of Captain Oates is exactly my idea of the kind of sportsman that a soldier should be. Such an one, endowed with the "grit" that Oates possessed, and willing to seriously study his profession is the *beau ideal* of an officer.

In my preface I say that it was enthusiasm, for soldiering, and for the chase, that caused me, some fourteen or fifteen years ago, to first put my ideas for PINK AND SCARLET on paper, in a rough-and-ready way. Now that I am about to kill my fox I say that it was my conviction—*honest solid conviction*—that a man who rides well to hounds is a half-made soldier that caused me to do so. I further say now, in this more complete book, that over forty years of experience of hunting (in which I have personally hunted eight different packs of hounds) and thirty-five years' service in the army (during which I have been lucky enough to see five campaigns, all of which have been with the Mounted Infantry) make me *certain* that hunting can be made the very best of instructors for soldiering.

I fear that, in striving to kill my fox handsomely,

PINK AND SCARLET

I have laid myself open to two charges. Firstly that I continually quote others, and secondly that, in bringing in personal details I am egotistical? I have not quoted others because I have any want of faith in the truth of my own assertions, but because Military Law lays it down that, to satisfactorily prove a case, it is desirable to have the evidence of at least two credible witnesses! As regards the possible second charge, I would say that I have only mentioned the extent of my own hunting and soldiering in order that my readers might know from what amount of experience I have formed my conclusions.

Whether the charges I have referred to are formulated or not, I shall not mind in the least, if anything I have written contributes, in the smallest degree, towards causing the young soldier to be described thus :

“ As he sits in the saddle, a baby could tell
He can hustle a sticker, a flyer can spare ;
He has science, and nerve, and decision as well,
He knows where he’s going and means to be there.
The first day I saw him they said at the meet,
‘ That’s a rum one to follow, a bad one to beat.’ ”

“ Science ! ” “ nerve ! ” “ decision ! ” “ knows where he’s going and means to be there ! ” “ rum to follow ! ” and “ bad to beat ! ” Surely this one verse of Whyte-Melville’s supports most forcibly, my assertion that the chief characteristics required by those who campaign

GENERAL LESSONS OF THE CAMPAIGN

in the pink coat of the chase are identical with the characteristics required by those who wear the scarlet coat of war; and that the wearers of both coats must be—

“ Resolute men, who, pushing into the fray, acquire that enthusiasm which compels victory.”

So I see—“ Hunting as a school for Soldiering.”

QUOD ERAT DEMONSTRANDUM.

APPENDIX I

THE SPIRIT OF SPORT

IN the spring of the year in the county I love,¹
No soft whisp'ring zephyr has licence to rove ;
'Tis on dust and destruction the breeze seems intent—
Destruction of flowers, and destruction of scent.
Yet the Spirit of Spring is awake and aglow,
And a-rollicking soon with her children she'll go,
Till the Spirit of Sport to his slumber is laid,
Spring's herald his death-knell, Spring's sunshine his shade.

Yet, ere to the pasture the hunter be gone,
Or e'en to another our favourite belong ;
Ere the music of hounds for a season is lost,
And the dog-roses bloom in the fences we crossed ;
Ere our " Do you remember at Bramford, the day
When the Muckinger fox ran to Chelworth, away ?
And his fellow at Barking—the spins that we had,
With the country so deep, and the going so bad ?
And the Hintlesham meet !"—but I wander astray
From the Spirit of Sport. I intended to say,
Ere remembrances sweet, as those noted o'erhead,
Are but spins of the past in a season that's sped ;
And, wandering afar from the sports of the field,
We bask in the pleasures that summer shall yield.
A question I venture—with meaning 'tis fraught—
In whom, and in what lies the Spirit of Sport ?

¹ East Anglia.

APPENDIX I

Fair maid at the fixture ! methinks that with thee,
By general election might rest the decree ;
So brightly thy glances survey the gay scene,
There rides not around thee a critic more keen ;
And the meed of thy praises we fully endorse
On coat and on habit, on rider and horse.
Yet a word in thy ear—'tis an adage oft told—
All glittering most bravely e'en here is not gold.
And if by naught else save the glitter you're caught,
You may scorn in its strongholds the Spirit of Sport.
For it lies not in Busvine alone, nor in Kidd ;
Oh ! ill with " war's image " 'twould fare if it did ;
It holds not sweet converse with swagger or brag,
Nor the set of a coat, nor the shape of a nag ;
It lurks not, I'll swear, in one feeling of pride,
And glance supercilious on friend at your side,
Though the man at your flank not a grace may adorn,
Though his mount barely thrive on his hardly earned corn,
Though poorly conditioned and rough be that steed,
Ill-fitted his tackle, inferior his breed.
" You may laugh till I win ; you may scorn me, in short,
Here I'll take a leg up," cries the Spirit of Sport ;
And it lies not, we know, in the popping of corks,
The clatter of knives, and the clatter of forks ;
And halls, the ancestral, may woo it in vain
With the vintage of France and the vintage of Spain ;
There viands most costly and rich may abound—
'Tis deep in the woodlands Sport's spirit is " found " ;
And the humblest with " Dives " in state may compete,
To give us its welcome more true and most sweet.
Oh ! standing in silence, we wait for its note,
And the welcome we crave through the coppice shall float ;
But patience ! I plead, till bold Reynard shall burst,
And anon in the scurry, " Decision " rides first.

THE SPIRIT OF SPORT

Is the Spirit of Sport then embodied, you ask,
In Fitzbrag, as he fiddles the screw of his flask ?
And jags at the mouth of that finely groomed bay,
Whose instinct has told him that hounds are away.
Too game is the heart of that very game nag
To be patient while " heart " trickles down into Brag.
Why, Hodge you ne'er thanked, Brag, for swinging that gate—
Hodge, who notes such omissions along with his mate ;
Aye, Hodge, who plods breathless behind for a view
Is a far finer cut of sportsman than you.
With the hounds in his heart, and he'll see them to-day,
Though he loses his dinner, he forfeits his pay ;
Though he rend his one coat, and he bruise every limb,
For the Spirit of Sport running rampant in him.

See the fair lady rider who graces the field,
Nor her place in the burst to the foremost will yield ;
Who gave us a lead as they skimmed o'er the vale,
Who picked us our place in the bank, ditch, and rail,
Is the Spirit of Sport not astir in her flush,
And her bright kindling eye with her fairly won brush ?
No ! She carries it not if her glory she find,
In the flutter of " habits " left toiling behind.
It rests not with her if she pin not her eye
On hounds, and hounds only, while " for'ard's " the cry ;
But glances to heel, and around her to note
How many must sink where her flyer can float.
Nor the sportswoman true, she, who gives not a thought
To those who may suffer and toil for that sport ;
To the farmer she jostled and passed in the race,
And in his own wheatfield bespattered his face.
To the man whose one cover with foxes is stored,
Though he hold a " hot corner " as dear as " my lord " ;

APPENDIX I

If she have not a care unto friends true as these
Who may work for their bread while she lolls at her ease.
She may ride where she dares, admiration to gain,
But the Spirit of Sport shall her spirit disdain.
Some men you may meet, too, so greedy for pace,
So greedy for notice, so greedy for place ;
So keen for the scurry, so wild for the spin,
Where the weakest shall faint, and the strongest shall win—
That a run is but prized for the fences they span,
The glory accruing to horse and to man.
And the music of hounds—(to a sportsman most dear)
The bell which proclaims that their racecourse is clear—
From holloa to holloa shall foxhounds be clapped,
O'er the steeplechase line their ambition has mapped ?
'Tis the show ring, young Brown-boots, yields all that you need,
To the show ring begone with your high-mettled steed !
But he takes not the hint, and, disdainful his eye,
At a check will be cast on the puzzle hard by.
Yet, look, Rambler feathers ! see Bellman's delight !
And they have it for money ! he's on to the right !
Oh ! moment supreme ! hounds their chorus renew,
And 'tis catch them who can, ye false lovers and true.
Now, note we the sportsman, more true to its cause,
As silently on through his horses he draws ;
He heeds not the field with its jealousies rife,
With the hounds flies his heart, in their music his life.
But his eye flashes fire as the open they skim,
And the Spirit of Sport gains the open in him !
Of the fences he flies, 'tis the Muse's belief
He can take not a note till one brings him to grief ;
Though he gives his shrewd hunter the office to rise,
Ere he lands, back to hounds will be speeding his eyes ;
Yet ready to help him where going is rough
And ready to check him when pleading " enough,"

THE SPIRIT OF SPORT

Though hopelessly left in a moment behind—
See ! he pats the drooped head that he turns to the wind.

Oh ! when whip and spur to the sinking are plied,
And gamely responding the hunter has died,
Does the Spirit of Sport in his rider draw breath ?
No ! the Spirit of Sport he has stiffened in death.
How thrives it in those, then, who suffered a fox,
All stiffened and desperate, to break from a box
In a country unknown, not a point to descry,
And doomed in the maw of the harrier to die,
As sportsmen denounce them unworthy the name,
Accurs'd in its spirit, again and again.
But foxhounds are running, and let us hie back,
To cast in our fortunes once more with the pack.
'Tis a race for the swift ! scarcely counting a score,
As on o'er the valley and headland they bore ;
For the scent lies breast high, and our fox loses ground ;
But see, yonder slope with his refuge is crowned.
Dead beaten he nears it ! the furies pursue,
And fairly they've raced him from scent into view.
Pass the fleet to the front, every muscle they strain,
Scarce a field intervenes ! sure the cover he'll gain !
But on wings of the wind the red rover must fly,
Or honoured the death that the dauntless shall die !
They near him ! they round him ! " that last turn was short!"
And in Beckford's "Woo Whoop !" rings the Spirit of Sport.

All honour to those who can live through a run,
And the brush to his hand who rode second to none !
But honour no less to the man who can say—
" Ah ! mine was the fox gave the spin of to-day ! "
No boaster, perchance of his lead in the burst,
No strainer to slake in our praises his thirst.

APPENDIX I

With heart to sport's standard sincere as a child,
His covers lie open, his foxes are wild.
Oh ! drink we his health in a beaker to-night !
Drink, too, unto many now passed out of sight ;
Oh ! toast *them* with honour I plead for his sake
Whom "hard times" are striving their utmost to break ;
He parts with his hunter, his luxuries small—
Yet piteous the struggle, he goes to the wall !
Still the Spirit of Sport in his heart is alive,
A litter of cubs on his henroost may thrive ;
You may cut up his layer, hounds kill in his wheat,
He's amongst them again, and his joy is complete !
Mid a field of three hundred, oh ! give me that man ;
And match him to me as a sportsman who can !
May its Spirit most true reigning high in his breast,
Lend him strength thro' life's gallop its woes to contest.
May the better days dawn when those trials are o'er,
May we welcome him back in the pigskin once more,
With health, heart, and nerve to enjoy to life's end,
That sport which through fair days and foul, he'll befriend
In a bumper, all sportsmen, come fill to the brim !
And learn, some amongst you, a lesson from him.
The vulpecide knave you'll denounce, will you not,
If low be his station and humble his lot ?
But when 'tis Sir Kill Fox your venom shall feel,
How haps it that venom goes slinking to heel.
" Why, I dined at his house scarce a fortnight ago,
At his hottest *Battue* I'm invited to show ;
And I can't *with convenience*, the rumpus effect."
Go up little boy, for your answer correct !
And the moral ?—" Though foxes rank high in my grace,
" To *self-preservation* shall foxes give place."

Brother sportsmen in pink, brother sportsmen in black—

THE SPIRIT OF SPORT

Or in *mufti* appearing, on hunter or hack ;
On foot, or on wheels, or in circumstance sore,
Ye who join the glad throng at the fixture no more !
Be ye rich, be ye poor, be ye young, be ye old,
Who unstained the high name of a sportsman would hold,
Let us keep in our hearts the true spirit awake,
To loyally love sport, for sport's own true sake,
To let not self-love o'er our *hound-love* prevail ;
Nor spite, nor vain glory our honour assail.
Oh ! “ Since one fox on foot, more diversion shall bring
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing.”
Since every red rover the magic can bear,
To wrest from a brother the canker of care ;
Let us cherish him well in the heart of our land,
The best gift to sportsman the world can command !
And hunting him fairly, 'twill thrive as it ought,
In Essex and Suffolk, The Spirit of Sport !

“ WINIFRED.”

AUTHOR'S NOTE.—“ Winifred,” the name of her favourite hunter, was the *nom-de-plume* of my sister, the late Miss Kathleen Emma Alderson.

APPENDIX II

NOTES FOR GALLOPERS.

1. You must have maps and Army Book 153, with red and blue pencils, envelopes, and paper fasteners.
2. If you are detailed to keep the messages received, you should note on each, in red pencil, the time it is received. The first message should be numbered (i) and put on the paper fastener, the second numbered (ii), and so on.
3. You must have a field glass, a compass, and a watch, and you should occasionally set your map with one of the two latter ; you then know the north and south, etc.
4. You should have a map in your pocket, folded so as to show the ground you are actually on ; you should study it well and compare it with the ground on every opportunity. Then, when told to take an order, you can start off at once and go the best way.
5. Note all the time, while you are riding quietly behind your Brigadier, how the map shows bridle paths, etc.
6. Keep looking at the country all the time and think, "Which is my best way if I am sent to so and so ?" Also study the roads on the map, so that you can answer your Brigadier at once if he asks, "Which way now ?"
7. Remember that an order must be delivered, whatever the obstacles in the way. For instance, should you be stopped by an unridable bog, and you see that to go round will mean considerable delay in delivering the order you are taking, you must leave your horse, either held by some one, hitched to a tree, or let loose, and proceed on foot.

APPENDIX II

8. You will take orders to your own regiment, and should know all the time where it is. For general messages, gallopers will take turns, and the one whose turn it is to take the next general message will ride close in the right rear of the Brigadier.

9. Do not be in too great a hurry to start off with a message, and ask before starting, "Is that all, sir?" Be sure that you understand the order.

When once started go quickly, and go the nearest way. You should, if asked, be able to explain what the general situation, as seen from the Brigadier's position, was, at the time you were sent off with the order. You should know the purport of any written message you may have to take.

10. You must keep your eyes open all the time, and you must not gallop where you could not go if there were bullets in the rifles. Look backward now and then, so that you may recognize the way as you come back.

11. Do not ride too fast past infantry on a road, it worries and helps to tire them. If you have to pass them do so on the leeward side.

12. Pull up your horse well before you reach the officer to whom you are taking the order, go close up to him, salute, and give him the order quietly and distinctly, starting with, "The General's compliments, sir, and he wishes you to do so and so." Answer any questions asked as well as you can, then say, "Can I go, sir?"

13. Note mentally all that is going on as you take, or come back from delivering a message. Always report a message delivered.

14. As you come back from delivering a message, you should ask each unit commander you may see, if he has any message for the Brigadier. The same applies to the divisional staff, and in this case you should go quietly up to the colonel general staff, say that you have taken such an order for the Brigadier, and ask if there is any message for him.

NOTES FOR GALLOPERS

15. As you come back do not expect to find the Brigadier in the place where you left him; keep looking about for him all the way.

16. Make yourself acquainted with the ideas and orders for the day's operations, and follow the operations carefully; you will then be able to understand the orders you are given to take, and you will be able to deliver them with intelligence.

17. Learn Chapter II., *Field Service Regulations*, Part I.

18. When the General Commanding the Division, or the General Officer Commanding-in-chief of the Army is near, all gallopers (except the one whose turn it is to take the next order) should drop well to the rear, and take care not to get in the way.

19. Save your horse all you can, and never sit on his back when you can be just as well off it; you must not, however, spare your horse when taking an order, unless told, "Go quietly and say so and so."

20. Take a waterproof coat, lunch for yourself, and a feed for your horse, on your horse. If you have a saddle bag take it, it is often useful.

21. Do not lose your temper, either with your horse or with any one else; that only tends to delay and bad work; moreover, a staff officer, of whatever degree, should always smile.

A smile greases the wheels, that is human nature!

